WEEK ENDING SEPT. 17, 1927

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

File Copy

The Squawk!

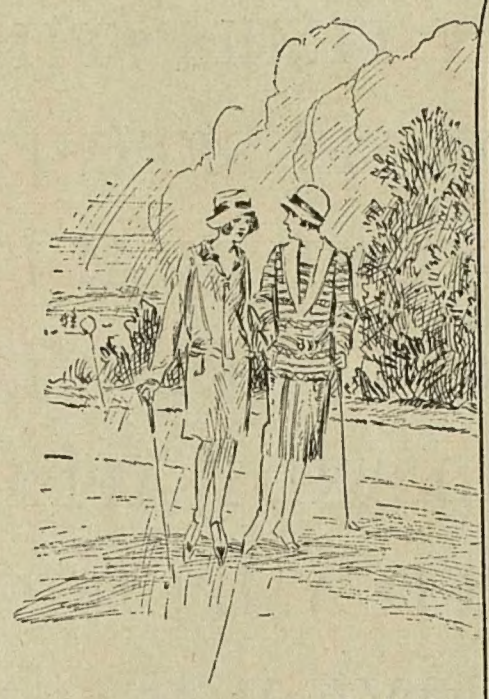
In this Issue **MUSSOLINI, THE IDOL OF WOMEN**

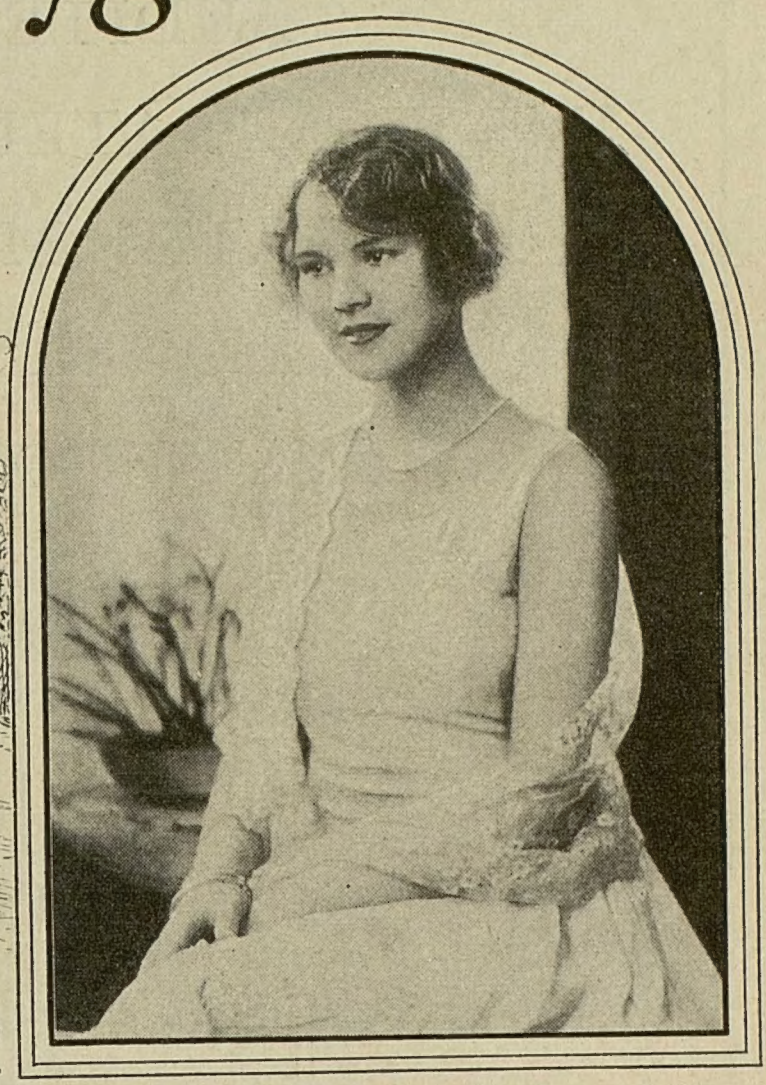
also **RITA WEIMAN, COSMO HAMILTON, REBECCA WEST, FREDERICK PALMER**

PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
LIFE SAVER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
LIFE SAVER
LIFE SAVER
LIFE SAVER
LIFE SAVER
Cooling and refreshing as a mountain brook
LIFE SAVER
FRUIT DROPS ARE DELICIOUS, TOO
ORANGE • LEMON • LIME

Don't "tell" your daughter about feminine hygiene - - -

—*it is much easier and less embarrassing to hand her this booklet*





A DAUGHTER'S IGNORANCE of physical facts can almost always be traced to a mother who has chosen to let such information come from chance companions. And it is almost always wrong or incomplete information, doing more harm than good. Here is a suggestion. Send for a copy of "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene". It is a frankly written booklet, but scientific—and you can obtain it absolutely free. It makes the task of "telling" much easier, whether you are getting it for a daughter or for some other woman to whom you feel you owe this duty.

Many women are running dreadful risks

You doubtless know certain women who are using poisonous antiseptics for purposes of feminine hygiene. You have seen the deadly skull-and-crossbones on the bottles in their medicine cabinets—bottles of carbolic acid compounds put out under various names but easily distinguishable by the tell-tale carbolic odor. These women mean well. Probably their physicians have recommended feminine hygiene as a wholesome, healthful practice. So they can hardly be blamed for their effort to achieve a hygienic and *surgical* cleanliness. But the advantages are more than offset by the terrible risks that follow the use of poisonous antiseptics like bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid. Delicate tissues lose sensitiveness under the caustic action of such poisons. After that hardening often sets in and in some cases an area of scar-tissue forms. It might be well for you to ask your own physician for confirmation of these statements.

"But is there no *harmless* antiseptic for this purpose?" you may well ask. Until recently the answer would have been "No", but that is the case no longer, now that *Zonite* has been discovered.

Zonite—harmless to people but fatal to germs

To the non-medical person it seems incredible that there can be an antiseptic so powerful as Zonite and yet so safe and harmless for human beings. The thought of a genuine germicide has always been associated with a bottle on the shelf, carefully guarded from the children in the house who could not read the word "poison" on the label. A bottle which even grown-ups could easily pick up in the dark *by mistake*.

But Zonite is different. It is absolutely non-poisonous. It can actually be held in the mouth without harm. Yet it is *far more powerful* than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the body.

Send for this FREE booklet and get full information

No subject is more vital to the health and happiness of women than this question of feminine hygiene—especially to married women. Zonite has spread over the country with unheard-of rapidity. Even in the smallest towns, you will find the druggist has Zonite. But if you want further information, send now for the free booklet, "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene". It is concise and frank, as such scientific writings should be. Get a copy for yourself. Get one for other women of your circle. Cut out the coupon below and drop it in the mail-box tonight. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Ave., New York, N.Y.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION 10-J
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below:

☐ Feminine Hygiene
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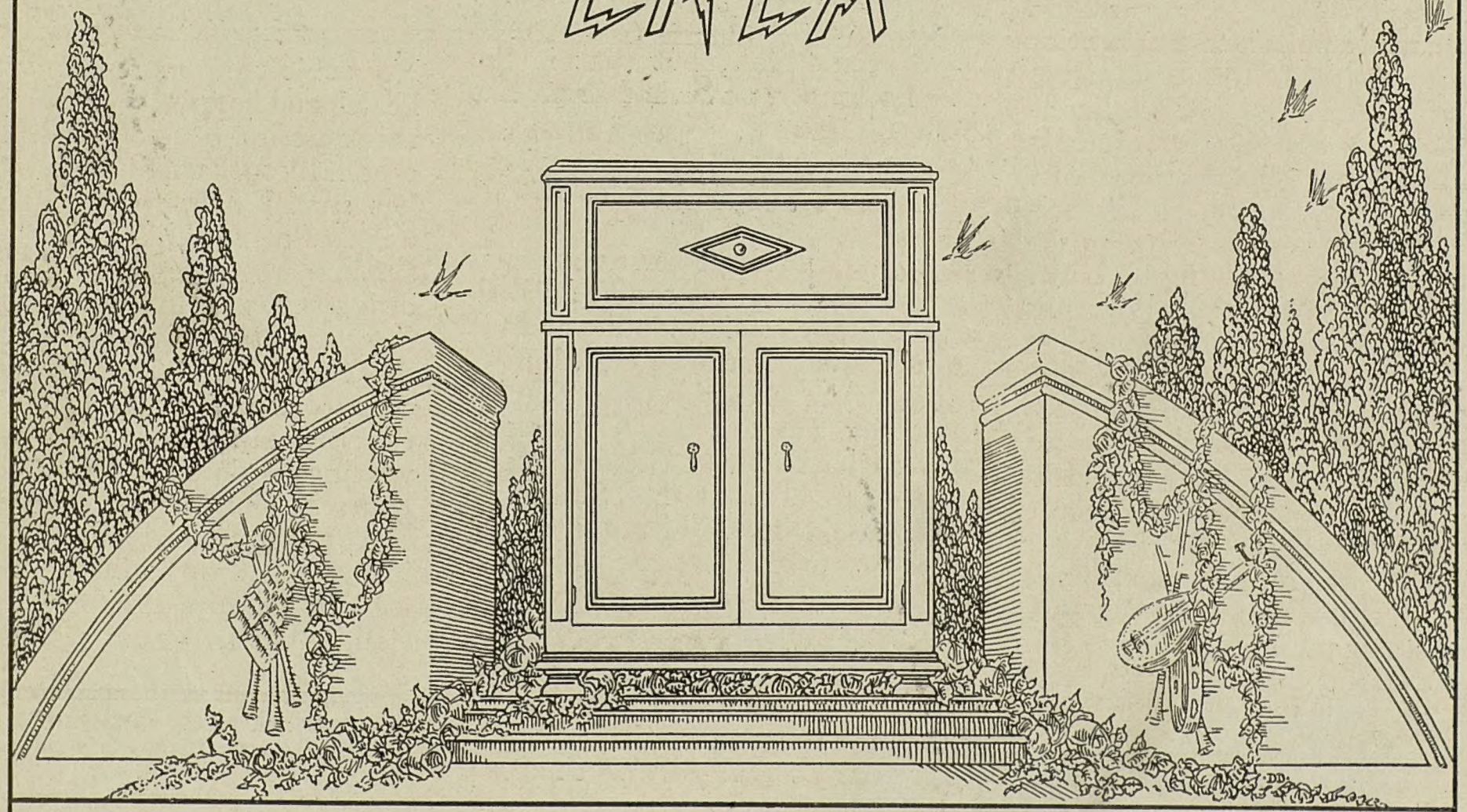

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Liberty

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

WANTED—A STATESMAN OF TRANSPORTATION

In America we have 22,000,000 of the 27,000,000 automobiles in the world, and are going to market with another one every minute. Our biggest cities are strangling themselves trying to swallow more cars than they can hold.

Go to any of our larger metropolises—New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles. Their streets are laid out to accommodate business traffic based on a building height of five or six stories.

Modern sky-scrapers are going up forty and fifty stories. New York is contemplating one of 110 stories.

An office structure occupying a ground area of 150 by 150 feet will house, taking general averages, 200 or more workers on each floor.

A five-story building of that size accommodates, say, 1,000 persons. A fifty-story building accommodates 10,000. The Woolworth Building, in New York City, uses fifty-three of its sixty stories for offices, and has a population in excess of 10,000.

This means that twice a day, morning and evening, a stream of humanity equal to the population of a fair-sized city pours into and out of its doors. That's only one building.

The main business section of nearly every important town is a bottle neck. In the peak periods of the day it is a struggle to get in and out. Walking is faster and less dangerous than operating an automobile in these jams.

Motor-car makers worry about the saturation point in their industry. They have never reached it. Perhaps they never will.

We *have* just about reached the saturation point in our city streets.

How to find room to park cars has become about the most vexing problem that faces municipal authorities. Between them and the automotive industry itself, the problem will have to be solved.

The motorist wonders what's the use of owning a car if he can't park it. Doctors complain that they lose so much time using automobiles in their practise that many are abandoning them. The woman who drives is finding it increasingly difficult to use her car when shopping.

The day may come when our most crowded cities will be devoid of motor-cars except taxicabs, buses, and the limousines of people who can afford to hire chauffeurs.

Numerous solutions of the problem have been offered, of course, but no one of them will do the job. Street-cars are on their way out as archaic. Buses, taxis, and subways give congested populations greater mobility. Chicago was the first to try double-deck streets. Other cities will follow.

Two-level streets speed up traffic movement. In spite of these makeshifts, people get in one another's way and automobile jams are growing worse.

The automotive industry has the most at stake in this situation.

The late Judge Gary established the Steel Institute to take care of the problems of the steel business. The Standard Oil Company organized the American Petroleum Institute, which performs a similar service for the oil industry. Why not an Institute of Transportation to iron out the traffic dilemma?

Harassed municipal officials would hail such an idea with pæans of gratitude. If the motor-car manufacturers take the lead, the 20,000,000 car-owners will gladly follow.

GOING STRONG

This issue of LIBERTY contains 108 pages, of which 60 pages are paid advertising. This constitutes a new LIBERTY record, both in advertising and in total pages.

IN THIS ISSUE

Mussolini—Idol of Women.....By ALICE ROHE 9
He pours contempt on the softer sex—and it adores him

The Skylight.....By RITA WEIMAN 12
A strange story of a secret revealed by sightless eyes

The Confusion Which Is This Life.....By REBECCA WEST 17
A realist's opinion of what ails us

Fair Fight or Foul?.....By EDWARD DOHERTY 22
A search for truth in the Dempsey-Sharkey fight (Part Two)

Frightfully Up-to-Date.....By COSMO HAMILTON 35
The story of a marital masquerade

Jack in the Box-Office.....By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 51
Mr. John Gilbert yearns for better rôles.

The Red Knight of Germany.....By FLOYD GIBBONS 52
The story of Richthofen, the Kaiser's deadliest ace (Part Fourteen)

Poor Misunderstood Me!.....By TONI, JR. 68
As dictated to Antoinette Donnelly.

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator.....By BERT GREEN 71
Being the fifth spasm of a romance for lowbrows

The Storming of Chapultepec.....By FREDERICK PALMER 81
How the United States won the Southwest eighty years ago

A Ride in the Country.....By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER 91
The story of a mile-a-minute romance (Part Seven)

The World's Biggest Laundry Bill.....By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND 101
The high cost of cleanliness on wheels

News of the World (p. 31); Cross-Word Puzzle (67); Food (75); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (77); Vox Pop (78); Twenty Questions (96); For the Love o' Lil (98); Bright Sayings of Children (98); Patterns (99); Fashions (99 and 100); Poem (105).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

TOM SHARKEY tells his life story to HUGH FULLERTON. Sharkey estimates he has whipped 3,000 men. As a sailor, he whipped every fighting man on the seven seas. And in the prize-ring he defeated all but one of the topnotchers—Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Choynski, Gus Ruhlin, and others. Jeffries whipped him, and that broke his fighting heart. The life of this battling Irishman is the most human and colorful story in the history of boxing.

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS gives you another war-bird story under the title ÆNEAS AMERICANUS. It relates the adventures of a flier who loved too much, and his girl, who loved too many.

P. G. WODEHOUSE bases his next story on the time-honored custom in England of never forgetting your old childhood nurse. He causes a young couple who had just broken off their engagement to meet again, quite unexpectedly, on a duty call to the same nurse. What happens forms the delightful climax of PORTRAIT OF A DISCIPLINARIAN.

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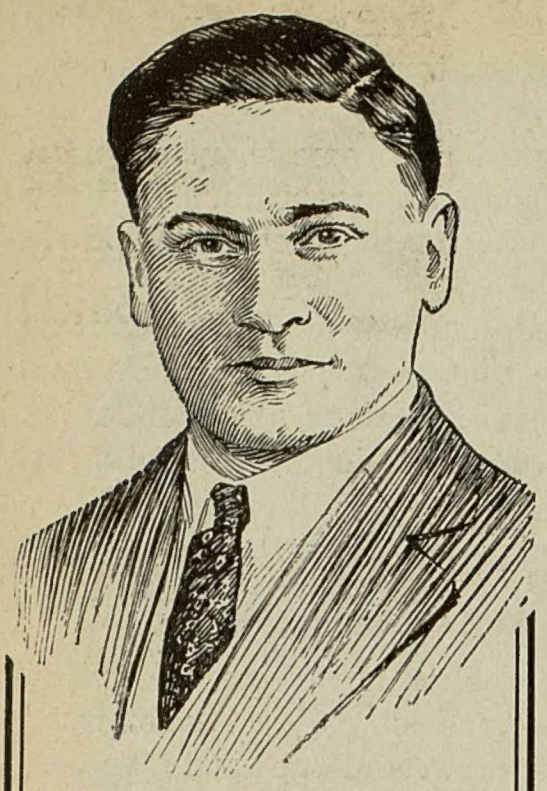

I will pay

to clear out the last of

THE people—millions of them—are actually demanding a great industrial change from Mass Production to Quality Production. They are showing this mood in the world of transportation—as proof I need merely call attention to the condition of the greatest automobile factories of the world.

In so many words the public has given me to understand just this—

"We do not want to save to the point of sacrificing individuality. We are willing to pay more for what we get—provided it meets the artistic standards of quality production, style, personality, distinction, beauty, and a degree of exclusiveness."

Recognizing cold facts, we have decided to institute a vast publishing change. We shall close out our present stock of something like 3,000,000 Little Blue Books, and then we shall announce a new series of books—good books — *but not to sell at 5 cents per copy.* We shall bow to industrial evolution, and issue books at a higher price—books carefully selected for editorial content; books printed on very fine paper, bound in beautiful covers in many attractive colors. The type will be different. Expensive engravings will be used. The best artists will help us turn out a splendid article for the most discriminating readers.

How soon will we announce the new series? We cannot state this definitely, though it should be soon. We must first dispose of our stock of Little Blue Books.

The quicker they are distributed and turned into cash, the sooner will we be able to set our machines to work on our new publishing program.

If we dispose of these 3,000,000 Little Blue Books within the next 30 days—and that is not impossible—we shall be able to begin our new program at that time.

So we say this to the reading public of America—buy Little Blue Books now, while they are obtainable. Pick out your favorites while we have a complete stock to select from.

We can fill your order now, but we cannot guarantee how long our supply will last.

E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS.

Love

... 6 Love and Other Tales. Guy de Maupassant
... 24 Kiss and Other Tales. Anton Chekhov
... 29 Dreams: Stories of Passion's Pawns. Schreiner
... 74 Physiology of Sex Life. Dr. Greer
... 84 Love Letters of a Nun
... 87 What is Love? Daring Essay. Montaigne
... 89 Love Letters of Men and Women of Genius
... 98 How to Love. Clement Wood
... 172 The Evolution of Sex. Clement Wood
... 175 A Hindu Love Book (The Kama Sutra)
... 178 One of Cleopatra's Nights. Gautier
... 197 What Frenchwomen Learned of Love
... 199 A French Prostitute's Sacrifice
... 203 Love Rights of Women. Havelock Ellis
... 213 Havelock Ellis' Plea for Sane Sex Life
... 222 Vampire and Other Poems. Kipling
... 250 Romeo and Juliet. Shakespeare
... 256 Venus and Adonis. Shakespeare
... 283 Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow
... 317 A Night Flirtation. Anton Chekhov
... 410 French Amorous Misadventures
... 540 Brightly Colored Tales of Passion
... 541 Passion Stories of Many Hues
... 546 Emerson's Analysis of Love
... 665 Love Letters of a Parisian Actress
... 672 Illicit Love, etc. Boccaccio
... 673 Tales of Love and Life. Boccaccio
... 676 More Love Letters of Parisian Actress
... 707 Epigrams of Love, Life, Laughter
... 746 Daughter of Eve. Frank Harris
... 803 Costa Rican Love Tales
... 817 Her Burning Secret. Valdagne
... 892 Follies of Lovers: French Stories
... 929 French Love Maxims. Stendhal
... 963 French Love-Artists. Symons
... 987 Art of Kissing. Clement Wood
...1045 A Mad Sweetheart. Balzac
...1089 Common Sense of Sex. James Oppenheim
...1166 Infatuation and Other Tales. Hecht
...1176 A Mad Love. Frank Harris
...1190 What Price Love? Anton Chekhov
...1195 First Love and Other Stories
...1202 Forbidden Love. Barry Pain
...1244 How to Write Love Letters
...1247 Psychology of Love and Hate
...1249 Best Jokes About Lovers

Murder

... 27 Last Days of Condemned Man. Hugo
... 38 Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Stevenson
... 46 Salome: Love Murder. Oscar Wilde
... 66 Crimes of the Borgias. Dumas
... 107 Dream-Woman and Yellow Tiger. Collins
... 149 Historic Crimes and Criminals
... 162 Murders in Rue Morgue. Poe
... 247 Macbeth. William Shakespeare
... 279 Markheim's Murder. Stevenson
... 315 Pen, Pencil, Poison, Crime Story
... 366 Religion's Failure to Combat Crime
... 524 Death, Catalepsy, etc., Explained
... 558 Great Pirates and Their Deeds
... 819 Strange Murders. C. J. Finger
... 824 Torquemada: Spanish Torturer
... 883 Capital Punishment. Clarence Darrow
...1019 Bluebeard and His Unhappy Wives
...1042 Crime at Red Inn. Balzac
...1057 Truth About N. Y.'s Chinatown
...1086 My Favorite Murder. Ambrose Bierce

Adventure

... 21 Carmen: Adventure Story. Merimee
... 23 Great Stories of the Sea
... 152 Son of the Wolf. Jack London
... 182 Daisy Miller's Adventures. James
... 188 Queer Adventures of Baron Munchausen
... 288 Tales of Far North. Jack London
... 333 Mulvaney Army Stories. Kipling
... 399 Sinbad the Sailor: Arabian Nights
... 400 Ali Baba and Aladdin: Arabian Nights
... 469 Egypt's Exploration and Excavation
... 482 Five Weeks in Balloon. Jules Verne
... 483 Battles of Seaman. Capt. Marryat
... 485 Voyage to the Moon. Jules Verne
... 513 Travels of Marco Polo, the Venetian
... 516 Book of Real Adventures
... 537 Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth
... 559 Robinson Crusoe. Daniel Defoe
... 580 Polar Exploration and Adventure
... 602 Mysteries of Egypt's Pyramid
... 642 New Atlantis: Lost Island
... 698 Tales of Chicago Streets. Hecht
... 770 Adventures of Kit Carson, Hero
... 795 Gunga Din and Other Poems. Kipling
... 797 20 Years Among African Negroes
... 880 What I Saw in Russia. A. G. Hays
... 927 Stolen Bacillus, etc. H. G. Wells
... 939 Poe's Tales of Imaginative Science
... 944 Masterpieces of Adventure Stories
... 945 Tales of Oriental Life
... 946 Tales of Desert Places
... 956 Italian Tales of Love and Revenge
...1001 Italian Bandit Tales. Irving
...1002 Dictionary of Sea Terms
...1024 Tales of Big Snows. Jack London
...1053 Guide to N. Y.'s Strange Sections
...1124 On the Bum: Tramp Life Sketches
...1168 Adventure Stories. Jack London
...1169 Tales of Ships and Sea. London
...1201 Desert Island Adventures. Wyss

Better English

... 56 Dictionary of American Slang
... 82 Common Faults in English
... 192 Book of Synonyms
... 367 How to Improve Your Conversation
... 437 How to Write Movie Scenarios
... 514 How to Write Poetry
... 639 Most Essential English Words
... 681 Spelling Self Taught
... 682 Grammar Self Taught
... 683 Punctuation Self Taught
... 696 How to Pronounce Proper Names
... 697 Words Often Mispronounced
... 708 The Romance of Words
... 734 Handbook of Useful Phrases
... 821 How to Improve Your Vocabulary
... 822 Rhetoric Self Taught
... 823 Composition Self Taught
... 855 How to Write Letters
... 902 Foreign Words and Phrases
... 986 How to Talk and Debate

Sex Hygiene

... 14 What Every Girl Should Know
... 91 Manhood: Facts of Life for Boys
... 127 What Expectant Mothers Should Know
... 536 What Women Past 40 Should Know
... 653 What Every Boy Should Know
... 654 What Young Men Should Know
... 655 What Young Women Should Know
... 656 What Married Men Should Know
... 657 What Married Women Should Know
... 661 America and Sex Impulse. Dreiser
... 689 Woman's Sexual Life. Fielding
... 690 Man's Sexual Life. Fielding
... 691 Child's Sexual Life. Fielding
... 692 Homosexual Life. Fielding
... 717 Modern Sex Morality. Clement Wood
... 726 Venereal Diseases. Dr. Greer
... 800 Sex in Psycho-Analysis. Wood
... 804 Freud on Sleep and Sexual Dreams
... 811 Genetics for Beginners. Fenton
... 812 Heredity Explained. C. L. Fenton
... 846 Womanhood: Facts of Life for Girls
... 903 All About Syphilis. Dr. Pusey
... 904 Sex Symbolism. Wm. J. Fielding
... 950 Determination of Sex. Fielding
...1250 Judge Lindsey on Companionate Marriage

Women

... 69 Mary, Queen of Scots. Dumas
... 77 What Men Learned About Women
... 106 Frenchwoman's Daring Views of Life
... 123 Mme du Barry: A King's Mistress
... 134 Misanthrope: Woman - Hater. Moliere
... 163 Sex Life in Greece and Rome
... 177 Subjection of Women. J. S. Mill
... 189 Eugenics Explained. Havelock Ellis
... 196 Marquise: Secret Passion: Sand
... 208 Debate on Birth Control. Sanger
... 209 Modern Aspects of Birth Control
... 221 How to Know Women. Maeterlinck
... 223 Wife of a King. Jack London
... 229 Ridiculous Women. Moliere
... 241 Merry Wives of Windsor. Shakespeare
... 286 Prostitution in the Ancient World
... 292 Mlle. Fifi and Other Tales. Maupassant
... 304 What Women Learned About Men
... 308 She Stoops to Conquer. Goldsmith
... 323 Life of Joan of Arc
... 353 A Doll's House. Henrik Ibsen
... 376 Woman of No Importance. Wilde
... 378 Maid of Orleans. M. V. Samuels
... 417 Nature and Meaning of Dreams
... 556 Hints on Etiquette. E. Floyd
... 631 The Naturewoman. Upton Sinclair
... 644 Women Who Have Lived for Love
... 666-667 Memories of a Parisian Actress (2 vols., 10 cents)
... 718 Great Women of Antiquity
... 730 Mistresses of Today. Markun
... 731 Differences Between Men and Women
... 888 Memoirs of Mme. de Stael
... 901 Woman: Eternal Primitive. Fielding
... 922 A Wife's Confession. Maupassant
... 947 Queen of Spades. Alexander Pushkin
... 955 Italian Tales of Heroism and Love
... 982 The Real Mary Baker Eddy. Wood
...1017 Without Benefit of Clergy. Kipling
...1043 A Study of Woman. Balzac
...1044 Another Study of Woman. Balzac
...1046 Coquette vs. a Wife. Balzac
...1067 Splendors of a Courtezan. Balzac
...1070 How to Fight Nervous Troubles
...1079 Phallic (Sex) Symbols in Religion
...1092 Simple Beauty Hints. Goddard
...1096 How to Dress on a Small Salary
...1111 Prostitution in Medieval World
...1113 Love from Many Angles
...1122 Degradation of Woman
...1135 Prostitution in Modern World
...1167 Sinister Sex, etc. Ben Hecht
...1177 Woman and New Race. Havelock Ellis
...1182 How to Make Your Own Cosmetics
...1193 Woman's Way and Other Tales
...1209 Charming Hostess: Entertaining Guide
...1212 Marriage and Morals in Soviet Russia
...1219 How to Make Homes Homelike
...1233 Better Meals for Less Money

Marriage

... 43 Marriage vs. Divorce (Debate)
... 83 Origin and Evolution of Marriage
... 176 Essays on Sex. Havelock Ellis
... 228 Plain Talks With the Married
... 254 Taming of the Shrew. Shakespeare
... 645 Confidential Chats with Wives
... 648 Facts About Sex Rejuvenation
... 727 Psychology of the Affections
... 789 U. S. Marriage and Divorce Laws
... 820 Best Jokes About Married Life
... 864 Confidential Chats with Husbands
... 900 An Arabian Marriage. W. D. Steele
... 953 Gourdon's 4 Days of Love. Zola
... 958 Love Tales of Italian Life
... 964 How to Be Happy Though Married
... 988 Art of Courtship. Clement Wood
... 997 Simple Recipes for Home Cooking
...1031 How to Own Your Home
...1032 Home Vegetable Gardening
...1041 How to Cane and Upholster Chairs
...1073 How to Paint Woodwork
...1090 How to Grow Home Fruits
...1148 Sex Crimes and American Law
...1189 How to Make Money at Home
...1197 Moral Divorce and Other Tales
...1225 How to Avoid Marital Discords
...1238 Beginning Married Life Right
...1258 Why I Believe in Companionate Marriage. Marcet Haldeman-Julius

Ghosts

... 16 Ghosts. Henrik Ibsen
... 40 Haunted House and Brain
... 41 Christmas Carol. Dickens
... 122 Debate on Spiritualism. Doyle
... 124 Reincarnation Explained
... 145 Great Ghost Stories
... 215 Miraculous Revenge. G. B. Shaw
... 345 Clarimonde: Ghost Lover. Gautier
...445-446 Psychical Research (Spirit World) 2 vols., 10 cents
... 577 False Lover's Lifted Veil
... 739 Tales of Terror and Wonder
... 838 Dialogues of the Dead. Fontenelle
... 906 The Yellow Cat. W. B. Steele
... 923 Magic Glasses, etc. Frank Harris
... 940 Weird Tales. Edgar A. Poe
... 969 Supernatural Tales. Machen
... 970 Out of the Earth. Machen
... 996 Dual and Multiple Personality
...1059 Myth of Immortality. McCabe
...1075 Tales of Ghouls and Ghosts
...1080 Haunted Houses. Ambrose Bierce
...1132 New Light on Witchcraft
...1153 Haunted Mind, etc. Hawthorne
...1160 Two Masterly Ghost Stories
...1162 Tales of Ghosts and Villains
...1170 Funny Ghost Stories. Jerome

Jokes

... 59 Epigrams of Wit and Wickedness
... 187 Whistler's Famous Humor
... 287 Best Jokes About Doctors
... 382 Best Lincoln Anecdotes
... 422 Best Yankee Jokes
... 621 Wit and Wisdom of Disraeli
... 658 Toasts for All Occasions
... 662 Funny Answers. Mark Twain
... 669 Josh Billings' Funny Epigrams
... 738 Poor Richard's Almanac
... 768 Best Jokes About Lawyers
... 771 Humor of "Bill" Nye
... 842 Best Jokes of 1925
... 879 Best Jokes About Preachers
... 889 Best Jokes About Kissing
... 908 Funny Burlesques & Epigrams
... 959 Masterpieces of American Humor
... 960 Masterpieces of American Wit
... 961 Humorous Verse
... 962 Comic Poems
... 971 Best Humorous Anecdotes
... 972 Popular Joke Book
...1012 Best Negro Jokes
...1013 Best Irish Jokes
...1014 Best American Jokes
...1015 Comic Dialect Poems
...1016 Funny Nonsense Poems
...1018 Humorous Limericks
...1033 Masterpieces of Russian Humor
...1034 Masterpieces of Spanish Humor
...1035 Masterpieces of Italian Humor
...1036 Masterpieces of German Humor
...1082 Best Jewish Jokes
...1093 Best Amusing Puns
...1119 Follies in Fiction. Stephen Leacock
...1146 Best College Humor
...1173 Nonsense Alphabets
...1184 Best Scotch Jokes
...1191 Best Broadway Wisecracks
...1200 Nonsense Stories and Pictures
...1214 Best Ford Jokes
...1220 Best Rube Jokes
...1228 Best Jokes About Drunks
...1231 Best Jokes of 1926
...1246 Best Hobo Jokes

Detective

... 102 Sherlock Holmes Tales. Conan Doyle
... 266 Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
... 290 The Gold Bug. Edgar A. Poe
... 336 Mark of the Beast. Kipling
... 396 Embers: Sheriff and Escaped Convict
... 886 Piece of String. Guy de Maupassant
... 942 Great Detective Stories
...1026 Sherlock Holmes Detective Tales
...1027 Sherlock Holmes Mystery Stories
...1028 Sherlock Holmes Crime Stories
...1029 Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
...1101 Sherlock Holmes Problem Stories

Best Sellers

... 1 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam
... 4 Age of Reason. Thomas Paine
... 19 Story of Nietzsche's Philosophy
... 39 Story of Aristotle's Philosophy
... 57 Rip Van Winkle. Irving
... 58 Tales from Boccaccio's Decameron
... 94 Trial and Death of Socrates
... 97 Self-Contradictions of the Bible
... 109-110 Facts to Know About Classics (2 vols., 10 cents)
... 159 Story of Plato's Philosophy
... 166 English as She is Spoke. Mark Twain
... 167 Everyday Rules of Health
... 214 Speeches of Abraham Lincoln
... 217 Puzzle of Personality. Fielding
... 220 Senator Vest's Tribute to a Dog

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... 12 Tales of Mystery. E. A. Poe
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... 37 Strange Dream of John Ball
... 161 Country of Blind. H. G. Wells
... 232 Three Strangers. Thomas Hardy
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... 92 Hypnotism Made Plain
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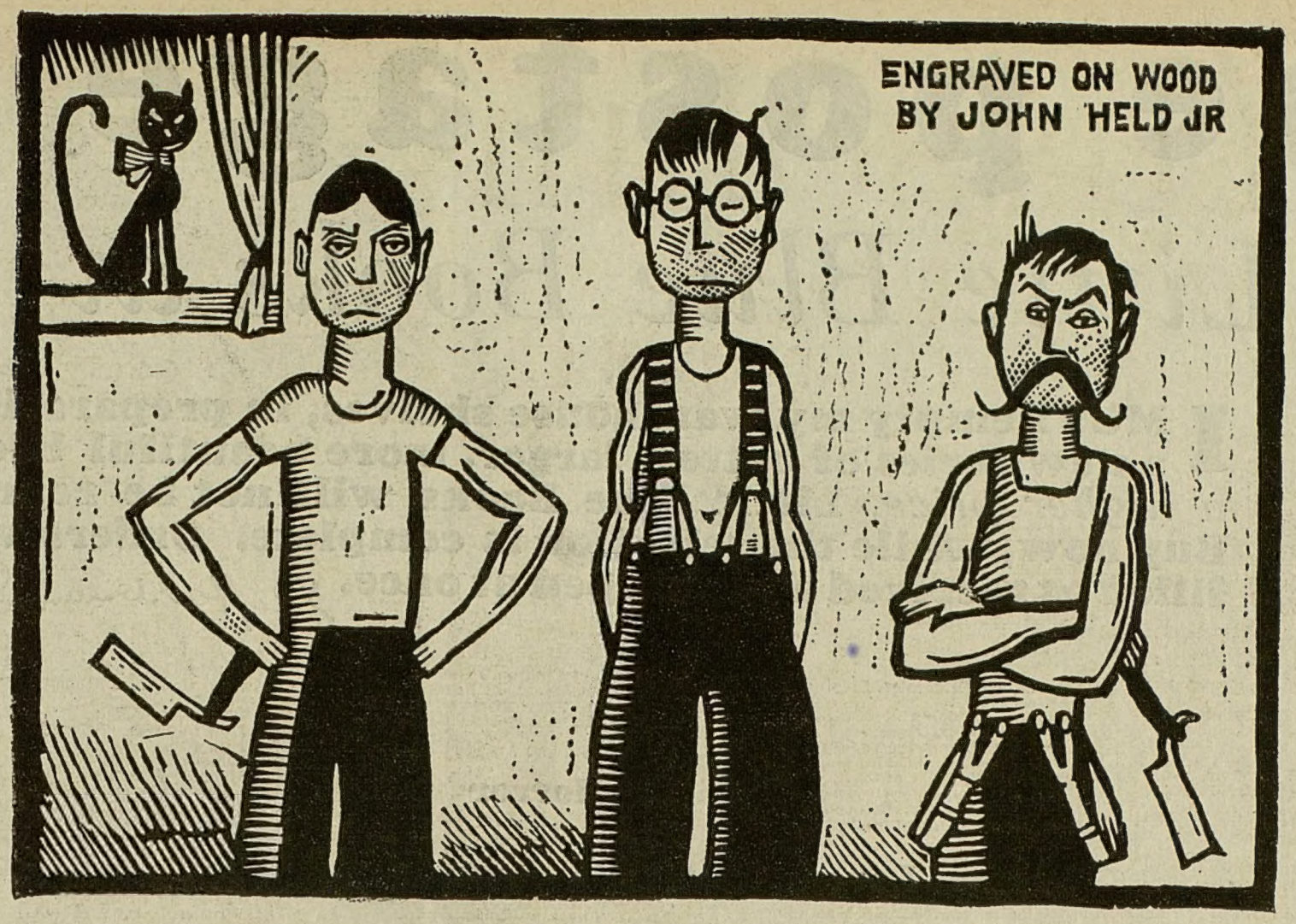

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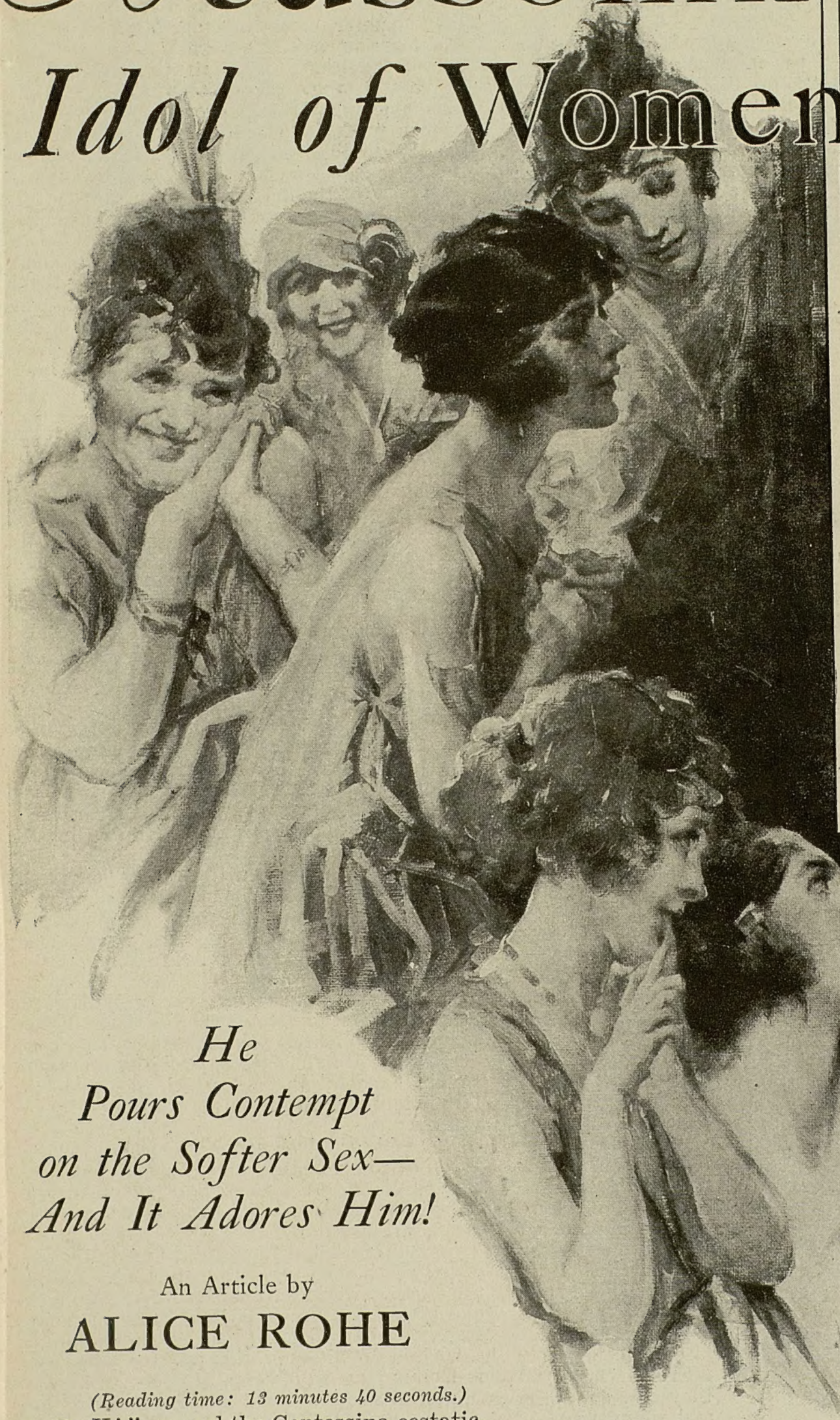
Mussolini—Idol of Women



He Pours Contempt on the Softer Sex— And It Adores Him!

An Article by

ALICE ROHE

(Reading time: 13 minutes 40 seconds.)

"OH!" gasped the Contessina ecstatically. "You're going to meet Mussolini?"

A startlingly changed expression suffused her face.

Adoration vibrated in her low tones; adoration shone in her brown eyes. Her voice was tense:

"Oh—he is so *wonderful.* I adore him. I adore him, of course, for what he has done for Italy—but I adore him—well—when I see him—I feel—well—*je ne sais quoi.*"

She broke off confusedly, as though to hide her meaning in French. A gusty sigh, at the mention of Mussolini's name, brought my eyes suddenly to the face of the tea-serving maid, her expression so rapturously worshipful as to proclaim her feelings beyond a doubt.

© Garrett, Rome

THE "dominant, domineering, imperial, and imperious" head of Benito Mussolini. Italian women—women of all nations—acknowledge the spell of the disdainful Dictator.

I looked again at the Contessina. She is a direct descendant of an ancient Italian family whose ancestral tree first bore fruit in Romagnan soil when Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, and whose direct forebear is immortalized in Dante's Divine Comedy for his bounty. Yet there she sat, this cultured aristocrat, like a schoolgirl raving over her favorite movie hero.

An irrelevant thought fairly leaped at me from a newspaper article we had just been discussing.

It was about the search in Italy for a successor to Rudolph Valentino—the Sheik.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MUSSOLINI—IDOL OF WOMEN]
Continued from Page Nine

Suddenly I began to think of Mussolini in a new light. Why search further?

I struggled to suppress the boldly intrusive idea. Mussolini a sheik—perish the thought! Yet this dominant, indomitable Dictator, whose contempt for women is proverbial, not only has Italy in the hollow of his hand, but he has Italy's women at his feet.

A glance from the enamored mistress and maid brought a rush of significant incidents to my mind.

Only the day before, a prim and austere *professoressa*, her voice tinged with vicarious emotion, had spoken to me of her sixteen-year-old granddaughter.

"We simply have to take Crazianna to see Mussolini every time he appears in public. She is mad about him."

THEN I recalled the eager, rapt look that had come into the eyes of a woman standing beside me in the special tribune, the day Mussolini addressed the young Fascists in the Colosseum. Her intentness was such that she crowded against a plump, middle-aged woman whose concentration upon *Il Duce* was so complete that she nearly fell over the wall into the mass of black shirts below.

Mussolini was speaking and her hungry eyes devoured him. A smile lighted her face as he glanced in our direction and she made the Fascist salute.

I looked about me. Everywhere adoration illuminated the faces of the women. Young and old, they kept creeping nearer and nearer to where he was speaking. Before I realized it, I, too, was among them, drawn forward by the magnetism of the black-shirted Premier.

A few days later an old acquaintance in Rome, mentioning the name of an ancient noble Roman family, said:

"You remember Princess Blank? She's wild over Mussolini. She's become a rabid Fascist and is actually doing Fascist propaganda abroad. The women of the Roman aristocracy have made such a dead set for him it's almost a scandal. Sometimes it's ridiculous, as at the reception given by a South American legation.

"The Premier sat, very much bored, in a big chair, surrounded by all-too-openly adoring women. Their coquetry, their languishing looks, their vain attempts to elicit some response, seemed only to increase his indifference. He did not try to conceal his boredom, and, less tactful than frank, he yawned, rose, and left. The ladies were crushed but still adoring and not at all resentful."

Following Mussolini's serious illness three years ago, he cut down on his social life. As a result, the tremulous feminine population had to content itself with the Premier's public appearances. That is why, at these rare public addresses, one sees the smartest equipages bearing chic mistresses toward vantage-spots to glimpse Il Duce.

The fact that Mussolini maintains his family in Milan and Forli and has never brought them to Rome to live, has, of course, made him a less protected target for the attention of solicitous ladies.

Donna Rachele Mussolini has no desire to live at the capital. She prefers a quiet, domestic life with her three children. She is a large, handsome woman and her smile is broad and indulgent when she lifts black eyebrows at the stories of aristocratic ladies "making fools of themselves" over her husband.

"They wouldn't look at him if he were not Premier," she says rather scornfully.

A strange kink in Mussolini's casual regard for women is his real idolatry of his daughter Edda. In spite of the fact that he has two sons, it is Edda in whom his strongest emotions center. Not long ago she was reported, in the foreign press, as destined to be the wife of Prince Humbert of Savoy, the Italian Crown Prince. The report is vehemently denied in Rome.

"Woman is a mere parenthesis in a man's life," is one of the milder terms of dismissal applied by Mussolini to *la donna*. And yet, despite his unconcealed contempt for them, his assumption of their insignificance, women have played a decidedly important part in his career.

His mother, the young Swiss radical sympathizer, the Roman aristocrats—all women who have come within the magnetic zone of his dominating personality—have been willing to bend their necks beneath the heel of the ambitious Mussolini.

The brilliant and intellectual Margherita Sarfatti, whose book, Dux, is a sympathetic eulogy of her hero, is a conspicuous example of constructive service. For years she has been a journalistic colleague, sharing and exploiting his beliefs, whether the pendulum of his violent radicalism swayed to the political left or right.

In her biography she quotes a line from his own writings which is significant of his character: "Men have less respect to offer a man who makes himself loved than to one who makes himself feared." One wonders if this dramatically frowning Dictator uses the term "men" generically.

I doubt if there exists a human being today with the power of Mussolini to excite enthusiasm. One glimpse of Il Duce on the balcony of the Chigi Palace, and the throngs are wild. One gesture, and they are quiet. To see Mussolini before his cohorts is to understand the power of the individual over the mass mind.

BUT in this unparalleled response of youth to the power of one man, the phenomenon among women has been given small attention. Yet never in the history of Italy have Italian women been so organized as now. No matter what stratum of society you enter, you discover the idea of pleasing Mussolini uppermost.

So insistent is his personality that even obscure women workers, taught to regard the individual as subservient to the state, dream of individualizing themselves sufficiently before that mighty ego to gain personal recognition from Il Duce.

Wide World photo

A group of touring American students photographed with Mussolini.

Mussolini is deluged with gifts and tokens of all kinds. A rare *objet d'art* and a crocheted necktie are all in the day's grist from the feminine admiration mill. But their compelling idea is service. And they are so docile and submissive.

He dictates to them as the Church has never dictated. He maps out their fireside vocations. He tells them what they may and may not name their offspring. With the Dictator, the Rooseveltian propaganda for bigger families is an order.

There is no theoretical meandering or argumentative uncertainty about woman's sphere in Fascist Italy. There is no beating about the bush in clarifying any doubt as to her being created for man's fleeting pleasure and enduring service as a biological necessity. Women Fascist societies are organized even for little girls, *but*—they cannot wear black shirts like their brothers, for—they are females!

"But Mussolini gave women municipal suffrage!" cry the adoring ones. They overlook the fact that when he granted it, his plans for abolishing municipal elections were well under way.

Yet, while they know that he has swept them from small positions in the ministries, while they are given scant recognition where power is concerned, they are united in an extraordinary manner under the magic spell of Il Duce. The more superbly indifferent and domineering he becomes, the more admiration surges.

What is the explanation of this feminine phenomenon? Does it prove conclusively that women prefer the dominant, patronizing, arrogantly indifferent male? Mussolini's worship by the so-called weaker sex, which, by the way, does most of the hard labor in the agricultural districts of Italy, would indicate an affirmative verdict.

Italian women worship a dominant male. They revel in submission to superb contempt. Judged by Italian psychology, it is not strange to find in this vital, aggressive figure a man over whom "women make fools of themselves."

But here a new element introduces itself. The women who "go crazy" over Mussolini are not all Italians. I have seen too many of my own countrywomen completely enthralled, to limit his spell to Latin blood.

I have gazed too often upon sophisticated cosmopolites, "hard-boiled flappers," placid wives of prominent U. S. A. citizens, skeptical newspaper women, 100-per-cent feminists, emerging from audiences with Italy's Man of Destiny as utter vassals, to define his power exclusively in terms of inherited climatic tendencies.

Just what, then, is this power?

Not so long ago Dr. Sigmund Freud dragged a skeleton out of the heretofore closed closet of the soul and introduced it into human consciousness. Dr. Freud could give the most illuminating explanation of the Italian situation. Of course this element is at all times extremely vital in Italy.

Stripped of phraseology, the plain answer is sex appeal. It seems quite possible that Dr. Freud *might* have an explanation, other than disdain, for Mussolini's publicly expressed contempt for women. The feminine idolatry of a man whose interest in their sex appears to be largely biological, suggests a somewhat primal force in modern, Fascist Italy.

AN American, more or less accustomed to regard sex discrimination as becoming obsolete, jumps at an optimistic conclusion upon arriving in Italy. The deafening outbursts of feminine adulation, the pæans of praise for Mussolini must mean that he has done a lot for women.

But a hopeful look around for these wonderful signs of woman's advancement under the Fascist dictator, arouses a little skeptical wonderment and fosters a doubt as to what all the pæans are about.

Mussolini has done helpful things in the way of protective measures for maternity. Making the Fascist world safe for mothers of bigger and better families is commendable in fecund Italy. A rhapsodical female admirer might be surprised to discover that all the important measures have to do with Mussolini's interest in woman as a biological factor. As a thinking factor—that's a different matter!

The Italian feminine situation, and Mussolini's much discussed parenthetical estimate of women, brought to my mind an incident in my early acquaintance with the Fascist leader. It occurred nearly five years ago, just before the march on Rome. Now it seems a significant indication of what was to follow. In the middle of my first interview, he stopped suddenly and regarded me with surprise.

"*Curioso, davvero*" (Curious, indeed), he murmured, studying me as though he had discovered a strange freak of nature.

"What's curious?" I inquired.

"Why, you are very intelligent," he said reflectively.

"Thanks awfully," I replied, lightly sarcas-

tic. (Those were the days of free speech in Italy.)

"Yes, but—really—it's curious—why, you understand Italian politics."

"Why shouldn't I?" I returned. "I've lived in Italy over five years."

"Oh, but you are a woman," he expostulated.

"Do you mean to say," I demanded, "that you believe the brain of a woman, given the same opportunities as that of a man, doesn't function equally well?"

"Of course not," he replied in a matter-of-fact tone. "It's impossible."

"Oh," I cried indignantly, "I do wish you hadn't said that!"

"Why?" he asked.

"Because, up to this moment, I thought you the most intelligent man I had ever met."

Mussolini laughed, but I noticed, then, what has become so apparent today. His good-humored laughter had that tolerant, high disdain with which the Latin male regards woman.

ALTHOUGH somewhat resentful of his frank declaration of the inferiority of my sex, I felt the great magnetism of this man. His personality radiated a fascination, an attraction that made him unforgetable.

Though he discredited the female as an important creation of nature, he succeeded admirably, even while discussing political problems, in introducing sex consciousness into the interview. The very strength of the face, with its uncompromising, sensual mouth, the compelling domination of the prominent eyes, the brutal tenacity of the head, radiated sex appeal.

I was impressed by his confessed love of music. I thought I saw in it a sublimation of ardor in an intense nature—a wistful note, as of one seeking an ideal.

In an interview which I wrote at that time, and which I submitted to Mussolini for his approval, I mentioned his sensuous mouth, his personal magnetism. I remember watching with some perturbation when we reached this part of the article. But there was no displeasure in the glance he gave me—only a pleased and mildly amused smile.

Much political water has flowed under the bridge of Italian aspirations since that time. Mussolini has become the most forceful and spectacular figure in modern history. He is the Dictator of Italy. In his career he has changed from Red Socialist to Supernationalist.

In his dictatorship he has changed his attitude toward Church and State and internationalism. But he has never changed or modified his attitude toward women!

The stories of his easy conquest of women and his anti-feminist sentiments, added a piquant curiosity to my seeing Mussolini again after more than four years. On the afternoon of my interview with Italy's Premier at the Chigi Palace, I found myself, after much showing of credentials, at the entrance of a large salon.

No sooner had the door opened to admit me than he was upon his feet, one hand extended, in the old Roman salute.

I advanced across that intervening space, conscious that the keen, searching, dominating eyes had X-rayed me so completely that I felt guiltily conscious of having just mentally criticized certain current repressions in erstwhile *dolce-fa-niente* Italy.

The Premier came from behind his desk and grasped my hand in a warm, hearty hand-shake. Drawing up a chair directly opposite to mine he began at once by inquiring how long it had been since our last interview.

The potent flattery of being remembered by this world-famous man whose life had been crowded with history-making events since our last meeting! It spoke volumes for Mussolini's intuition and his charm when winning women's admiration.

P. & A. photo

Mussolini, indicated by the arrow, speaking at the Colosseum. In the foreground, Italian women are giving the Fascist salute.

Wide World photo

Donna Rachele Mussolini, wife of the Premier.

The picture of Mussolini which has become fixed in the public consciousness, is that of a ferociously scowling Dictator, glaring with a baleful and rebuking eye as though accusing anything and everything of being anti-Fascist. So widely has this frowning face been broadcast that the casual reader overlooks the human being.

When you study a personal close-up of this dominant, domineering, imperial, and imperious face, the spell which he exerts over women is not surprising. His pictures do not in the least exaggerate the tremendous force, the intransigent, uncompromising determination of his countenance. The ensemble of features is such as to make the timid tremble at his frown.

Yet, when his countenance lightens with a smile and his stern mouth softens over white, gleaming teeth, there is a quality of warmth and sympathy that one would not expect from the face in repose.

The mouth is the feature which is supposed to reveal one's relation to material things. Mussolini's mouth is well formed. It is the curved upper lip which explains much of the strain in his character that has developed a love of music, and which radiates that *je ne sais quoi* havoc among women.

I have always thought I sensed in Mussolini a sensitiveness which his fierce expression, his forbidding demeanor, belie. A man who responds to a Beethoven symphony as well as to the Fascist *Giovinezza* is by no means all political Dictator.

Although he says he can not put an estimate upon himself as a historic figure, he regards himself as predestined for the hard rôle he has assumed. There is always a veil of pathos over any person so predestined.

The softer side of Mussolini's character reveals itself unexpectedly when he speaks of his own destiny and life in general. One senses the latent emotion, the potential, sensuous love of life dormant beneath the unbending steel dominance of the ruthless maker of kingdoms.

The almost brutal set of Mussolini's chin, the strong, powerful Roman nose, the broad forehead, the level brows over those penetrating eyes, are the features of a leader of men—but also they are the features of a leader of women. One look from his eyes, one smile from his lips, and a good deal of the present feminine upheaval in Italy is comprehensible.

He has a winning smile and its power is undeniable. When he flashes it suddenly or when it fades away and a meditative look comes into his eyes, one senses emotions that are not all satisfied with political dictatorship.

Yet as we talked I could not help realizing that he was not taking me as seriously as he would a man. I felt also that Mussolini is imbued with the inherent Latin assumption that women would—just as a matter of course—"fall for him." There is the subtle suggestion that a possible love affair or amorous interest is imminent. Few women are immune to the sense of possible conquest.

IN Mussolini, however, it is not a conscious effort to arouse sex interest, as women generally bore him. It is the subconscious belief that all women are susceptible. A woman is always, to him, a female.

His attitude toward intelligent women who do not register susceptibility, is not, I should say, so much interest as curiosity. He knows how to charm women of all sorts when he so chooses. This power is accepted as a matter of fact—not as a gift or accomplishment: a frequent Nordic valuation.

Direct as is his method of conversation, I realized the change the years had made in Mussolini. In the days preceding the march on Rome, Mussolini, in his ordinary brown suit and derby hat, looked not unlike any walking delegate or political boss. His smile was the same, however, as that of the man in correct afternoon clothes with his somewhat studied suavity.

I felt sure that the Mussolini who expressed surprise at my intelligence, over four years ago, would make no such comment now, even though his estimate of my sex has in no way increased in valuation.

During our conversation I referred to his numerous and miraculous escapes from attempted assassinations. He dismissed the subject as inconsequential.

But my words brought from him a gallant and pleasing action. Swiftly taking a photograph from the table, he said: "I will be here a long time. It has been over four years since we last met. Now I will make an appointment with you, here, in this very room, four years from today. I will write the date on this photograph, so you will not forget."

His pen moved rapidly, and when he handed me the picture, it was inscribed to me with the date and the added words: "*Devotemente,* Mussolini" (Devotedly, Mussolini).

"Only," he said, bending over my hand and kissing it as I said good-by, "you must not wait that long. Come back sooner."

He had accompanied me to the door, across the big room—a long walk for a busy man. His "*A rivederci*" was so genuine I found myself convinced that my return really mattered.

I began all over again to meditate upon this extraordinary man whose attitude toward women is so disdainful and yet who has so undeniable a charm. Psychoanalysis cast aside, I found myself reflecting before the Chigi Palace entrance was reached: "No wonder women are crazy about him."

THE END

The SKYLIGHT

A Strange Story of Sightless Eyes and the Secret They Revealed

By RITA WEIMAN

Pictures by EDWARD CUCUEL

(Reading time: 22 minutes.)

BLACK quiet held the room in its grip. Not the velvet quality of peace which darkness so often brings, but a blotting out of sight like the hangman's cap. Murky, shuddering emptiness, so still that even the step of a ghost would have thundered. It was quiet with the weight of iron.

Had you entered that room, your eyes would have struggled to penetrate the impenetrable. The incessant gloom. You would have stood, pressed against the door, trying to locate some aperture, some window through which light might travel; some way to banish this soundless, senseless, sightless eternity.

For a long time you would have remained motionless, and then, for very clutching fear, have crept out, shut the door behind you—gently, for some unaccountable reason. Without knowing why nor from what, you would have fled down three flights of stairs to the street.

Yet, had you been aware of it, overhead in the room a skylight made up half the sloping ceiling. For many hours, across the oblong-cut panes of glass, the black shade frequently used in studios had been drawn, its cord wound tightly round a hook in the wall.

A loosening of that cord, a tug, and the shade would have sprung back to reveal light of the moon, like a great eye staring down from the heavens. And you would have understood the impulse to flee.

Directly under the skylight lay the body of a man. His arms were spread wide, palms upward, fingers curved, as if they had reached to grasp the stars and fallen empty. Lying there, his posture, the humidly white face, young and despairing, had a strange look of crucifixion.

A sculptor's smock, crusted with clay, was opened at his neck. On the left side, a jagged hole tore through the material and a stain, not of artists' pigments, had spread and congealed. Just within touch of his right hand lay a pistol.

Below, in the Paris streets, the masks of Mardi Gras flashed and grimaced. Voices raised cheerily in song. Improvised bands played, their instruments fairly cracking with gaiety.

Up here, only the mask of death. Its closed throat. Its cold stillness.

The hours dragged on. Gray fingers of dawn fumbled with the black shade, tried to displace its somber concealment.

Faintly outlined, came forth tall clay figures like ghosts stalking from the corners. In the center of the room, on a wooden pedestal, stood the unfinished bust of a woman. And over this the dusty streaks of day that finally crept past the shade lingered, as if they would complete the modeling left undone.

A fine, delicate, fluid piece of work, it looked almost flesh. Like an aura about the lovely head was a haunting, an indefinable tenderness—perhaps merely the weird effect of shafted light picking up features, smudging in shadows.

The long drooped lids, mouth with corners lifted as though just about to smile, hair waving softly over the forehead, seemed to hold actual color.

Only the eyes without pupils, facing the sculptor's prone figure, appeared lifeless. Undisturbed by what they might have contemplated, their blankness looked across and beyond without beholding it.

Presently on the door tapped a gentle knock. And, after a moment, another.

"*M'sieu,*" came a high, birdlike voice, "*votre déjeuner.*"

Following the lack of response, the door opened ever so slightly.

"*C'est Marie, m'sieu. Vous ne-voulez-pas à manger?*"

Then a woman's wailing cry at last crashed against the long stillness. The clatter of dishes followed, as a breakfast-tray falling from her limp hands struck the landing. The swift slam of the door, horrified descent on the stairs; summoning of a *gendarme.*

WITH the clash of life against death, all was resumed activity. The figure on the floor, no longer a man, became a symbol. Like his own clay, merely so much material to be tabulated and accounted for.

In just a few moments the veil of silence had lifted and police took possession of the place. From the local *commissaire's* office a representative was sent to assume charge. The commissaire himself would arrive in due time. At best, it would be a perfunctory obligation. The police were already aware of a sufficient suicide motive.

Magically rapid as such news always is, a crowd of the morbid, the curious, collected outside the house. With tongues wagging, they stood staring up at the skylight; a few women, shopkeepers' wives of the quarter, wiping their eyes as they told of the young artist's comings and goings; groups of men, each eager to focus attention on himself by exploiting knowledge more intimate than his neighbor's.

Into this jam glided a car, smooth as a gray swan. Imperiously filling the narrow cobbled roadway, it sent the crowd scurrying like ants. A man sprang out swiftly and assisted a woman to the curb, a lovely pale woman with eyes heavily dark-rimmed and hair like golden wine. She was wrapped in furs of luminous gray, and these she drew round her as the man gave some directions to the chauffeur and the car slid away.

"What does it mean—all these people?" she put to him in the precise English of the foreigner.

"My dear," he laughed tolerantly, "if you'd lived in New York as long as I have, you'd realize that crowds never need a plausible excuse for gathering. A new electric-light sign, a bill-poster, anything will get them. Paris, I dare say, has the same inclination."

Then a woman's wailing cry

The corners of her mouth lifted as though just about to smile. He stood for a second, studying the flexible curves.

"Have I ever told you, Olga," he observed irrelevantly, "that you have the most irresistible way of making a man think you're about to pay him a compliment and then not saying a word? Makes him wonder what—"

His voice trailed off as they crossed the courtyard of the old house made over into studios.

at last crashed against the long stillness.

"He is so very particular. He wishes it to be perfect, you know."

They mounted the twisting stairs. At the top a gendarme halted them:

"Monsieur and madame can not enter."

"What do you mean?" demanded March. "We have an appointment with the man who lives here."

"The man no longer lives here," the gendarme answered, enjoying true Latin appreciation of the dramatic. "He died last night."

March, who had taken a step to push past his informer, stopped galvanically. His grip on the woman tightened instinctively, to save her from falling as he felt her sway against him.

"Died?" he put at last. "Impossible! I saw him—he was well at noon yesterday."

"He shot himself," came succinctly.

The woman gave a low cry and her hand went to her throat. Conrad March remained as he had been standing, the look of him more poignantly dreadful than if words had come to his relief.

His arm struck out at last, thrusting the amazed gendarme to one side, much as he might have pushed out of the way some inanimate object.

"I've got to go in. Stay here a minute," he said hoarsely to his companion.

He opened the studio door, to find his entrance blocked by the commissaire's assistant, who sprang up from a desk and hurried toward him.

"I am this man's best friend," he explained, without waiting to be questioned. "You must admit me."

"I regret—"

But March interrupted impatiently:

"There will be details to handle. He has no one else. I want only to be of assistance—of that I assure you."

"What is your name?" asked the Frenchman.

March's hand went deep into his pocket. What it brought forth must have convinced the representative of the law, for he stepped back into the room and the door shut.

An electric light had been flashed on so that no detail of the scene, not even the shade drawn over the skylight, need be changed until a report was made.

Conrad March crossed the floor, knelt, drew down the sheet from what lay there. The weak, beautiful face held a look of stark tragedy. Not the expressionless calm of the dead who have closed the gates on human experience, but an ineffable pleading—for mercy, for salvation. It was almost as if that clay, once flesh, had found voice, were lifting a cry from purgatory for release from the law's rough demand for sordid investigation.

"*Pax!*" it seemed to whisper. "Let them not desecrate—"

Though his impulse was to shut from sight what he saw, March bent close to study the suffering in the face beneath his, the outspread arms, upturned hands. And the posture of crucifixion came forcefully to him, its demand intangible yet reaching out phantom fingers.

A long time he knelt, groping for the message. The fact alone that here lay the wreck of a life so full of dreams, so replete with promise, was too enormous to be other than staggering. He had constituted himself this boy's patron, had given him a love almost paternal. And now it seemed that the still lips were trying to speak to him.

"Michel," he muttered, as if he and the dead were in actual communication, "I don't understand. In God's name, what motive—"

"You were his closest friend," the commissaire's assistant volunteered, "and you can not imagine what made him do it?"

Conrad March rose quickly. He had forgotten the other man's presence.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Michel has caught the expression I refer to perfectly in his bust he's doing. Extraordinary gift, that boy has!"

"He will be a great sculptor one day," she murmured.

"If he weren't so afraid of himself! Too sensitive. Of course that's a tribute, in a way. But it won't go in America. If I can persuade him to come over, once you and I are married and have a home there, we can *make* him, artistically and financially. But he'll have to learn to sell himself. That's what New York expects."

He spoke in clipped, concise phrases. Not a second's hesitancy, but that strike of the hammer of speech which creates in the listener an immediate conviction of authority. Not a tall man, he yet gave a sense of towering, of a giant personality. In a word, those who heard that Conrad March was a self-made millionaire credited it without question. Obviously he was the sort to mow down obstacles with the zest of a man hunting big game.

ENTERING the doorway, he took the arm of the woman at his side, drew it close within his. The gesture became at once protective and possessive.

"This ought to be your last sitting," he told her. "Michel has taken longer than I thought."

[THE SKYLIGHT
Continued from Page Thirteen]

"Do you know?" he put.

"Monsieur Michel Deaubier was about to be arrested for forgery."

"Forgery!" March repeated the word blankly. "But how? Why?"

"He had signed to a check the name of a relative. Why, I do not know. Debt, undoubtedly. And he counted that it might not be discovered, or that he would be able to replace the money, or that he might be forgiven to avoid a family scandal. How can one know"—the man lifted his shoulders, flung out both hands—"what prompts a fool to do such a thing?"

"Michel was no fool. Moody, impractical—yes. But he knew that if he needed money I'd help him out. Why didn't he come to me?"

The commissaire's assistant gave a smile subtly Gallic.

"The callous man becomes a beggar when in need," he said. "The sensitive one avoids even his friends."

Conrad March strode blindly the length of the room.

Disgraced! Of course Michel was the sort to die unhesitantly rather than endure it. But why should the boy have run such a risk in the first place? He had known that March was about to back him to the extent of thousands. A few thousand more or less, then—?

The noise of rustling papers halted him, and he saw the other man rummaging through a dilapidated desk in the corner. The ruthless, impersonal hands insolently prying into his friend's private letters caused a thrust of agony.

"See here," he demanded, "is that necessary? You say you know the reason. Why go further?"

"It is my duty to make a full report."

"You mean the fact that he was going to be arrested has got to be made known to the public?"

"The Prefect of Police will give it to the newspapers. Whether or not they publish it—" The man's shoulders lifted once more.

MARCH went quickly to the door, opened it. He spoke in low, decisive tones to the woman who sat on the stool the gendarme had occupied:

"Olga, I'll be detained here some time."

She rose, holding to the wall with a white, delicately veined hand weighted by a heavy diamond ring.

"It is true?" came swift and strangled.

"Yes."

"Oh—*mon Dieu*—"

It was a sigh that broke. The dark-rimmed eyes closed and she said nothing more.

"I hate to ask you to stay. But we may need you—some matters to be cleared up, and you knew Michel longer and better than I did."

"Yes—"

Her lips moved, scarcely uttering the word.

"If you'll permit madame to go in there?"

He turned to the man in charge, indicated a box of a room opening off the studio.

The Frenchman swiftly drew a screen round the recumbent form.

"You—you do not wish me to—to see him?" she murmured, holding her furs closer as though suddenly cold.

"I think you had better not."

"Or even say a prayer—at his side?"

"If you wish."

She went over—knelt outside the screen, head bowed, her back to the two men.

When she turned once more, her lips were drawn, eyes dry and stricken.

March led the way to the little room.

"Wait in here."

He watched her go with the sense he always had of seeing her for the first time. Strange that, in seeming to give so much of her voluptuous bloom, this exquisite woman gave so little of herself. Though she had consented to become his wife, actually he knew her slightly better than when they had first met here, in Michel's studio, some six months ago.

He had carefully trained himself to delve deep into the mechanism of human thought. But with this elusive Russian he enjoyed the defeat of his own curiosity. That she was of noble birth, had fled her native land with the downfall of its monarchy, was of minor importance. But that she magnetized, as water conducts electricity, all the forces of his nature had made him recklessly, unquestioningly hers.

EVEN after the door closed upon her, he stood wounded to the quick by the fact that she had shut it without a word. Man though he was, he shook in every fiber. His eyes smarted with tears. Yet she had shown him no outward sign of all she must feel.

He turned as the Frenchman approached, a sheaf of papers in one hand.

"I find no letters, monsieur," was announced softly, with a curious look. "Only bills—nothing but bills."

Conrad March took the papers, glanced through them. Their rustle was the only sound. And gropingly he began to understand the message transmitted from the form that lay helpless at the mercy of the police.

"Listen," he said, with clipped, commanding emphasis. "You give these to me. Report the case as suicide, motive unknown."

"That would be impossible."

"Why? He's left no letter or intimation of any kind that his imminent arrest was the cause. What good can it do now to blacken the reputation of a man who's gone?"

"That can not be avoided. The facts will be revealed through his creditors."

"Not if I settle these bills. It's evident that is the only move needed to hush up the whole affair. What's to prevent the assumption that Monsieur Deaubier confided them to my keeping at the moment he feared arrest? I saw him only yesterday."

The Frenchman shook his head, held out his hand. In it he presently found a roll of thousand-franc notes which March had not even troubled to count.

"But I fear it can not be done," faintly protested the man. "When *Monsieur le Commissaire* arrives here—"

March interrupted with absolute finality:

"He'll know nothing more than if these papers had never been in the desk. Here—I give them to you now. You simply lay them down. I find them. The responsibility becomes mine."

Without another word, the bills passed from police possession.

"I'll ask you, in addition, for the name and address of the relative who made the forgery charge," March proceeded.

"They are at our office," the man bowed.

"Near here?"

"A short distance."

"Get them, will you—right away."

"But I can not leave the place unguarded."

"Your gendarme is here. Let him stay outside. It's not as if you had some one under arrest."

The man bowed again, eyes resting on the American a second. Then he picked up his hat and went out.

His voice sifted through the door, giving instructions in French.

Left alone, March sat down at the desk and with swift precision went through its contents. There must be no question of further documents lying about. A voice gone from the body had spoken to him in supplicating silence.

He must assume not only the financial debts, but that greater debt which demanded for one who could no longer protect himself the only heritage of the dead—a tender memory. Michel had given all he possessed in payment for his folly. The world must not be permitted now to scoff at the futility of such a sacrifice.

Mechanically, Conrad March's hands went through pigeonholes and drawers while his mind lingered upon the boy.

Satisfied that the desk had been stripped of its secrets, he called softly:

"Olga—"

"Yes."

She came out, the furs still wrapped close, her face quite white, so that the dark rims of her eyes were lined with sharp intensity.

"I'm sorry, darling"—he moved close, his arm going round her protectively—"to have to keep you this way."

"I was so cold in there," she shivered. Her voice had the pallor of her face, and with nothing more than a gesture she seemed to cling to him. "May we go now?"

"Shortly." And, as she looked around questioningly for the other man, "He's gone over to his office to get an address." Then, with a sort of rasping quiet, the taut effort to hold emotion in check: "This is a frightful ordeal for you. But we've got to stand by Michel. He needs us."

"You sent me in there and told me nothing."

"A mess of debts," he explained, "drove him to forgery. He was threatened with immediate arrest."

"Forgery!" Her voice took on unsteady surging color, as if blood were being pumped into it, and she said again, "Forgery?"—this time in a tone of absolute disbelief.

"I know—it seems incredible. His own wants were so few. But there you have it. The most commonplace weakness of man. Woman!" He jerked out the word, plumbing it with the iron weight of his resentment. It sank like a visible thing.

She looked up, vaguely questioning.

"The usual thing! Some woman ran him into debt and the poor boy couldn't find his way out."

"How—do you know that?"

"THESE bills"—he pulled them from his pocket—"colossal amounts. All for women's things. Very likely they were dunning him. I don't know why he didn't come to me."

"He—was very proud"—again that pallid whisper.

"Yes—but to risk prison rather than approach a friend. I can't understand it. What irony," he added bitterly, "that I'm going to settle them now, too late to give him peace of mind."

She drew back, and his arm dropped from her shoulders.

"You mean that you will pay them all—yourself?"

"There's nothing else to do. These people and the man whose name he forged have got to be seen in person, immediately. If they get their money, Michel's name will be kept clean."

"Yes—that is right," she said hurriedly. "We must do that for him. Why not"—she hesitated and her dark-rimmed eyes softened tenderly—"why not, beloved, permit me to help you? I can attend to these accounts if you will give me the money, while you take charge of the other matter."

"Nonsense!" he waved aside the suggestion. "I wouldn't have you mixed up in it."

"But what harm, dear? It will be a service—and keep me occupied. I shall be saved from thinking of—of this."

"Out of the question," came with abrupt finality. "Do you fancy for a minute I'd let you interview dressmakers, milliners, and jewelers about the debts of a dead man's mistress?"

She covered her eyes with a wavering hand. The diamond on it glittered through the half-light as if the cold stone were laughing.

"That fact sounds terribly brutal, I know. But the truth seldom is anything else."

Her lower lip caught between her teeth. She turned slightly to one side, standing in silence a moment.

"I can not urge you to something you do not approve, Conrad. But I ask this little favor—

the last I shall be able to do for Michel—and it wounds me to have you refuse."

"Sorry, dear. You don't grasp how a man feels about these matters. I can't go into it now. Besides—I must find out who the woman is and have a talk with her. Warn her of Michel's death before the papers have the news."

She wheeled round, with a movement more finite than any during these moments together. A gesture indicating quelled distress.

"Why?" she asked.

"I have no way of knowing whether Michel meant more than money-bags to her. She may be married—probably is. We've got to avoid the possibility of scandal."

"How amusing you Americans are!" It held a touch of scorn. "You take so seriously these little affairs between men and women."

"Michel took it seriously." He found himself staring at her with narrowed eyes.

"And you believe any merchant you go to will give you the woman's name?" came swiftly. "They are too accustomed to holding secrets of that sort."

"I don't doubt one of them can be trapped or bought into giving it to me."

She held out a hand, casually enough.

"May I—may I see the bills, Conrad?"

HIS eyebrows drew together an instant, but he handed them over without hesitation. As her head bent above the sheets, his gaze fastened with a sudden probing quality, not on her face, but on the hands, their tapering fingers, delicately tinted nails. They were trying to hold steady. The diamond flickered an illuminating grin.

Odd, this sharp contraction of fear he felt, like clawing talons. A strangle-hold. Hideous. Unyielding. He attempted to tear his eyes from those fluttering, nerve-ridden fingers. But the trained sense that measured men would not permit. So long had he known unerringly how to cleave surfaces, there was now no possibility of escape—for her, for himself. Against will, against hope, he must go on.

"Olga!" The demand brought her eyes to his. "Why did you want to attend to those payments yourself?"

"I?" Her hand closed on the papers with rigid tensity. "I have told you."

"You've given me an excuse—not the actual reason."

"Beloved—what reason could I have? Except to aid—"

"Why don't you want me to get the name of the woman responsible for them?" he swept on, driving himself with the unchecked force of a torrent. "Olga—look at me—answer me! Is there a reason why I shouldn't know?"

"Conrad!" Amazement, anger, desperately wounded appeal, all were struck like chords on a musical instrument.

"Listen to me! Don't try to put me off. You've got to set this right. You've got to come with me now to these people—and tell them it is *your* wish that I liquidate the debts of Michel Deaubier."

"My wish?"

"Exactly."

"But why—should it be my wish?"

"Why shouldn't it?" his acute insight flashed quickly. "If the debts concern another woman, you haven't a thing to conceal. If they don't—" He did not complete the thought.

"Conrad—you accuse me—"

"I accuse you of nothing. Well—what do you say?"

Her lovely lips parted, closed, unequal to the summon of words.

"I am waiting for the answer," he persisted hoarsely.

"I shall accompany you, dear," she brought out at last, and moved toward the door. "When the man has returned with that address, call for me and take me wherever you wish. Now I must go home and rest."

"Stay where you are. Don't attempt to leave. Home!" He gave a shattered laugh. "Home? You want to go straight to those shopkeepers and tip them off." He looked like a blind man trying to see. "My God! You and Michel. . . . You and Michel . . ."

VISELIKE, his grip drew her across the room, laid her quivering fingers against the vague imprint on the wall.

For a moment she said nothing. She had been almost at the door. But the command in his voice held her rigid, and what he saw was terror attempting to mask itself. His hands gripped, pressed against his eyes.

"No wonder he wouldn't come to me for help," he muttered, not realizing that he spoke aloud. "You and Michel . . ."

Like a shield torn from his grasp, strength deserted him. It was as if some enemy unseen had aimed and struck. The pain was so intense that he could not even cry out.

"Conrad—"

"Don't!" He motioned her to silence, while his mind marshaled in regimental order the dominant events of the past six months.

They marched before him—sure, ominous of tread, linked in inevitable formation. Michel's devotion to the lovely Russian, which he, astute though he was, had estimated merely an esthete's tribute to beauty. The manner in which the artist had received announcement of their forthcoming marriage—with outstretched hand, yet no words to express congratulations.

But, leading all, one thought sprang to command. The boy's adoration of this woman had been without balance, with no count of cost; while her measure of Michel was in careful terms of gowns, furs, jewels. Reckless love-affairs were casual enough in Europe. One did not even trouble to forgive. One overlooked them as a matter of course.

But this had been no reckless affair on her part. Rather an amour with a price which had driven to death. A calculating heel on the neck of her lover.

HE looked across the room to where she leaned against the wall, wrap fallen to the floor; and, strangely enough, found himself counting the pearls in a strand round her throat—beads in the rosary of Michel's worship.

The grinning diamond on her finger he, Conrad March, had placed there. Without query or inquiry, he had accepted her story of brothers killed in the war, the confiscation of estates, her flight to friends in Paris. Such accounts had become sufficiently commonplace, and she was popular in Parisian society, particularly among resident Americans. Easy enough to believe what a man wanted to believe!

"Conrad"—she approached him, the whispered name no longer pallid but throbbing—"Conrad, I ask you to hear me. You are too fair to judge without knowing. I met Michel when I first came from Russia. I was so alone. You—you can not imagine what it means to have had everything—then nothing. When he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SKYLIGHT
Continued from Page Fifteen]

became my—" a husky break, then the swift rush of words— "He loved me—but without any wish to marry. An artist must be free, he said. And he had helped me with money . . . I can not tell you how it began. But it was over the moment I met—and cared for you."

She laid a hand on his arm, palm up—a gesture so frail, so beseeching, that he felt his muscles contract defensively. Not two hours ago, he had kissed a red welt cut diagonally across that palm from fingers to wrist. An ugly slash.

It was nothing, she had explained. The night before, playing with her Persian cat, the animal accidentally clawed her. The wound had bled only a bit. March's lips, lingering along the hurt, had caressed it as one soothes a child. Now he looked down, saw it livid against the transparent flesh, and fought the same impulse. The raw red streak like blood across the hand's whiteness seemed symbolic.

"I understand—perfectly. You bled Michel. You hadn't the least concern about how he got the money."

"But how could I imagine he was in debt? Those bills are six months old. He told me always to buy what I wished—he wanted to see me beautiful. And I have never thought about money—I did not question—"

"OF course not! Until I came along—so much more profitable prey. Then you chucked him—knowing he was too fine, too much in love, to stand in your way."

"Conrad—no—no!" The voice fell, broken chimes. He tried to close his ears to its lovely cadence. "You must not believe such a thing. Come with me where we can talk—away from this dreadful place. With poor Michel so close—how can you think sanely? Is our love so small a thing that you would put me out of your life this way? Without a hearing! Conrad—do you want to—kill me?"

The cry caught, dragged him. Chains! This woman's hold. . . . Her body, helplessly swaying to his. Clinging hands. Torn emotions. Why not believe her? Plausible—all she said. Michel was not there to deny it. Who could cross-question a dead man! Would he rise up—demand the sacrifice of desire, of happiness? Suppose Michel *had* squandered a fortune—made a criminal of himself? . . . Those delicate fingers—their perfumed touch—they might topple empires. . . . If Michel had wanted to warn him, wouldn't some word have been spoken long ago? That very silence shouldered all blame. . . .

"Olga—"

"My love—take me away. I will explain anything—everything you ask. You must believe me—only now take me away."

The words throbbed against him—magnetized toward the door. Escape . . . to put this scene behind him. Forget it like a miasma, a conflict with ghosts.

He started forward—paused abruptly. The muffled beat of drums sounded in his ears. Coming from nowhere, yet a dirge—steady, incessant. It refused to be shut out, held him without power to move.

He stood face to face with the unfinished bust of the woman on the pedestal. Looking into the eyes without pupils, he found his own impelled to follow their empty stare. Past the screen, past the still figure it concealed. Over and across and beyond, to a spot on the wall. Nothing but a hook round which the heavy cord of the skylight shade wound tightly. Yet his gaze fastened there.

Slowly he turned his back on the door. Not of his own volition did he seem to take those steps. That strange drum-beat filled, closed his ears to cadences calling him.

The hook dug like a knife into the wall, projecting sharply. Still without conscious impetus, he stooped, examined it. The tip was

HIS eyebrows drew together an instant, but he handed the bills over without hesitation.

darkened with what might have been reddish brown paint. A new stain—fresh, glutinous, and on the wall beside it, a smear—this time quite red—vague imprint of a hand. The dangling end of the cord was red, as well. Not paint, those marks—but blood! Their color—the look of them—blood unmistakably. And shed as recently as Michel's. Not the slightest touch was needed to convince him of this.

Some one had tugged the cord to pull the skylight shade in place. Some nerve-racked hand had caught on the sharp point, been slashed open; recklessly had gone on winding the cord round the hook, determined in spite of pain to shut off light, to close out prying eyes; had pressed against the wall afterward. It was written there, cryptically, in blood, a document, a revelation.

The dead could not have arisen to do this. Nor had it been done before death by the hands of the man on the floor. Pale, luminous, their upturned palms in that strange pose of crucifixion showed no scar.

But another hand!

Conrad March straightened. He went over to the woman. Finger and thumb caught her wrist, much as he would have handled a fanged snake. He lifted the hand from the door-knob, turned it so that the palm slashed by the welt he had kissed lay revealed. She gave a low cry. Her fingers strangled to close down, like tentacles struggling for breath. His tightened—a grip equal to breaking the bones.

"Michel did not kill himself," he said quietly. Not like his own voice, but one far away, heard through fog—the muffled drum-beat epitomized, himself an instrument transmitting the sound of another's command. "Michel was shot last night by some one afraid of the scandal his arrest for forgery would dig up. A person who had buried in the past more than was safe to unearth."

Her eyes, sunk as if thrust into their sockets, tried to escape him with the blank look of the bust on the pedestal. Her lips twisted, fumbling his name. But formed no word.

"Too much to risk—too much to lose," he hammered. "A woman came here, begging Michel to run away from the law. And he refused, you understand. He'd made his mistake—he'd have to face the consequences. Not she, though! Not just at the moment when she was sure of herself—of the future. Michel's destiny wouldn't be permitted to derail hers. He could go to his particular hell. But alone. She'll see to that.

"Magnificently planned—all of it. Suicide—anybody would have sworn. But one thing she overlooked. You can't shut out the light by covering it."

VISELIKE, his grip drew her across the room, laid her quivering fingers against the vague imprint on the wall.

"Closing that shade," he proceeded, a grim pronouncement of sentence, "supplied the one clue that sheds light on the crime."

Her body sagged suddenly, bones collapsing. The hand held against the wall went gray, shriveled as an old woman's. The diamond glared.

"I have only to hand you over to that gendarme outside—"

"I did not—kill Michel." It came, stark protest of the condemned.

"So you'll tell them—so you'll wail to the world. And they'll believe you—as I did."

Dry as a cracking branch were the words. He stood looking down. The eyes that cringed from his, the grace, the sweep of lifted arms and breast, all potent, even though chalked with the brand of fear. She would wear the halo of martyrdom; cry out that his whole story was a figment of imagination. And trying to prove it would force him to defeat his own purpose; to drag Michel's name through muck.

As the case now stood, his influence was sufficient to keep it, as an item of news, out of the papers. But an accusation of murder . . .

"*Pax!* Let them not desecrate—"

And if he did go through with it . . . To what avail? The French would never convict a woman so beautiful.

His hold loosed, dropped away. His abrupt movement to the screen protecting the dead was a recoil from the living. This woman, huddled against the wall, though outwardly little changed, he saw as a skeleton stripped of the lure of flesh, draped in grave cerement. Hideous beyond the possibility of touch.

He knelt again. His head bowed.

A faint, fervid rustle beyond the screen, followed by the scratch of a knob, the door closing softly, did not stir him. It was what he had expected.

He was alone now. He was free. And gazing upon the face of his friend, Conrad March understood that this was the message from beyond the border. Not a plea for revenge, but a cry to him for his own salvation.

THE END

The Confusion Which Is THIS LIFE

A Realist's Opinion of What Ails Us

An Article by
REBECCA WEST

Pictures by
JOHN LA GATTA

(Reading time: 12 minutes 10 seconds.)

EVERY year I live I am the more impressed by the gallantry with which man tries to cope with the confusion which is life; and the almost equal stupidity with which he makes it worse—particularly by telling lies.

The power of the lie to make trouble is very remarkable. The other day I was talking to a man whose wife—an able-bodied young woman who lived with him less than a year and during that time neither kept house nor bore him a child—refuses to end a union which is painful to them both, unless he pays her most of his income in alimony.

This will prevent him marrying again; and he is a good, gentle creature who ought to have a home. It will make any business reverse a calamity that will vex his poor mind with fears of prison. And it is, besides, an injustice—a thing that stings and embitters, that puts a man at odds with the world.

He said to me, again and again, "Who would ever have thought that Edith could do a thing like this? Who would ever have thought she could be so vindictive?"

But Edith was not vindictive. She was a female *Babbitt*, a community-mirror. And what was the matter with her was that the community had been telling lies which had produced in it, and consequently in her, a state of confusion in which her preposterous demand that she should be allowed to mortgage this man's future, on account of a few months of intimacy—which has presumably been agreeable to them both—seemed reasonable enough. The sexes have been inventing lies about each other, and then working hard to turn every lie back to the disadvantage of the sex that started it.

First of all, men, to make themselves the strong, primitive, interesting half of humanity, pretended that they had practically the monopoly of sexual emotions, and that no woman, except the most abandoned hussy, ever felt physical passion. "It is a foul libel on the female sex," says a medical book written by an Edinburgh professor not 100 years ago, "to allege that they are ever subject to desire."

To this many women pretended to agree; and then, naturally, insisted on having their relations with their husbands regarded as painful obligations which they fulfilled only out of a sense of duty, and for which they could not be too handsomely rewarded.

Moreover, the male, just to picture himself in all points more glorious than the female, alleged that the hand of time fell on her far sooner than on him. To that, also, the female pretended to agree; but tagged on to it the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Edith was not vindictive. She was a female Babbitt—*a community-mirror.*

[THE CONFUSION WHICH IS THIS LIFE
Continued from Page Seventeen]

logical corollary that if her period of sexual attractiveness was really so limited, then any man who married her and lived with her for ever so short a space ought, if that marriage was ever dissolved, to compensate her heavily for having withdrawn her from the market for so large a proportion of her brief season.

These two male lies and the female treatment of them would alone make a fair basis for a demand for big alimony, even by a young and childless wife. But, at the same time, the female had been tampering with the truth on her own account. She had been saying:

"Yes, darling, of course you are stronger and cleverer than I am. Beside your splendid masculinity I am nothing better than a poor little donkey." It seemed an extremely good way of getting things out of him.

But to overset that advantage the male had said: "Well, if you are such a little donkey, compared with the male, as you say you are, then when you come into the labor market I will pay you only half wages. On your own showing, you can't be worth more."

But the wily female came back on that by demanding that every divorced husband should pay the woman whose theoretically reluctant embraces and theoretically transitory bloom he had enjoyed, a sum which would prevent her ever having to descend into the poverty which was all the labor market would offer her.

Thus, through a series of lies that subserved no end but the vanity and greed of the parties concerned, a state of confusion concerning the marriage state was created which enabled a woman to stand up, with no sense that she was doing anything shameful, and demand that she should be allowed to condemn to lifelong celibacy a man who was of the stuff of which good husbands and fathers are made.

A lie never serves the real ends of the community—not even the lies that are called by pretty names, that come under the general head of discretion. Take the bogy of heredity. It plays a fearful part in the minds of many men and women.

The other night a young man said to me: "You see, I can't help drinking. Two of my uncles died of delirium tremens, and I guess that is the way I go, too." He then took another drink and got drunk—but not because of his uncles; just because he was a fool.

I once heard a frightened girl say, "I am afraid of myself, sometimes. You see, my Aunt Elizabeth had queer spells. I sometimes feel I shall go that way myself. I got so low after mother died."

She would have had more reason to fear she was queer if she had not felt low when her mother died. But we have all heard them, those foolish children who invent a compulsion as an excuse to let go in the way their foolishness and their fatigue make them long to do.

If it were not for discretion they would never talk that way. As the years go by, and people tell one their life stories, and one sees families rise and fall, one realizes that everybody has disreputable relations. But we practise discretion about it. Each of us pretends that he has no skeletons in his cupboard. But so do all the other folk. So each is left thinking he has a corner in skeletons.

BUT if the truth were known, then nobody would have to worry. It would be a terrible calamity to have an Uncle Tom and an Uncle Jerry and an Aunt Elizabeth, if there were a few bad stocks which produced all the drunkards and the insane and the criminals, and a great many stocks which produced only men and women of flawless brains and bodies. Then Tom's and Jerry's nephew and Elizabeth's niece would be right in feeling inferior and doomed.

But if all stocks are much of a muchness, and everybody has aunts and uncles who are excellent tabloid material, then we are all in the same boat, and we need not feel inferior—certainly we need not feel doomed.

That these undesirable individuals should occur in many families, including those which also produce the most admirable and distinguished citizens, suggests that there are vehement strains in humanity which, in unfavorable circumstances, manifest themselves in antisocial conduct, but which, in favorable circumstances, manifest themselves in achievements which society is glad to honor.

I do not mean to say there is no problem of heredity at all. There are dark strains of drunkenness and insanity and criminality which it would be idle to deny. But what I mean to say is that anybody is a fool who believes that a black sheep here and there in his family commits him to drinking when he does not want to, or to any other form of misery.

That point would be proved easily enough if every town would have a day of confession concerning its relations, and the best and the worst folk would get up and say: "Father didn't have to give up the ministry because he wanted to finish his Commentary on the Ephesians; it was rye." Or: "We had to send Cousin Emily down South; not because of her lungs, but because she thought she was a chicken and wanted to sit on the back fence." It would be a sad day for me, for I would have to own up to an uncle who wrote two of the worst operas in the history of music; but it would prove that all God's chillun got disreputable relatives.

That heredity bogy is one consequence of discretion. Another may be seen in the actions of those who want literature to be purer than life, to avoid the presentation of anything but virtuous characters and actions.

They are making a physical analogy that might seem sound enough. If you want to have good bodily health you put only pure food into your stomach. If you want to have good mental health you put only pure art in your mind. The only trouble is that people who are nourished on that kind of art and literature get far more confused and unhappy, and frequently become much less virtuous in practise than those who have taken their realism straight.

That is because one can not prevent human beings from taking a work of art as a true picture of life; not literally true in its facts, of course, but a true representation of the kind of thing that happens. "If this isn't true," they say, "what am I wasting my time on it for?" So, if you saturate people in art and literature that is consistently untruthful about certain aspects of existence, you may keep them igno-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

I have wondered what made these children set forth on this unromantic path.

SOUP

and a bit of history

IN THE year 1898 there first appeared in the windows and on the counters of grocery stores a product new to the public. The product bore a Red-and-White Label upon which were displayed the words "Condensed Soup."

Today its name and its label are familiar everywhere. It is sold in every food store in the United States and in the sea-ports of the world. This soup filled a demand that had never before been answered. Its enormous popularity and success furnish one of those romances of American business which are based upon originality and inventiveness in serving the public needs.

AT THE time this product was first introduced to the public, America presented a sharp contrast to Europe in the use of soup. In Europe soup had been for many years one of the great staple articles of diet. In homes of high and low degree, soup was eaten constantly and the people thrived upon its delicious and nourishing qualities.

But in America, as recently as the end of the last century, soup was not appreciated at its true food value. It did not appear with such regularity on the family table and it could by no means be called one of the household standbys. In this country we had yet to learn that soup should be eaten regularly, and not just occasionally.

THE NEW condensed soup was originated with this Idea: "Everybody should eat soup. It offers a variety of delicious flavors not to be obtained in any other food. It is nourishing and wholesome. It stimulates the appetite and causes the digestive juices to flow more freely. People should eat soup every day both for their health and their pleasure. If only they can be supplied with soup of splendid quality, already prepared for them and at a price which all can afford, they will serve it regularly and derive as much benefit from it as do the Europeans."

And so the Red-and-White Label appeared. Condensed soups in delightful variety were placed at the disposal of the public, relieving them of all the trouble of making soup at home. And today in millions of homes soup is appreciated at its true worth—as a dish that *belongs* in the daily diet.

If I may speak, as man and sheik,
This secret I'll impart:
Each Campbell's kind will always find
A soft spot in my heart.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

In all the world there is no other food like this

NO other food like Grape-Nuts! . . . These golden-brown, crisp-baked kernels, that come tumbling out of the yellow package, are unique among breakfast foods. Different in form —deliciously different in flavor. Nut-like, with a delicate suggestion of malt sugar! For nearly thirty years the fame of this flavor has spread. Millions now enjoy it every morning.

But Grape-Nuts is not merely tempting to appetite. It is a food scientifically planned to supply essential elements of nutrition—to correct certain dangerous deficiencies often found in modern diet. Made of wheat and malted barley, Grape-Nuts gives to the body dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates, for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration.

Grape-Nuts is ready to serve. The special baking process that prepares it for your table makes it one of the easiest foods in the world to digest—and gives it its characteristic *crispness*. For here again Grape-Nuts is different from other foods. You will enjoy chewing it thoroughly. It will give to teeth and gums the exercise they must have to remain strong, healthy and beautiful.

Put Grape-Nuts on your breakfast menu. Remember, no other food can give you just this combination of flavor, food value, crispness! Your grocer sells Grape-Nuts—or you may wish to accept the following offer:

Two servings of Grape-Nuts and "A Book of Better Breakfasts"—free

Mail the coupon below. We will send you, free, two individual packages of Grape-Nuts and "A Book of Better Breakfasts", written by a famous physical director.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

rant of the sordid facts of those aspects, but you will insure that, whenever they encounter them in real life, they will get into trouble, because they will act on false assumptions.

Sometimes I have seen in dance halls and at the movies very young girls who were dressed like cuties, who looked like cuties, who behaved like cuties, and who suddenly lifted childish, ardent, innocent faces. I have thought—"Good Lord! What will they do if they get what they are asking for? How will they stand it?" It is like seeing a tender babe toddle into a football scrum. And I have wondered what in the wide world made these children, who look as if they had romantic hearts, set forth on this unromantic path. The other day I saw a film which suggested that the propelling force was actually this same discreet and purified act.

The star, a young actress who is the embodiment of lovely and wholesome youth, played the part of a young girl who perpetually dreamed of a way out of her squalid surroundings through the love of a man. She did not take the trouble to visualize the man as a person, nor did she have any youthful visions of their passion and devotion and adventures.

Instead, the dear child—who, if she had ever happened on a battle-field, would have had such fun robbing the dead—dreams with a stark particularity of the furs, the frocks, the jewels, the orchids he is going to give her; and of nothing else. To realize these hopes, she takes a job as a hotel telephonist in order that she shall meet rich men.

Now, there are young women like this, and they are often not unamusing; but they obviously belong to the prostitute type. The existence of prostitutes, however, is not admitted in this kind of art. So she is shown coldly rejecting the advances of men who propose to support her without marrying her.

THIS does nobody a pennyworth of real moral good. If a lady has a lovely intention of giving herself to a gentleman for the price of sables and pearls, the question of virtue can not enter into her proceedings. If she insists on marriage, it can not be because of any vision of a high union of souls that wishes to record its sanctity in the eyes of all men, but rather because she intends to get a life interest in his sables-and pearls-producing faculties.

There is no exaltation in that for the audience; nor in the climax of the film, which tried to save its spiritual face by pretending that the heroine fell in love with a millionaire under the impression he was his own valet, in a romantic manner of which all her previous actions showed her utterly incapable. I would as soon believe that a cash-register had been found writing a love sonnet to its mate.

That film did all manner of mischief to its audience. By its identification of its hussy heroine with the enchanting girl who played her, and its refusal to admit that she was of the prostitute type it would break down the reluctance that most people would feel at the idea they could be mercenary.

By its emphasis on her insistence on marriage, when that did not spring from any admirable motive, the film tries to destroy any real scale of moral values people may have.

By imputing romantic love to her, at the last, it pretends that there is no reality or certainty in the spiritual life, and that one can be a cheap and vulgar person intent on cheap and vulgar ends and at the same time enjoy the run of the nobler emotions.

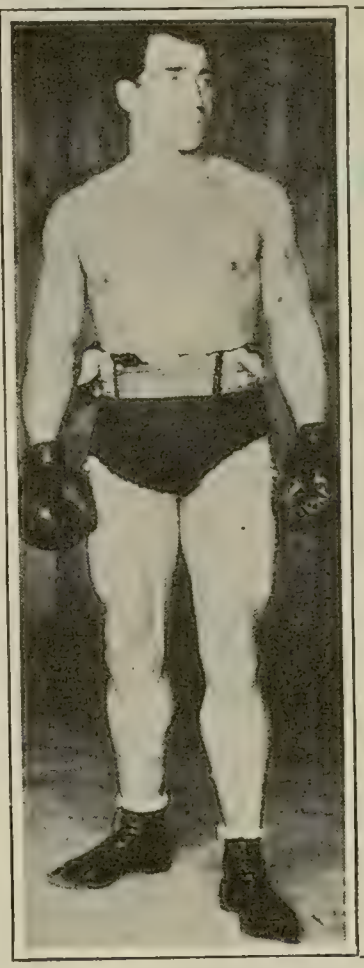
Indeed, although there was nothing in the film to suggest that babies are found in cabbage patches, it was admirably calculated to send quite a number of little girls, and quite nice, spirited little girls, too, strutting about in a way that was likely to commit them to a prostitute's life without having the slightest idea of what they were doing.

Now, if I was invited to write a film about that girl, it would, if I were anything like up to my usual form, be extremely improper. I would insist on calling her by her proper name, and I would try to do justice to the sort of humor prevalent among such ladies, which is the same cynical and unrestrained humor as may be found among old soldiers who have braved many campaigns. With luck, there might be several quite indecorous jokes.

But what I wrote would make any young woman of mercenary tendencies in the audience realize perfectly what she was likely to become if she let those tendencies dominate her—and not because I am a moralist, but because I am a realist. I would use material that would make her extremely anxious to evade that destiny.

I would show her that it is not even certain she would get a start on her career, since one of the commonest tragedies to overtake people who resolve to sell their souls to the devil is that the devil balks.

I would show her that if she did she would probably find that the remunerativeness of that profession is the great illusion of the uneducated female; that, though there are gold-diggers who make fortunes, they are as few, in proportion to the total of their kind, as bank presidents are to the total of bank employees. She would see that, of that few, most lose their money before middle age, and pass into a sad memoirs-hawking age. And, as a result of my film, there would be not one little girl strutting her way into trouble from sheer moral confusion. There is nothing so pure as the truth.



Next week LIBERTY is going to start

THE thrilling life story of the most terrific battler that ever fought in the ring.

He thought he could whip any one in the world—and he almost did.

He was the Terry McGovern of the heavyweights—a tearing, slashing, murderous puncher, fierce as a tiger, courageous as a bulldog.

Watch for—

I Fought 'Em All

By Tom Sharkey

As told to

Hugh Fullerton

In Next Week's LIBERTY

LIES are never a safe medicine. I have lately come across two painful incidents, both of which were traceable to a particular brand of falsehood invented to save mankind pain.

A man I know has for some years constantly aroused suspicions of dishonesty in the people he met by the hangdog and nervous way he acted. He is, in point of fact, strictly honest. All that is the matter with him is that he has had a business reverse, and has filled himself so full of "success literature" that he feels morally guilty.

"Are you clean-minded, forceful, and eager? Have you horn-rimmed spectacles on your nose and hair on your chest? Then jump three times over your bed before breakfast and become a Vice-President in Pierpont Morgan's! It is in your power!" That is the kind of balderdash he has been reading.

That type of thing may help certain people by teaching them to use autosuggestion for the purpose of overcoming timidity; though the sort of person who is loudest in its praise is the kind of noisy *Babbitt* who would do well to cultivate a little timidity.

All the same, it is balderdash. This pretense that success is invariably the product and the reward of virtue, and to be laid hold of by every he-man, and that failure is always due to lack of will, is never held by the really successful man. I have known some of the richest and most successful men in the world, and they all knew better.

The second-rater holds it—the man who has struggled up to be Eighth Vice-President of the Pequeno Tuning Forks Corporation. But the men who hold industries in the hollow of their hands, who sway the fortunes of the world—they think differently. They know that success may be the product of a thousand things: of brilliance, of plodding, of luck, of sharp practise. It may be justly the subject of either praise or blame. They know that failure may be the product of a thousand things: of stupidity, of unsteadiness, of bad luck, of refusal to knuckle under to evil. It may be justly the subject of either blame or praise.

But the superstitions set about by "success literature" flourish. One of the greatest business men in the United States was once asked to write an account of his life for a magazine which dealt largely in that kind of thing. The editor returned the manuscript with the request that he should delete certain offensive phrases: "Luck put this opportunity into my hand . . . Luck put that opportunity into my head . . . I was enabled by circumstances to do this and that."

The medium men who read that magazine would have objected. Through the commercial expansion of the age, they had been pushed toward a certain measure of success. They wanted to pretend that they had done it all by themselves, and that it had been a strain on their muscles, their minds, and their moral forces.

WELL, it is all right. They most of them deserve all that credit just for being themselves—for being fine and decent people. But sometimes there seems a danger.

There was this man, evading people's eyes, nervously twisting his fingers, because he was a failure and must therefore, to quote from an article, "not have been strong enough to tense his moral biceps."

I think, too, of the tone I heard in a woman's voice the other day when she mentioned that her husband made only a small salary. She spoke as she might have done if he had been a drunkard and out of her affection for him she had forgiven him time after time, but knew she was a fool for doing so.

Now, I had recently been making inquiries concerning the industry in which he was employed, in order to know if it was safe to invest money in it; and I had been assured by hard-headed business men that unforeseen economic developments had knocked the bottom out of it in the last few years; and this man was too old to switch to another field of work.

Now, this woman was not naturally cruel. It was simply that she was saturated with this success chatter and could not visualize failure except as a sign of weakness.

There has been no economic slump in the United States, of the sort that bankers and economists tell us must come periodically, since the growth of this "success literature." If such a slump comes again, there may be a lot of trouble like this in the home, when the identification of moral guilt and failure that the medium man invented in the day of his success, to make it more glorious, will look out at him from eyes in which, at that particular moment, he would rather see something else.

It would almost seem as if there were no investment so safe for the community as truth; so unique in its power not to render more confused the confusion which is this life.

THE END

Fair Fight or FOUL?

Dempsey shooting his right into Sharkey's mid-section in the third round of their battle at the Yankee Stadium. This was typical of the crouching style of fighting Dempsey employed throughout the fight. The referee is Jack O'Sullivan.

An Inquiry Into the Amazing Differences of Opinion Among the Experts on the Dempsey-Sharkey Battle

An Article by

EDWARD DOHERTY

PART TWO

(Reading time: 14 minutes 40 seconds.)

LIKE millions of others, I had heard the Dempsey-Sharkey fight told over the radio, and then had gone to the New York morning papers for color and vivid description.

I had read every fight expert in the morning field, and my head was buzzing so that I must go out for air. Dempsey had fouled Sharkey. The referee had been about to say something, to do something, but hesitated, and didn't. Dempsey knocked Sharkey out with a cruel low blow. No, it was a left hook to the chin. Not that, either, but a queer sort of left hook uppercut. The blow was in the pit of the stomach. It was right on the groin. It was exactly at the waistline.

I felt drugged, hazy. The afternoon breezes—it was later than I thought, for the fight experts had kept me long—blew dust in my eyes, and I saw better. I had done with fight experts, I told myself.

I had just remembered the psychology professor's little stunt. In the middle of his lecture one of his students rose suddenly, cried a name at a smaller boy, and fired one shot. The smaller boy slumped in his seat and closed his eyes. The other ran out, circled around, and re-entered the classroom.

The professor then explained that he had arranged the shooting, and asked his pupils to tell exactly what had happened.

One student said the taller boy had crept down the aisle and fired five times into the back of the smaller boy. Another asserted he saw the smaller lad plunge a knife into the other, who then knocked him down. A third declared it was the taller boy who used the knife.

No two versions agreed, and no one version was anywhere near the truth. I had always wondered what those boys would be when they grew up. I laughed. I had just found out. They had all become fight experts.

There were maybe fifty boxing writers at the fight, maybe more. The fight was immediately in front of them, and yet not one of them could agree with another as to all details.

And the most noticeable thing about all their reviews was this:

The experts who had predicted victory for Dempsey wrote glowingly of Dempsey's victory.

The experts who had prophesied that Sharkey would win declared that while Dempsey won on a foul or otherwise—he was still just a shadow or a fraction of his former self.

So musing I passed a news-stand and noted that the evening papers were all there. Before I could stop myself, I had purchased every one of them, and was hurrying home, like a hophead with a new bundle of coke.

I happened to pick up the evening *Graphic* first, and turned to page 3 for the stories of James W. Jennings and Ed Sullivan.

> There will be thousands of versions of the dramatic manner in which Jack Dempsey . . . but the writer will always hold that Dempsey should have been disqualified for fouling his opponent [Jennings said].
>
> The writer saw all the punches which preceded the knockout; three at least were low, and the one before the finish struck Sharkey right in the groin.
>
> The ex-champion was the "hollow shell" he had been termed. His knockout was so tainted a feeble kid could have stopped Sharkey under similar conditions.

On the same page Ed Sullivan says this:

> Jack Dempsey, who has never won or lost a fight on a foul, last night knocked out Jack Sharkey, a fighter who has claimed foul in a big percentage of his fights. At the moment Dempsey knocked out Sharkey, the Boston gob was claiming a foul. He was running

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

MEET THE BIG OLDER BROTHER

Making tires for heavy service was the first job this company tackled.

The business was founded on a policy to make tires a little better than any were being made. It was only natural that such tires appealed most to concerns which used large quantities of tires in the hardest kinds of service.

Constantly increasing demand from bus and truck operators kept the India factories busy in the early days. Even up until last year—in spite of greatly increased production—such users took more than 60% of all the India tires made.

Like the India 6-4 ply balloon, this India Heavy Service tire has exclusive features which make it better—features that counteract heat—the greatest enemy of rubber tires.

And now with the India True-Blue [HEAT-PROOF] inner tube, it is saving these careful tire buyers more money every year.

Go to your India dealer. Learn about the exclusive features of construction that make the India line different and better. India tires will cut your tire expense in any kind of service.

They will also add a distinction of appearance to any bus, truck or automobile, that cannot be obtained with any other tire.

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You can make mine P. A.

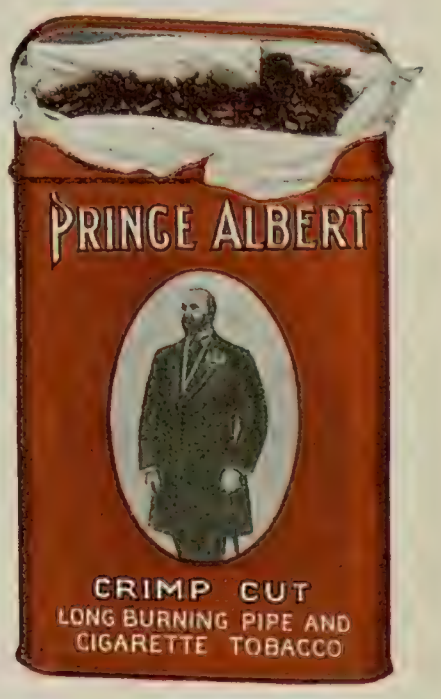
THAT'S my standing order. Anywhere. Any time. Prince Albert gives me what I want in a pipe. Morning to midnight. Seven days out of seven! I get a brand-new thrill every time I open a tidy red tin and breathe that rich, rare P. A. aroma. There's no other fragrance like *that,* Men. Appetizing! Tantalizing!

And when I put a load to bed in the bowl of my pipe and light up . . . *there's* a thrill that takes a better man than *I,* Gunga Dhin, to put into words! Cool as a creditor calling a loan. Sweet as the thought that you are able to pay. Fragrant as you smoke it, too. Fragrant and long-burning. What a smoke, Men!

Prince Albert is so mild you can smoke pipe-load after pipe-load. It never bites your tongue or parches your throat. Yet it has that full-bodied richness that reaches *deep down* and satisfies your pipe-hankering as nothing else can. P. A. is what I call a *balanced ration.*

Get this one, big, fundamental fact: You haven't scratched the surface of pipe-pleasure unless you have smoked Prince Albert! There are joys you will *never* know until you pack that old pipe of yours with P. A.! That's my story. It will be *your* story, too, when you know good old P. A.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1927, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO

true to form. Unfortunately, while claiming a foul, Sharkey failed to protect himself. He had turned his head to utter a squawk when Dempsey's left hand hooked through the air and flattened him.

Jennings had championed Sharkey, and Sullivan had picked his old friend Dempsey.

Here's what I found in the *Sun:*

By Wilbur Wood

Dempsey's so-called knockout . . . has enveloped the boxing game in New York in a mantle of bitterness and recrimination which it will not cast off for many a day. . . . Dempsey, a shell of the once great Dempsey, stumbled out of his corner—beaten and battered, bruised and weary . . . sank three blows below Sharkey's waist. Sharkey was struck by perhaps twenty low punches in all.

By Joe Vila

In the opinion of many ringside observers, including the writer, Sharkey was hit below the belt at least twice before a short left hook to the neck or jaw dropped him.

Dempsey was so completely outboxed and outgeneraled he looked like a 100 to 1 shot.

International Newsreel

DEMPSEY and Leo Flynn, his trainer, the day after the battle.

By H. I. Phillips

Dempsey was so far behind he was almost given up for lost. Officially the knockout was a punch to the pit of the stomach, but to thousands of spectators it looked lower than the book permits.

On the first page of this edition of the *Sun* was an unsigned story declaring that slow motion pictures of the bout clearly indicated that "two blows were landed below Sharkey's belt by Dempsey in the seventh round."

In this story was a statement from Referee O'Sullivan declaring that one blow landed on Sharkey's left thigh and swept on up. He, O'Sullivan, stepped near to them and said, "Watch your punches, Jack. I mean you, Dempsey." Then Dempsey sent his left to the pit of the stomach, O'Sullivan says, and a moment later to the jaw.

"I bent over Sharkey," O'Sullivan is quoted, "and said: 'You had better get up. I am counting on you.' He made no reply. He did not claim a foul. During the fight Dempsey landed three or four punches that were low, but they were not vital. They were light blows. Sharkey also landed a couple of low ones."

George E. Underwood in the *Telegram,* writing of the fight movies, says this:

> Laboratory men who developed the films said positively that they showed no foul blow had been struck, and that the blows which preceded the knockout were in the region of the solar plexus. . . .

Charles Mathison, who officiated as one of the judges of the fight, said: "Sharkey was hit below the waistline immediately before the knockout punch, and Dempsey should have been disqualified. Dempsey also was guilty of hitting low in several other rounds."

Peculiar circumstances attached to the fight. Leo Flynn, Dempsey's manager, asked the commission to paint foul lines on the fighters. The betting switched from Sharkey, a pronounced favorite, to make Dempsey a 6 to 5 choice. . . .

An apparently stupefied, bewildered, or frightened referee permitted Dempsey to strike Sharkey below the belt from the very start, time and time again, without issuing a single warning, and finally stood supinely by and permitted the once terrible Manassa Mauler to finish the garrulous gob with at least three punches to the groin followed by a swishing uppercut.

In the same paper, Henry L. Farrell, United Press staff correspondent, says it was a right under the heart that ended the fight.

Dempsey had forced the fighting all the way [he says]. Sharkey didn't land one good hard punch during the fight. Sharkey did a beautiful running fight, but Dempsey had so much speed in his legs and so much punch in his arms that he caught up with Sharkey and knocked him down.

Joe Williams of the *Telegram* is "inclined to look at the fight" as the "What-Was-It? of the century." He saw Dempsey hit low not once but thrice in the seventh round, and "it looked BAD."

"He was my pick to win," Williams says, "but he was not my pick to win the way he did."

Farrell had picked Dempsey too. Underwood had predicted Sharkey. I picked up the evening *World.*

Shadow cast upon Jack Dempsey's seventh round knockout victory last night . . . was emphatically dispelled today by Jack O'Sullivan . . . Tex Rickard . . . Dr. William H. Walker, who examined Sharkey . . . Gene Tunney . . . that the blow in question was not below the waistline and was thoroughly fair.

This paragraph followed:

In support of this contention the motion pictures of the fight give no evidence that the blow was below the belt. This was announced this morning by Charles Penser, who had the movie rights and who developed the films. . . .

Robert Edgren, the evening *World's* expert, said:

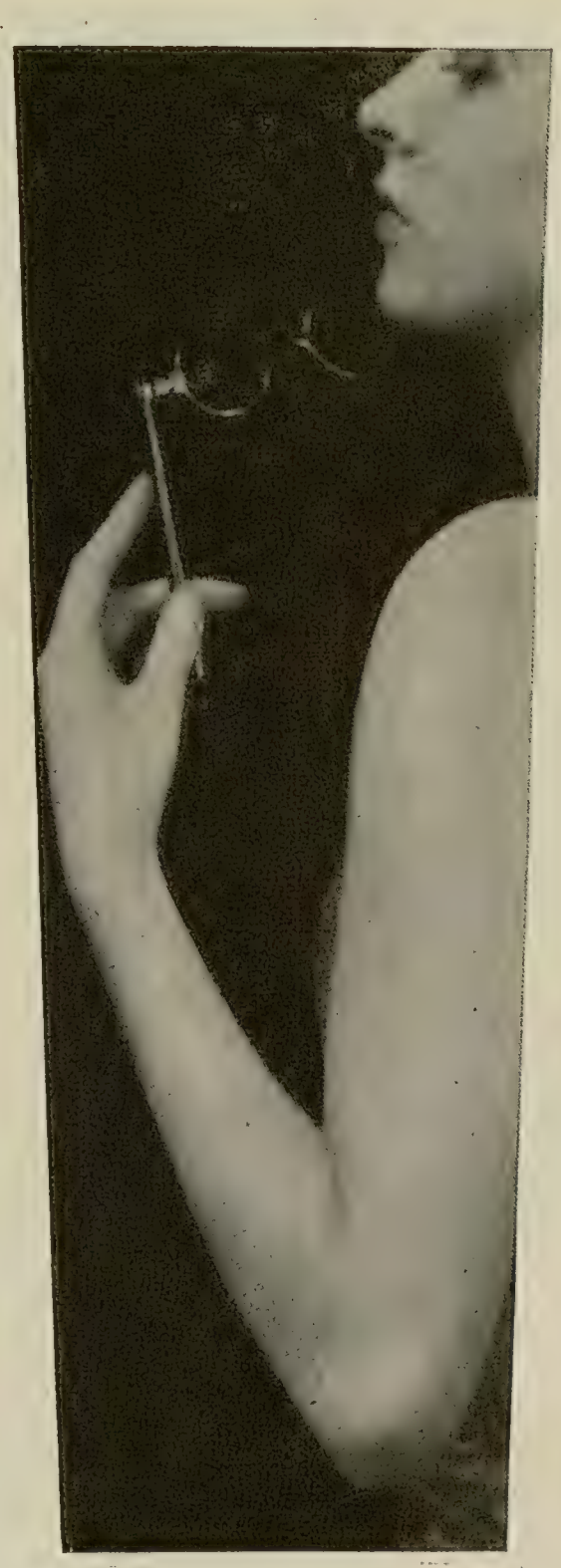
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

five . . . . . simple ways to improve your skin . . . NOW

Get at least seven hours sleep four nights out of seven.

Eat fresh fruits and vegetables (those that may be eaten uncooked are best for you).

Use sweets sparingly.



You need only one cream—Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

You can do your own facials—beauty treatments—at home. We will show you how if you read carefully the little book that comes with each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

50c the jar—$1 size more economical—Theatrical size $1.75.

BEAUTIFUL ARMS *and* HANDS NEED *NIGHTLY* CARE

Milkweed Cream shows amazing results often in two short weeks

HOUSEWORK and office-work . . . the grime of city streets often mar the precious beauty of your hands and arms!

One year from now—5 years—10—will their beauty be completely gone? Right now, before it is too late, begin giving your hands and arms constant, scientific, care. And here's the best way—the *easiest and quickest.*

First—Read the five common-sense beauty rules given here. They are sound, workable rules easy to follow.

Then....buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream and start treating your arms and hands today.

Women often write us that in two short weeks they notice the difference ... lovely soft whiteness that lies hidden in the skin. Over a million jars used last year by beautiful women—social leaders, stage beauties, screen stars, who care enough for their arms and hands to care for them properly. You can start caring now.

Frederick F. Ingram Co., Est. 1885, 126 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich., also Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

Ingram's American Blush Rouge :: Hand Made :: One Shade :: For Any Maid - 50c

[FAIR FIGHT OR FOUL? Continued from Page Twenty-five]

Sharkey had taken a terrific pounding in the body through six rounds. He was guarding with both arms crossed at the belt and several times he pushed Dempsey's glove down. Sharkey turned his head as Dempsey pulled in and Dempsey clipped him with a clean, heavy right to the pit of the stomach. Instantly Dempsey whipped a terrific left to Sharkey's chin.

In the column next to Edgren's there is a box, part of Benny Leonard's story, which appeared in the morning *World* that morning. In this story, Leo Flynn told Leonard:

> I may insist on Sharkey painting his beltline so he can't get away with any claims of foul. Sharkey in his last ten fights has claimed a foul every time he got hit a good hard sock. We don't want him to get away with any cry of foul.

Ed Van Every of the evening *World* tells it this way:

> As they were mauling chest to chest, Dempsey cut loose with a right uppercut, and this punch certainly landed well below the belt line. Anyway, Sharkey doubled up, his face contorted with pain. Then it seemed to me that he yelled something to the referee, probably that he had been hit low, but just what it was I could not hear, though it all happened a few feet in front of me. It seemed to me that O'Sullivan touched Sharkey on the arm, though for what purpose I cannot imagine. It all happened in a flash. For there was hardly a pause after Sharkey went down when Dempsey sprang in with that tigerish leap of his, and as he leaped he curled a left hook to the jaw, and Sharkey was on the floor.

I looked through the *World* of the day before, but saw no story by Van Every, and I haven't been able to find any prediction of his.

Edgren had predicted a good tough fight, and said that either boxer had a chance of landing a knockout in any round.

I could see the New York *Journal* even before I looked at it, for its headlines slapped me in the eye. "Dempsey Didn't Foul" in great black type, and then—in smaller letters—"Referee Says."

There on the first page was Dempsey's own story, signed with his signature. In this yarn Jack says he first socked Sharkey on the ribs and then in the solar plexus, and that both blows were fair.

> While Sharkey was kicking to the referee I quit [Jack says]. But when the referee said to continue the fight I hooked a short one to the liver and clipped one to the chin, and Sharkey went down for the count. The body blow was the deadly one, not the clout on the chin.

There was also a story by Sharkey. Listen:

> I want this Paulino next and then Dempsey right over again. He fouled me four times. But I guess it's all in the game. I didn't complain about the first three fouls, because I felt so certain that he didn't have a chance to beat me.

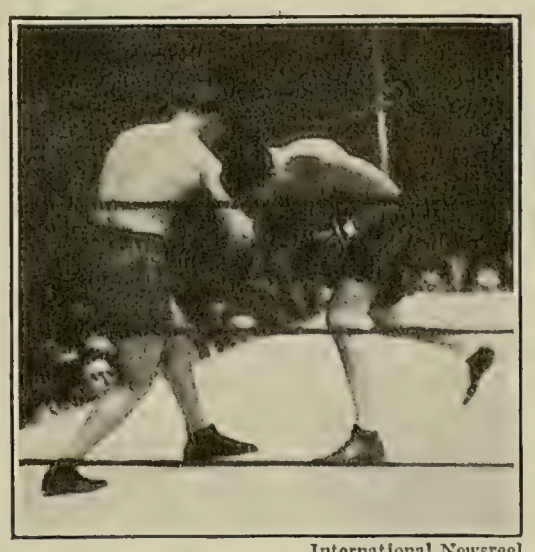
Sid Mercer, one of the *Journal's* experts, said that Sharkey had been overestimated and that Dempsey would put up a good fight against Tunney. He had picked Dempsey to win by a knockout.

Bill Corum, also of the *Journal*, put it this way:

> Although I picked Sharkey to win, I would have stood up and cheered with the next one at an old-time whoop-tee-do Dempsey triumph. . . . Since I was standing with my head stuck over the platform of the ring nearest where Sharkey went down, I was in better than an average position to see what happened. The blow which the boys will be arguing about for some time to come was a right uppercut. It was the first solid punch landed by either fighter in the seventh round. Black Jack brought his right up from the knee and struck Sharkey what appeared to me to be a palpably low blow. At least it sunk into his fighting trunks and not the bare body.

In the New York Evening *Post*, Walter Trumbull discusses the lullaby slap:

> It looked as if the right punch was perhaps an inch below the top of Sharkey's trunks, but Sharkey did not fall from that punch. He went down from the left to the jaw. . . . To our mind Sharkey fought a poor fight.
>
> The Manassa Mauler [says Jack Kofoed, also of the *Post*]



International Newsreel

DEMPSEY, at the right, still had the old, tigerish charge in the sixth round.

> was committed to a body attack from the start. He kept plowing in, his eyes smoldering, white teeth flashing behind his panting lips, and there were times when his punches appeared dangerously low, and to many at the ringside it looked as though the finishing one was illegal. Still, Jack O'Sullivan is as square a referee as the fight game ever saw—and he said it was fair.

In the *Post* of Thursday, July 21, Kofoed had predicted that Sharkey would win the match. Trumbull had discussed both fighters, but left the outcome to itself, recalling that "Sharkey has all the probabilities, but Dempsey all the possibilities." Sharkey was the favorite of the head, said he, but Dempsey would be favorite of the heart.

I had read thirteen New York newspapers. I had read the full account of the fight several times in each. But still I was bewildered. So I went downtown and bought the papers from Chicago and Cleveland and St. Louis and Pittsburgh and Baltimore and Boston and Philadelphia. And I began with the Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph* and Harvey J. Boyle, its expert and sporting editor, to seek what New York could not give me.

> It was a strange battle [Boyle assured me].
>
> At the time he scored his knockout, Dempsey looked like a sure and certain loser. One eye was cut, his nose was smeared a little from a cut or bruise and he was puffing like a steam engine on a heavy grade. It was just about the time ringsiders were getting ready to sit back and wait for Dempsey to beat himself—when he whipped a punch into Sharkey's body. Sharkey looked to the referee to claim Dempsey had hit him low. Sharkey intended this look not as a sign he wanted to win the bout on the alleged foul blow, but rather that he wanted the referee to be careful Dempsey did not repeat this tactic.

Ah, at last a point cleared up! Then—

> As Sharkey looked at the referee Dempsey landed a left hook to the chin.

In this Pittsburgh paper there was also a story by Herbert Corey, declaring there were two fouls in the seventh round. And he says many might have missed them for "the men were slugging toe to toe and nose to nose, as they had been through the fight."

Mr. Boyle had felt that Sharkey ought to win inside of ten rounds.

Mr. James J. Long, in the Pittsburgh *Sun*, who leaned toward Sharkey before the gong, gave all the credit to Dempsey. "The claim of a foul," he said, "will be looked upon as being unsportsmanlike and as coming in poor grace from disgruntled losers, and no attention will be paid to it."

Jim Jab, writing from New York, tells about the fatal seventh in this vein, in the Pittsburgh *Press:*

> Jack shot a left hook for an inviting jaw. Timed with a master hand, that drive was a "button buster." Sharkey slumped like a man riddled by machine-gun fire. It was a kayo from out the skies. Ten seconds prior this loquacious ex-gob from Boston looked like our world's next million dollar pug proposition. Now boxing boys would proclaim him a big dumbbell.

The Chicago *Daily News* used Edgren's story, supplemented by that of Fred A. Hayner, who had picked Sharkey. Mr. Hayner disagreed with everybody. He said it was a right hook that spilled the Boston beans. He says twice that

[CONT'D ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

INTERIOR PICTURES—*now easy to make. This interesting photograph was made with a Modern Kodak by an amateur just like yourself.*

OUTDOOR PICTURES—*Children playing in the shade... picnics in the woods... favorite subjects once so difficult are simple "snap-shots" now.*

RAINY DAY SUBJECTS—*Now you can make snap-shots in the rain. It's no longer necessary to have your subject in direct sunlight.*

New Facts About Amateur PHOTOGRAPHY

TODAY, photography for the amateur has been made easier, simpler, surer than ever before. No necessity now to leave your camera home on "dull" days. If it's raining . . . don't let that change your plans.

If your subject is indoors . . . hard-to-take, according to your past ideas . . . forget these hazards entirely.

For the modern Kodak is an all-day, all-weather camera. Ready to use in rain or shine. Either indoors or out. From daylight to dusk. You can even take them in the rain . . . or indoors under favorable light conditions. It's no longer necessary to have your subject in direct sunlight.

Children playing in the shade . . . traffic during the rain . . . picnics in the woods . . . favorite pictures once so difficult to make are the simplest "snap-shots" now.

Faster lenses the rule—better pictures the result

This wonderful new development in the art of taking pictures is made possible by faster lenses on cameras of moderate price.

Thus the photographic day is lengthened for those using the less expensive Kodaks.

For example, on the $18 1A Pocket Kodak is now supplied a lens that in 1925 was not available on any camera selling for less than $40. Now you can take good "snap-shots" in dark and cloudy weather that would have been impossible a short time ago.

The camera illustrated above is the 1A Pocket Kodak, which takes pictures 2½ x 4¼ inches. Equipped with an f.6.3 lens, it sells for $18. Other Kodak models $5 and up

Picture-making simplified

The modern Kodak is simplicity itself. Everything possible has been made automatic. Things to adjust have been reduced to a minimum.

On many Kodaks you'll find a simple "Exposure Guide"—a wonderful feature, created by Eastman Scientists, which practically does your thinking for you. It instantly shows you the correct speed and lens opening to suit any light conditions. Helps avoid mistakes . . . takes the guesswork out of making pictures.

In addition, Kodak film in the famous yellow box is dependably uniform. It has wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under and over exposure. *It gets the picture.*

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"Picture ahead—Kodak as you go"

Look around you! Everywhere you go you'll find picture-making opportunities. Friends, neighbors, children. Adventure, travel, romance. There's no need now to miss a single picture opportunity—no need to wait for sunny days, or summer suns, or "right" hours.

Step up to the nearest Kodak counter and see these modern cameras. Find out how modern science has simplified the making of pictures. You can start at once . . . today, tomorrow . . . making just the photographs you want, wherever and whenever they "happen."

If you would like to receive an interesting and informative booklet about these modern Kodak improvements, mail the coupon.

Eastman Kodak Co., Dept. LB2, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me about the Modern Kodaks.

Name .....

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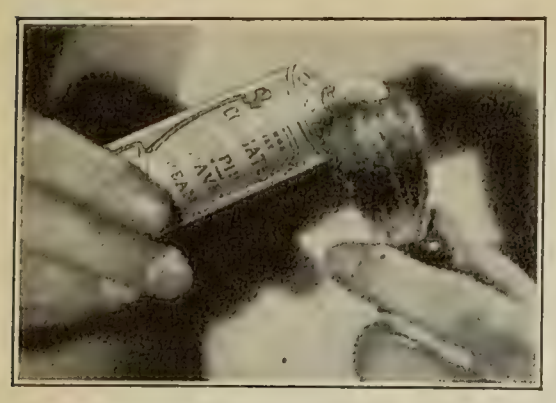
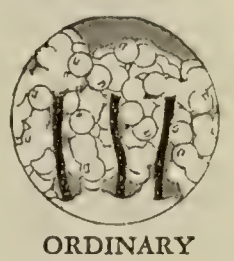


"Small-bubble lather"

soaks whiskers soft

"SMALL bubbles" explains the difference between Colgate lather and other lathers. Colgate's tiny bubbles teem with water. Their small size lets them filter down to the beard-base, as shown by lather pictures at the right.



ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

How "small-bubble" lather works

The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

A week's better shaves—FREE

Prove these claims for yourself at our expense. Just write to Colgate & Co., Dept. 502-I-1, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for a generous trial-size tube—free.

Additional Dividend. We will include a sample box of Colgate's Talc-for-Men—the new after-shave powder that keeps your face looking freshly shaved.

Colgate & Co.
Est. 1806

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

[FAIR FIGHT OR FOUL? Continued from Page Twenty-six]

he gave Dempsey four rounds because Sharkey didn't display enough fighting to call it by that name.

And so I came to the fine stories of Westbrook Pegler in the Chicago *Tribune*, and Warren Brown in the Chicago *Herald and Examiner*—the best stories written, to my way of thinking.

Pegler said that if his guess as to who would win were any better than any other man's guess, and if he could open a charge account with some reliable bookmaker, he would purchase a large bet and tell him to charge it, on Sharkey, "with Dempsey no worse than second."

> To spare nobody's feelings in the matter [Mr. Pegler said], it looked as if the cantankerous Mr. Sharkey was more than just a wee bit canary or yellow, for he had the presence of mind to do a lot of frantic clutching at his abdomen as he pitched on his face.
>
> To give Sharkey his due, it will be admitted that Dempsey apparently did flick him with a few just below the belt in the forty-five seconds of the final round and dropped a few others out of bounds in the round before that, although they were light punches, being deflected downward by Sharkey's guard and losing most of their force that way.

Harvey Woodruff told the *Tribune* readers that Dempsey knocked out Sharkey with a right to the pit of the stomach, and a left uppercut to the jaw, but dwelt mostly on the form of the two men.

Mr. Brown of the *Herald and Examiner* picked Dempsey and was glad of it.

> One savage smash to the body caused Sharkey to double up and protest gaspingly to Referee Jack O'Sullivan that he had been fouled [Brown wrote]. This, I might add, is one of the best things Sharkey does. I could, if I cared to be harsh . . . say that Sharkey didn't like that body shellacking any too well and took the first opportunity to try and get away with his favorite claim of foul.

Mr. James E. Doyle, writing for the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, gave me a few happy minutes:

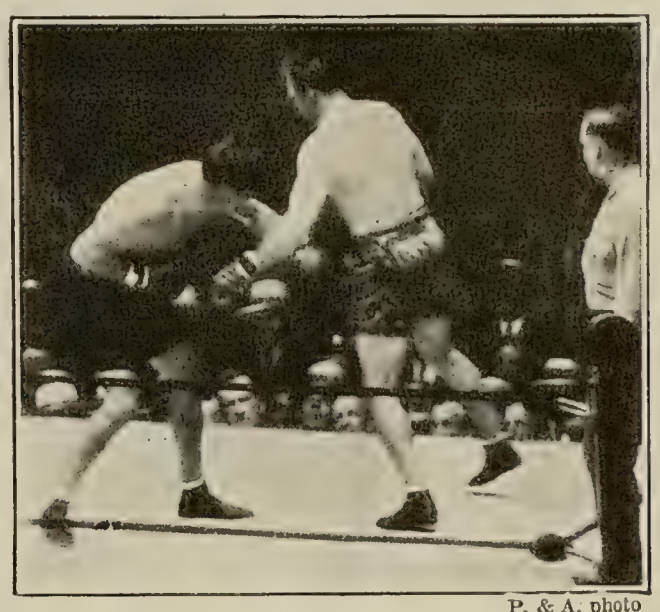
> The old boy has passed the first red light on that long, long comeback trail . . . . He knocked all the gab and guts out of flaming youth here tonight while 80,000 fanatics of fight howled their joy to the heavens. The only one who didn't howl about it was Jack Sharkey, the champion howler of the world.
>
> A left hook to the jaw—oh, what a left hook to the jaw—finished the wildest heavyweight fight since the night when this same strange Jack Dempsey staggered back from the ring to slug Luis Firpo to the floor.
>
> Jack Sharkey didn't howl. True. But he yelped, just as they said he might yelp. There was just as much fight in Sharkey as there is in a canary bird. . . . Trying to get out on a foul, he went out, as they say in some parts of Boston, on his ear.

Yes, you guessed it. He, too, predicted the comeback.

The Philadelphia evening *Bulletin* of July 22 contained an Associated Press dispatch, one paragraph of which reads as follows:

> A vicious right to the midsection—a blow that aroused bitter controversy as to whether it was fair or foul—started Sharkey downward, and a short left hook, flush to the chin, completed the sailor's downfall.

Dick Kain, in the Philadelphia *Record*, says there was considerable excitement at the ringside as



P. & A. photo

Sharkey danced away from this low left in the second round.

the end of the fight came, and that "many writers on the sport, like Wilbur Wood, Joseph Vila, and others," did not hesitate to say the blow which put Sharkey down and out was well below the belt and a foul punch. However, Mr. Kain doesn't give his own opinion.

There was a slam-bang story on the front page of the Baltimore *American*, written by a boy too proud to sign it.

> The former sailor boy ran afoul of a terrific left hook which nailed him amidship and when he dropped his hands the Manassa Man-Mauler flew at him with the rage of old, carrying his attack with merciless fury until his prey fell to the floor to be counted out.

There's nothing about a foul here. It isn't even in the fight by rounds—nothing there but—"Seventh Round—Dempsey wins by a knockout." And yet it is the Fight Extra Edition.

Grantland Rice wrote the lead story for the Baltimore *Sun;* and Jimmy DeForest, Dempsey's former trainer, Robert Edgren, and Jesse Linthicum, sports editor of the *Sun*, are back on page 14.

Linthicum pictures the fans as standing dumbfounded at the knockout and asking questions, such as "Where was Dempsey last September?" and, "Why was all the smart money dumped on Dempsey at the last minute?" Then Mr. Linthicum quotes a few sports writers who thought the blow was foul, and lets it go at that.

I wondered how many of the Boston scribes would say that the Boston gob had been fouled. All but one of them had predicted that the Boston lad would triumph.

Bill Cunningham of the Boston *Post* said the punch looked suspiciously like a foul:

> The blow he struck wasn't necessarily a blow that would have incapacitated the sailor. . . . Just as on a similar night . . . the unlearned Firpo stepped back to complain, and Dempsey whipped a left hook with whistling speed.

Dempsey was only a "a slow, staggering petrification of the great fighter that was."

Doc Almy, also of the *Post*, said, "some of the blows appeared low. Sharkey thought so, in any event." Doc says that, paradoxical as it may sound, Dempsey was not the better man. Sharkey defeated himself by carelessness, conceit, and contempt of Dempsey.

An Associated Press dispatch, saying that the moving pictures showed the litigated blow apparently fair, made page 1 in the Boston evening *Transcript*. On the sports page, George C. Carens, the only man in Boston to concede Dempsey any chance of winning, was not represented, except for a story on a tennis match. Mr. LeRoy Atkinson did the fight experting for this sheet. Speaking of "that foul," he says:

> Oddly enough, the experts at the ringside were almost unanimous; most of the writers seemed to believe that the body blows leading to the victory were low.

The Boston expert ends his story with this lament:

> The most unfortunate thing about Sharkey's claim of foul is that in most of his previous fights he has made the same cry—he has cried "Wolf" too often.

When I had finished with the last paper I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. I decided, instead, to go to the movies and see for myself just what had happened after the two Jacks climbed through the ropes, and before one of them kissed the resined canvas floor.

I saw the movies three times. I sat as close as I could get to the pictures. I waited impatiently for the final forty-five seconds. Three times I saw Dempsey start a blow that did look low. Three times I failed to see where it landed. Three times I tried to kid myself that it landed on Sharkey's purple tights. But I couldn't do it. Perhaps because I didn't want to see it land there.

Three times I tried to get a peek at the left hook, or the left uppercut, or the right hook, or whatever it was the experts saw come over to Sharkey's jaw or neck or right side. I didn't see it. The camera wasn't set right. They do these things better out in dear old Hollywood.

Oh, well, I suppose the next time I want to see a fight I'll have to go to it. There are harder things to bear than that.

THE END

Correct Dress... It has been said that the clothes of the well-dressed man are conspicuously inconspicuous.

Each article of his attire adds its contribution to the general effect.

The careful dresser selects a Hickok Belt, Buckle and Beltogram for each suit. Only in that way can he secure the color harmony that is an essential attribute to correctness in dress.

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To get the truth... go to those who know

FOR information on architecture, medicine, law, it is to the expert that you go—to those who by lifetime study and years of practical experience have become best fitted to render authoritative decisions.

The same thing applies to mouth hygiene. Here is a highly delicate and technical science. Only practicing dentists should settle questions relating to it.

So when E. R. Squibb & Sons decided that they wanted a definite statement regarding the cause and prevention of tooth decay and gum infections, it was to the dental profession they turned. Through a world-famous research institution they caused these questions to be asked of 50,000 dentists. Here is the opinion of the experts:

95% of the answers agree that acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation.

95% of the answers state that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth meet gums—known as The Danger Line.

85% state that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.

Squibb's Dental Cream contains over 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—an amount ample to counteract the acids in your mouth. It reaches all those tiny remote pits and crevices on your teeth which are inaccessible to any toothbrush. There it remains, neutralizing destructive acids, preventing decay, reducing the peril of gum infections, safeguarding the health and vigor of your entire system. Squibb's Dental Cream contains no grit to injure the delicate gum tissues at The Danger Line. It is safe in the tender mouths of children.

Squibb's Dental Cream cleans thoroughly —relieves sensitive teeth and sore gums— contains no grit or abrasive. It is delicately flavored and pleasant to use.

Start now to protect your teeth and gums correctly—especially at The Danger Line. See your dentist regularly, at least twice a year—and use Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. At all druggists, 40c a large tube.

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SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

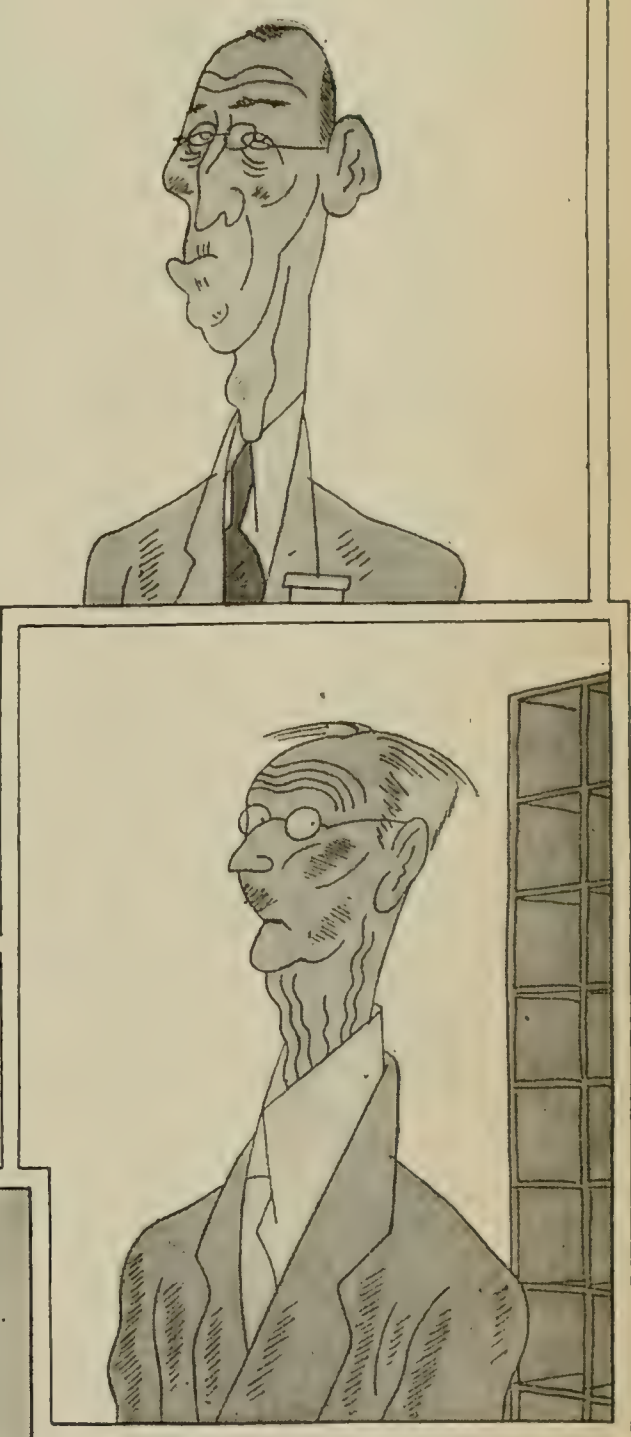
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

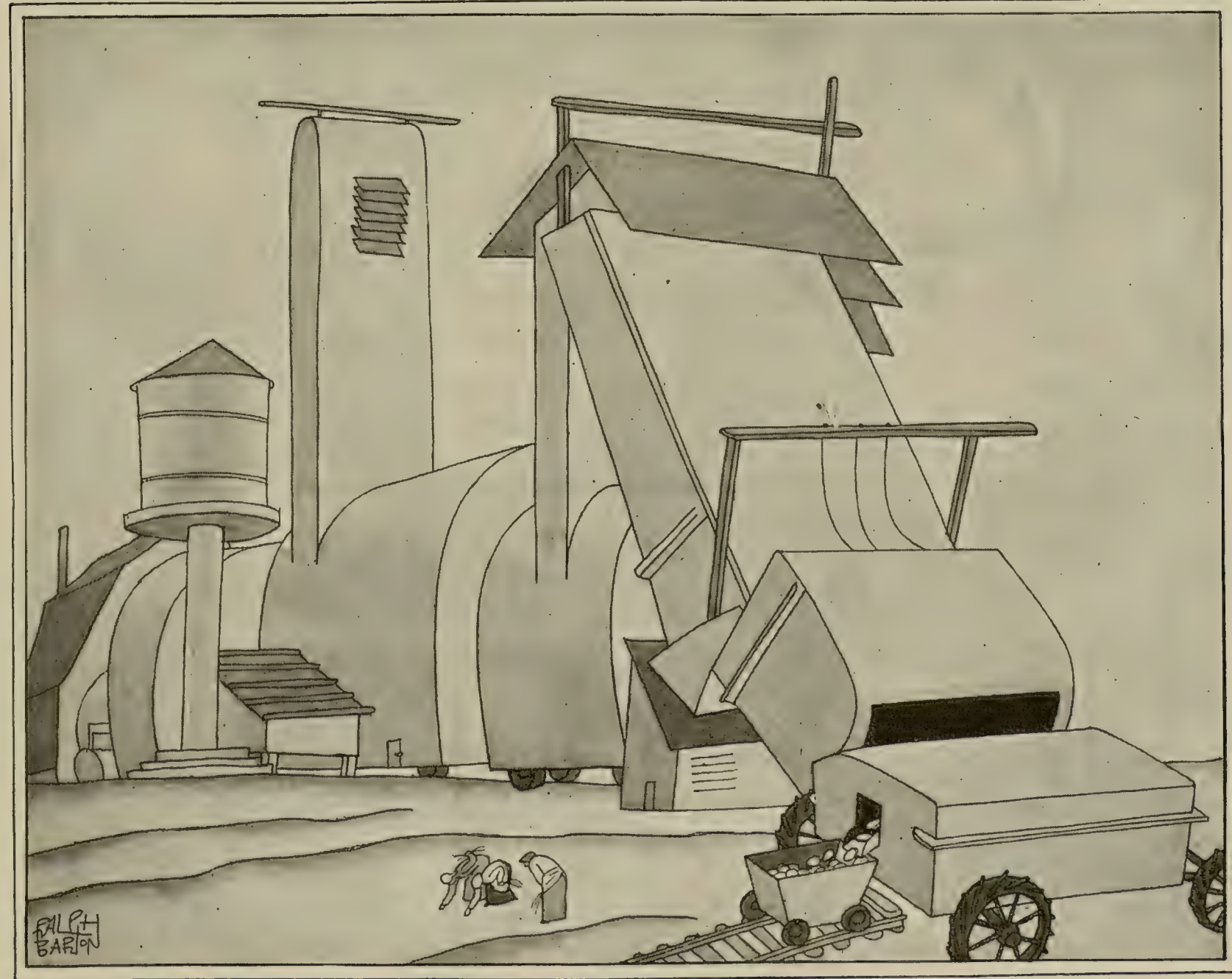
By RALPH BARTON

THE PRINCE OF WALES' DEATHLESS WORDS, uttered on hearing of Lindbergh's success, graven in stone. View of the monument in Hyde Park.

THE CAMPAIGN IS ON! The Knights and Ladies of the Right candidate for President receives the necessary permission to run from Wayne B. Wheeler.



IMMACULATE AMERICA: The village postmaster, who has the right to stop out any book he thinks bad for your morals.



"THE GLEANERS" up to date: Copy of François Millet's famous painting in the Louvre made for the Corcoran Gallery, Washington. The old background has been replaced by a unit of modern American farm machinery, the "Factotum," which plants wheat, ripens it in three days with electric sunlight, and turns out slices of bread and butter at the shipping end.

THE AGE OF SPECIALIZATION: Mr. X, head of the national organization of thieves, which has pledged itself to steal only airplane instrument boards.

Car owners deciding rubber

Thru all the stages of price wars, mail-order lures and "bargain" tires, climaxed by the reclaimed rubber epidemic that has required but a year to

General Tire sales gain in

And what a gain it has been—never taking new car equipment contracts, never supplying mail-order houses or turning out secondary lines for big volume records, but depending solely on the personal preference of car owners purchasing tires through dealers—General gains 40% more sales in dollars and cents, for the first half of this year.

In all the history of the tire business, never such a popular swing to one make of tire.

The GENE

~goes a long way

alone are the battle for supremacy

prove itself the most expensive experiment millions of tire buyers have had to stand—the quality tire comes out on top. Top quality passes all classes.

makes biggest the industry

What a tribute of public confidence has been paid to General's policy of never tampering with quality.

Seasoned contemporaries started placing the sales limit for General's top quality when it reached five millions —again at ten—again at twenty millions.

But today with General's gain far ahead of the industry we have the spectacle of tire buyers the country over swinging more and more to quality and further and further away from fictitious values. Quality is setting the pace for volume.

There is no Saturation point for Quality

REAL TIRE

to make friends

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO BY THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO.

The answer to a million questions

NO need for superlatives, nor confusing technical claims. For, now, a single word explains Burgess supremacy—*Chrome.*

You know what a remarkable preservative *Chrome* is. How it adds to the life of leather . . . How it strengthens metals used in automobile parts . . . How it gives to paints an everlasting resistance against the elements.

So that's our story—*Chrome.* Fully patented, the use of *Chrome* in Burgess Batteries is today an outstanding feature in dry cell manufacture. *Chrome* accounts for Burgess dependability.

Buy Burgess *Chrome* Batteries. They will give you a new appreciation of smooth-flowing, economical battery power.

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General Sales Office: Chicago

Canadian Factories and Offices:
Niagara Falls and Winnipeg

This advertisement is a direct answer to the millions of questions asked of our dealers and us: "*What makes Burgess Batteries* BETTER?"

BURGESS BATTERIES

FRIGHTFULLY *Up-to-Date*

Pictures by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Bagshot was kneeling on Dover's chest. Gulliver was about to ring for the servants, when Eleanor held him back.

(Reading time: 22 minutes.)

The Story of a Marital Masquerade

By
COSMO HAMILTON

NO sooner had Lord Dover turned to leave the room, after an affectionate word to his wife and a nod to his old friend Gulliver, who was lighting a cigar, than Bagshot, the apparently excellent Bagshot, leaned over the sofa on which Lady Dover was sitting and kissed her on the lips.

To Gulliver, whose exact conformity to the rules of moral conduct made him the laughing-stock of the younger generation and their giddy mothers, who had never met Major Bagshot in that charming old house, to which he was in the habit of coming for refreshment several times a month, and who regarded Dover and his beautiful wife as old-fashioned as himself, such an action, with himself as a witness, was too impossible to believe.

He had, as usual, done himself well at dinner. The Dover cellars were famous. Theirs was the ripest Madeira in the whole of Buckinghamshire, and, as on all his visits, the ancient butler had brought up two bottles of Veuve Cliquot of the most famous vintage year. These had been followed, with the tender care due to its age, by a bottle of port which had been piped in 1886.

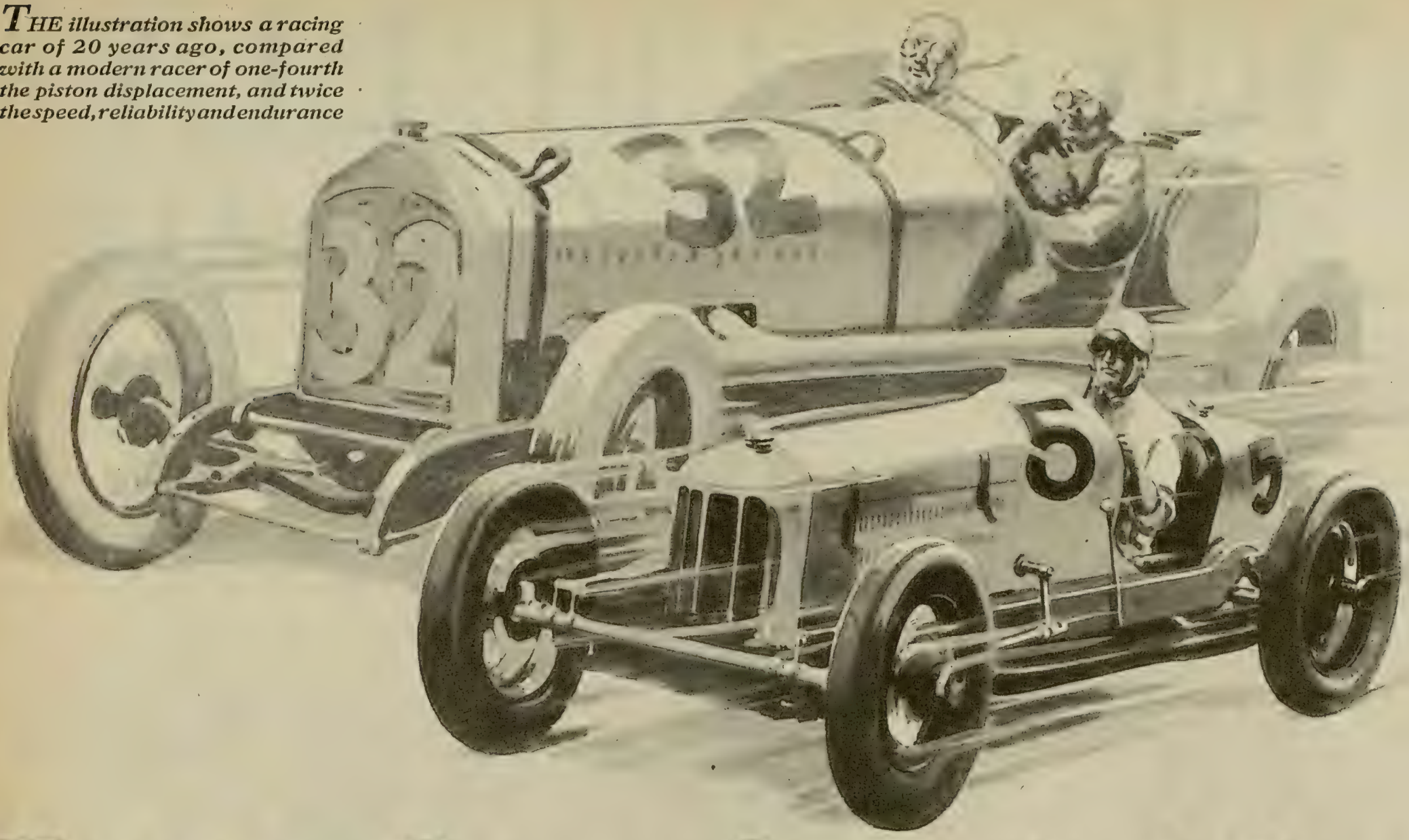
In spite of being a gentleman, able, therefore, to carry his liquor according to the code, Gulliver, unwilling to believe his eyes, accused himself of having gone beyond his usual quota that night. It must be so. A comparative stranger would no more have dared to do this thing to such a woman in such a house—and, mind you, utterly unrebuffed!—than to have thrown a stone through the rose window of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

Then, too, Dover and his wife were the only married people of his large acquaintance who, having lived together for eight years, were not only still on speaking terms, but had succeeded in maintaining their first fine rapture of love with gallantry and respect.

It was his proud boast that Arthur and Eleanor had been specially gifted by God with the art of matrimony, which is the art of life. And his chief reason for being so delighted to escape from the world's contentions and the hideous laxity of the times was that he found

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

THE illustration shows a racing car of 20 years ago, compared with a modern racer of one-fourth the piston displacement, and twice the speed, reliability and endurance



ESSEX *Super-Six* truly follows *Racing car* development

Thus There is Greater Power—Greater Reliability—More Economy *And For The Same Reason* Every Part is Engineered to Perfectly Balance Every Other Part

Twenty years ago racing cars were twice as heavy and were powered by motors four times as large as the racing car of today. Yet they were only half as fast and had nothing like the endurance of the present day car.

Engineers learned that big motors did not mean greater power. They found that vibration reduced power and shortened motor life; that efficiency was lost through wasted heat. And when they had built motors that were more powerful and enduring, they learned also that they must build frame, clutch, transmission and axles in true proportion to the rest of the car. They learned the importance of proper weight distribution if the car was to be safe at high speeds.

Faster and more enduring motors were found in the smaller high-compression type. And then to make full use of the motor development, the chassis throughout had to be redesigned. New metals were employed. A shorter wheelbase resulted. The old time clutch was not suitable. Every part had to be engineered in perfect balance to every other part.

Since every racing car is virtually hand made, and cost is no object, these things offered no obstacle.

ESSEX

But such practice is not customary in building stock automobiles. To save costs many makers use the same axle, transmission, clutch and motor.

Essex, however, follows racing car practice. Its Super-Six motor is the most powerful stock car motor per cubic inch displacement in the world, developing more than 2½ times the power its size ordinarily rates it. It converts waste heat to power and gives an economy in fuel and oil that is astounding.

The distinction, however, is not limited to the motor. Its chassis is in true balance in every part. Clutch, transmission, axles and frame are specially engineered to make a perfect unit. This permits compactness and adds 15% to the length of the body without extending the body beyond the rear axle—a great advantage in safety and riding comfort. Weight distribution is as important for safety in your car as in a racing car.

Since Essex is built with the sole engineering idea of unity of parts there is no such thing as speaking of the new Essex Super-Six with special emphasis upon the importance of its motor or any other unit.

This unity of construction assures added advantage in every particular of performance, reliability, comfort, safety and economy.

riding is like flying

2-Pass. Speedabout -	$700
4-Pass. Speedster -	835
Coach - - - - - -	735
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All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus war excise tax

....In ESSEX too the high compression anti-knock Motor that turns waste heat to power

Super-Six

Headaches cost men money

WATCH a man trying to work when he has a headache.

He fusses over trifles—he snaps at his secretary. Routine tasks he manages to struggle through somehow—but anything of importance he pushes aside till the morrow.

Don't let headaches slow you up. It's expensive and it's unnecessary.

To really correct a headache you must get at the condition that causes it. The simple, natural way to do this is by the use of Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline.

Sal Hepatica removes the cause of headaches

Congestion in the stomach or intestines is a common cause of headaches. Congestion produces excessive blood pressure. The result is dizziness and headaches. Sal Hepatica relieves a headache because it promptly removes this congestion.

Sal Hepatica contains the same health-giving salines as the famous European Spas. Not only does Sal Hepatica relieve headaches, but it is the approved treatment for many other ills as well.

For Sal Hepatica sweeps away the poisons set up by foods retained too long within the intestines. These poisons may result in indigestion or poor complexion, in hyper-acidity or rheumatism; they are at the root of kidney and liver and other organic disorders.

Keep free of headaches—keep free of the poisons of waste. Take Sal Hepatica promptly when you need it.

For an acute headache, take two teaspoonsful of Sal Hepatica dissolved in a large glassful of water and repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved. For chronic headaches, take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in water before breakfast.

Send for the free booklet that explains more fully how Sal Hepatica relieves headaches and other ills.

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Dept. A-97, 71 West St.,
N. Y., N. Y.

Sal Hepatica

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[FRIGHTFULLY UP-TO-DATE]
[Continued from Page Thirty-five]

at Ingatestone a peaceful rhythm and the vibrations of affection and rectitude peculiar to that house.

The old place, its old pictures and old servants, its hoary but courageous oaks, its walled-in gardens on whose exquisite lawns could, by an imaginative eye, still be seen the footprints of old-fashioned people who had clung to the traditions, made for his friends, it had always seemed to him, a most appropriate frame.

HIS old schoolfellow and most intimate friend, Arthur Wingham Granville, sixth Earl of Dover, was easy to recognize, even in the unromantic clothes of this prosaic age, as a knightly man. His high principles were inherited and incorruptible, his loyalty blazing. He had married his wife for love. She had been and would remain the one woman of his life.

Of a similar breed, Eleanor had always professed to adore her husband. Like Cæsar's wife, she was above suspicion. Disregarding ridicule with a fine disdain, she conformed in no particular to the habits, manners, and morals of the woman who moved with the times. Was it any wonder, then, that Gulliver refused to credit the testimony of his eyes and so rose to his feet to test the steadiness of his knees?

As he did so, Bagshot, whom he had never seen before, but who had been described by Dover as a great soldier and an excellent sportsman, murmured a passionate word, ignored the astonished onlooker, and kissed Lady Dover again. With an indescribable insensibility and impertinence this time, under the very eyes of his host.

It was, therefore, impossible for Gulliver to find another excuse. He was neither drunk nor dreaming. What he had now seen twice was a fact so blatant and deplorable that the house seemed to rock on its foundations, and the faces of the old masters to take on expressions of amazement and disgust.

It is true to say that rather than have been a witness to this astounding act, Nicolas Gulliver would have been struck blind or lost the use of an arm. He felt like a worshiper of beauty who stood amid the wreckage of a glorious countryside with his feet in chaos and his soul in pain. Of all women, Eleanor; of all marriages, this one.

If, years ago, any such thing had happened in that house, there would have been an instant clash of swords, followed by a red stain on the floor and the removal of a body.

As it was, Dover came slowly back to the sofa with unnatural quietude, and Lady Dover, without the flicker of an eyelid, arranged herself in a more comfortable attitude with a smile on her lips.

"Sit down again, Nicolas, will you?" said Dover quietly. "I want you to remain." And then he turned to his wife. "As you didn't see fit to wait until I'd left the room, all I can suppose is that you've deliberately chosen this moment to bring about a smash."

"Yes," said Lady Dover, as easily as though she were discussing some one else's affairs. "It's a little absurd, I think, to let this thing drag on."

To which Bagshot said, "I agree. Let's be perfectly frank."

GULLIVER was aghast. Not only had he been through the shock of discovering that the happiness of his friends was a sham, but he was now asked to assume the position of a lone juryman while the case was tried.

His impulse was to leave the room and the house so that his friends might face their sudden upheaval in decent privacy. But he had been at Eton and Oxford with Dover, and was in the habit of falling in with his wishes without argument. You may imagine how embarrassed and distressed he was as he returned to his favorite chair.

Tall, slight, academic, and conventional, he was instantly to be recognized as a member of the Athenæum Club and a collector of first editions. His forehead was lofty and his eyes short-sighted. His mouth was gentle and firm. All about him there was the look of a scholar, a meditator, a man born out of his time. He might have been the reincarnation of Aristotle or De La Rochefoucauld. And he was in for further shocks.

Dover threw a log on the fire and stood with his back to it. Over the high carved mantel behind him hung one of Raeburn's most exquisite portraits of a man in a vivid red coat. He seemed to be conscious of this. It was obvious that he intended to hold himself under the rigid control for which that member of his family had been famous in his day. But under his small mustache his mouth was set like a trap, and there was a steel-like glint in his gray eyes which proved the depth of his rage.

He put his left hand on her arm. Gulliver guessed that his right hand was clasping the revolver.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

Away!
with cooking odors and greasy fumes
make your kitchen a joy spot

Illustrating the new BUILT-IN ILGAIR Electric Ventilator. Made, tested, sold and guaranteed as a complete unit

Ventilate it with an

ILGAIR Electric Ventilator

NOTHING you ever dreamed of will add so much to the pleasures of housekeeping as an Ilgair Electric Ventilator installed in your kitchen for removing excessive heat, cooking odors and greasy fumes. The change it makes in the atmosphere is delightful.

Just imagine the joy of working in a kitchen where the air is pure, fresh and invigorating in any kind of weather — summer or winter — where all cooking odors and fumes are exhausted before they have a chance to trail through the house.

And most important of all is the fact that this compact, quiet-running Ilgair Electric Ventilator can be easily and economically installed in your kitchen window, transom or wall opening of your home or apartment. The cost of operation is only a few cents a day.

See any dealer who handles electrical goods for demonstration or clip, sign and mail the coupon for 48-page illustrated booklet.

Offices Everyone feels better and works better where there's Ilg Ventilation. The air is pure, fresh and invigorating in any kind of weather — winter or summer.

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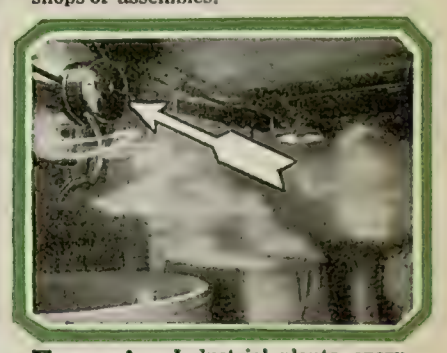
Clubs What a difference Ilg Ventilation makes in club rooms or lodge halls. It's the making of a perfect day wherever humanity works, plays, shops or assembles.



Factories Industrial plants everywhere use Ilg Electric Ventilators for creating healthful air conditions—for removing fumes, gases, steam, smoke, odors, moisture, excessive heat, etc.

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OVERWHELMING PROOF

– backs up every Whippet claim

FIFTEEN months ago the claims of superiority made for the Whippet seemed startling, revolutionary—almost unbelievable. Today over 125,000 owners know that those statements have been more than amply justified.

Such characteristic Whippet advantages as greater gasoline mileage, Bendix 4-wheel brakes, low center of gravity, increased roominess, higher speed and livelier pickup, that so definitely keep the Whippet far in the lead in light car design, have been put to the acid test of more than 400,000,000 miles of driving.

It is important to remember Whippet's *proved superiority* at this time. For although other makers may strive to emulate Whippet's example, it is only after so extensive and continuous a demonstration of value that any motor car can hope to merit complete and lasting public confidence.

Drive a Whippet, test its performance, judge its appearance and study its features of safety, comfort and convenience. Comparison can lead you to one conclusion only: Whippet remains the unmistakable value-leader among light cars!

Superior Quality—New Low Prices

	Whippet	Whippet 6		Whippet	Whippet 6
Coach	$625	$795	Coupe	$625	$795
Touring	625	765	Sedan	725	875
			Landau	755	925
Roadster	695	825	Cabriolet Coupe	745	875

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Whippet

COACH $625

with 4 wheel brakes

F. O. B. FACTORY

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

He said, "I don't understand all this. Only this morning, when the new hunter that I bought for you was run out in the field, you hung on my arm like a bride and said most tender things."

"Camouflage," she answered, and gave a little laugh.

BAGSHOT, the apparently excellent Bagshot, leaned over the sofa on which Lady Dover was sitting and kissed her on the lips.

He looked as though she had cut his face with a whip.

"Acting, in other words?"

"Call it that if you like."

"Am I to suppose that you've had other affairs since we've been married while playing the loyal wife?"

"No," she said, perfectly frankly. "I've endured you like a Spartan all these ghastly years."

GULLIVER was appalled. What Eleanor called these ghastly years had been crowned with a devotion which was utterly strange to these times. Other people among whom he moved had been in and out divorce or had gone their separate ways. As a religious deed or a social contract, marriage meant nothing to them.

"To save you asking further questions," said Eleanor, "—at least just now—I may tell you that I knew this man several weeks before you did."

"A month," said Bagshot, "to be exact."

"He was introduced to me at Lingfield before the second race. I forget by whom. Does that matter, though?"

"Not in the least," said Dover. His eyes were on the man whom he had described as a splendid soldier and who was, as a matter of fact. He was also one of the finest horsemen in the country and he raced with an excellent string.

Bagshot met his eyes without bravado or triumph. He was a rather curious mixture of wiriness and grace, with thick black hair, deep-set eyes, a blunt nose, a large and rather humorous mouth. His only touch of affectation was a Stuart mustache. He was not in the least self-conscious, and might have been killing time before sitting down to bridge.

Eleanor went on. "I drove him to town that night. We dined at the Carlton Club and afterward did a show. Do you remember what it was?"

Bagshot shook his head. "Good Lord," he said, "I never remember the names of plays or the theaters in which they are. Besides—I was looking at you."

Gulliver shuddered as Lady Dover assumed the sort of adolescent coyness that belongs to the spineless flapper. He had always considered that she was one of the unique women who had managed to escape from that period of floppy inanity.

"And then what?" asked Dover.

Bagshot answered, with a large inhale of cigaret smoke trickling through his teeth. "Oh, well," he said, "rather the usual thing. I mean an unattached man who was perfectly ready to fall, having been too lengthily fastidious, and a woman ripe for adventure after several repressive years. You were away, which made it very easy. In any case, I had never met you, you know."

At which Eleanor gave a laugh. "Not that it would have made an atom of difference," she said. "All through the ages men have never had the slightest loyalty where a woman is concerned."

"Absolutely untrue," said Dover shortly.

With which Gulliver agreed. He was pained and astonished to hear such a cynical generalization from so intelligent a woman. It was the sort of cheap remark that might have been made on the stage in a play that was meant to be clever.

"But she's perfectly right," said Bagshot. "The code of honor between gentlemen relaxes on that point. Consult your Shakespeare. Read the classics. Dip into the life of any historical person. We're just the same today."

Dover gave an impatient gesture. "We needn't discuss all that," he said. "What I want you to tell me is how far the thing has gone."

"Up to the point when I must ask you," said Eleanor, "to let me have a divorce."

Dover said, "I'll have to think that over," and started to walk up and down. Of the others, it was only Gulliver who saw that he took a revolver out of a drawer in his desk and slipped it into his pocket.

Good God! Which of those bodies on the sofa would eventually be removed?

Gulliver's spine became icy. The headlines in the papers had forced him to take notice of the epidemic of murders, suicides, and other acts of barbarism that are committed every day. The outbreak was universal, and it seemed to Gulliver that degeneration was gradually covering the present era like the rising waters of a flood. Breeding, cultivation, education, wealth, made no class or set immune. Even in the mind of such a man as Dover there was, at that moment, a bloody and lawless thought.

"BUT surely you don't want to keep me under this roof when I'm in love with another man?" asked Eleanor, with incredulity.

Dover returned to the fireplace and stood with his hands in his pockets. "I don't believe that you are," he said.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-THREE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

Eleanor threw out her hands. "But then—what do you take me for?"

"This thing has come so suddenly," said Dover; "is so utterly unlike you—I mean you as I thought you were—that I can only think you're ill."

"My dear man, look at me."

TO Gulliver she appeared to be the very picture of health. He was bound to confess, in fact, that never before had he seen her so radiant, so lovely, and with such a sparkle of joy.

"I mean mentally ill," said Dover. "I am trying to find an excuse, a vindication for your—your moral breakdown."

"How sweet of you," she said, throwing a glance at Bagshot in which there was great amusement.

Dover fumbled for words. "This may be a temporary aberration, a sort of—oh, I don't know—a momentary collapse. Every now and then, at certain ages—twenty-six is one—a woman, I've heard it said, jumps over the traces and runs wild for a time. The last kick of youth, or something; the belated longing for what novelists call romance.

"I've seen it before, and always, oddly enough, in the cases of women who have had more than their share of good luck—beautiful homes, devoted husbands, horses, pearls. If you'll give this thing up and begin all over again, I shall be very ready to consider it a washout and wipe it out of my mind." There was a tremble in his voice.

Gulliver hung on her answer. Such magnificent generosity deserved to be recognized.

"According to your lights," said Eleanor, giving her husband a gracious bow, "you're rather splendid at times."

With that curious touch of boyishness that was characteristic of Dover, he turned to Bagshot, who was making rings of smoke. "Look here," he said, "if my wife carries on, will you regard yourself as dead? Dead to us, I mean?"

Bagshot raised his eyebrows and a somewhat whimsical smile flickered around his mouth.

"I'm perfectly ready to take my orders from your wife," he said; "but I don't mind telling you that I shall put up a hell of a fight. You see, my dear fellow, I don't agree with you in the very least with the way you look at this thing. It's academic, so to speak. It's the point of view of a man who lives behind walls.

"If you don't mind my being personal—and I'm afraid we've got to be that—you're a bit inclined to look at human nature from the schoolmaster's attitude. Talking isn't my game, but it seems to me that you bank too heavily on what the magazines call the improvement of intellect, the higher education, the betterment of the species, and all that tosh.

"If you were to go out and look things in the face, instead of spending so much of your time among the far more gallant conditions of an emptier earth, you'd find that human nature is precisely what it was at the very beginning of things. The only improvements are mechanical. Because a man has a bath in his house, electric light, and telephones, can dash about in a car instead of crawling from place to place on a horse, it doesn't follow that he's in any way different from his good old grandfather, who went to bed drunk every night.

"I'm talking an awful lot, but it seems to me that it's perfectly hopeless to search about for excuses and to disguise the simple truth under the pompous terms of Freud. *He* likes to say that when a woman slips off the straight and narrow she's making an 'escape,' that she's 'expressing herself,' or some such rot as that.

"The fact is, my dear chap, that she takes her joy where she can find it, never mind whether she's Mrs. O'Grady or the Colonel's lady. She's Eve, and you can't get away from it, the only difference being the length of skirt, and paint."

And with a winning grin and a gesture of apology for having monopolized the floor, he went on making rings.

"Very hot stuff," said Eleanor. "I hadn't a single notion that you could talk as well as that."

She laughed, rose, and went with the grace of a Romney woman, who had suddenly snipped off some yards of an all-too-ample skirt, to a Jacobean table at the other end of the room. Here she collected a box of chocolates, handing it to Dover on her way back to the sofa.

"Have one? They're good," she said, "and fresh."

"No, thanks."

He put his left hand on her arm for a moment unable to resist an overwhelming desire to touch.

Gulliver guessed that his right hand was clasping the revolver.

"NOW I'll climb on the rostrum," said Eleanor, "and give you both a surprise."

But she moved away from the sofa and took up a position on a high chair, very beautifully carved. Against the blackness of its oak, which glistened with the patina only acquired by age, she made a charming picture in the manner of the old ripe school. Her hair had not been shorn and she wore it in two large plaits wound tightly round her head. Her face was distinctly Georgian, oval, delicate; her childlike skin marked with small blue veins. Her eyes were blue and wide apart, large and full, with extraordinarily long lashes.

She sat with a straight back, her small head perfectly balanced on a lovely neck, her shoulders as white as alabaster, in a dress cut low. She wore no jewels and, being one of the few women who know the value of contrast, her frock was black. She might have been sitting to Greuze.

In Gulliver's opinion—all the more unbiased because his sympathies were with Dover—she had

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

"An attractive ashstand and Oh—so practical"

"Make more women realize what I have learned," writes Mrs. G. H. S. "They'll be grateful to you

"Of course, I'd *heard* about Smokador, but I didn't get really interested until I began to *see* Smokadors at the homes of people I thought *worth while*.

"So I bought one. Then George bought one for his bedroom and one for the office. I wouldn't be without ours for anything!

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Manufacturers of hollow stem "ashless ashstands" ranging in price from $10.50 to $25.00.

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Patented roly-poly "Rock-a-by" base swings Smokador back into position. It does not tip over and spill.

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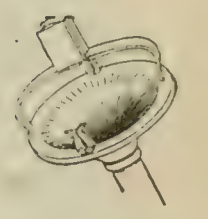

Made of durable metal and ornamental; 28 inches high.

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The fact that leading Architects specify Monarch Metal Weatherstrip for their monumental structures must be of significance to every home and building owner in the country.

But there is even greater significance when an architect's selection is approved for such an installation as the great General Motors Office Building in Detroit, "the Largest Office Building in the World."

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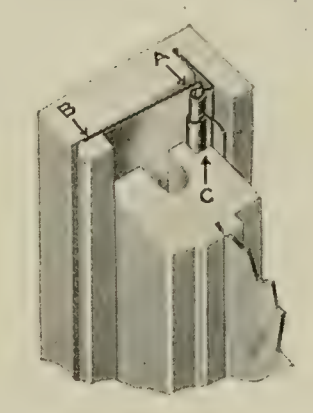

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One tube (a) on a floating seam which is fastened at (b) on the frame, slides in another tube (c) which is fastened to the sash.

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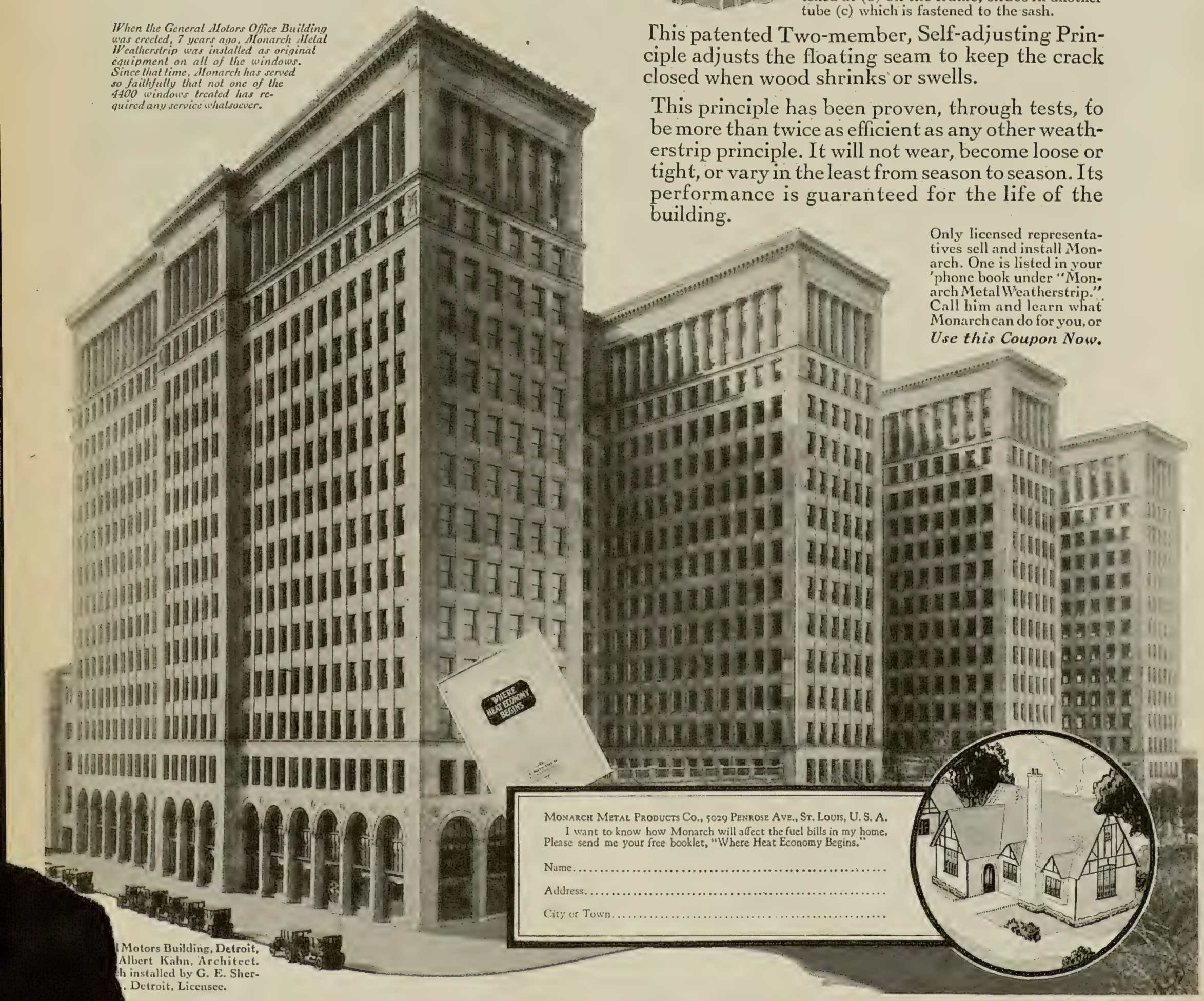

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

never been stamped so incomparably with a beauty that appealed to the mind as well as to the eye. His thoughts, darting off at a tangent, dwelt on the fact for a moment that while the beauty of most women gave great delight to the eye, it stirred nothing but disrespect in the fastidious mind. It was so unblushingly displayed, so vulgarly decorated, so inexpertly colored, so consciously animal.

"I USED the word 'endured' just now," she said, "and as I am perfectly certain that you didn't understand, I may as well explain."

"I shall be glad if you will," said Dover. "I didn't understand."

"It beat me too," said Bagshot, who liked Dover so far as he knew him and admired his self-control. He was not at all sure what he himself would have done if he had been standing in that man's shoes. Made a hell of a row, he was inclined to believe, and landed out with his fists. He had failed to remember his uniform in certain emotional moments, even with it on.

Eleanor's nostrils expanded, and Gulliver thought that he could see in her eyes a huge accumulation of resentment, irritation, and pain.

But she spoke in a level voice, crisp and as clear as a bell.

"I have lived for eight years," she said, "with a man who ought to have been married to an utterly different woman—a rose-grower, a literary person, or one who would have given him a series of babies with the ease and patient triumph of a squaw."

"A hopeless idea," said Dover. "I absolutely detest those types."

"My dear man, you think you do, but you don't. From the word go, almost from the end of the first week of our settling down, I have been called upon to act. I have bluffed my way through every day, more and more overwhelmed by the fact that I had made a tragic blunder."

"In God's name, then, why didn't you come to me—I'm not an ogre—and tell me what you thought?"

"Moral cowardice, my dear sir—a thing from which most of us suffer in these emasculating times. Pride and vanity entered into it, too, of course. I hate to own to defeat. I detest to make mistakes. Then, too, I'm too good-natured and I have the fatal faculty of looking at both sides of a question. Rather than hurt your feelings by demanding a separation, and thus making our house the center of filthy gossip, I simply carried on."

"You played the martyr, in fact." Dover's expression was bitter.

"No, I didn't. Oh, no, no. I have a contempt for martyrs. Besides, one never fails to recognize martyrs. They advertise by complaints. Have I? Have you ever heard me grumble or caught me red-eyed? What I did is what hundreds of women do—I mean women who have been so careless as to marry the wrong man—ninety-nine per cent. I walked in the middle of the road. I made the best of a bad bargain.

"In moments of deep irritation caused by your intense self-esteem—you are the only gentleman left—I found solace among the flowers and the horses and in the silence of the woods. When I was too completely fed up with you to bear you in the room without screaming, I worked off my feelings by exercise, by hard gallops and long walks.

"There were moments in what I have called these ghastly years when I should have had to be carted off to a lunatic asylum but for my love of books. In these I made the acquaintance of more congenial men and fell in love with them. I gave myself, in imagination, over and over again. There is more mental infidelity among good women than men will ever know."

Bagshot gasped a little, Dover shifted his feet, and Gulliver, sitting on the edge of his chair, was only able to repress a desire to break into this amazing confession by the utmost self-restraint.

A man has a far greater resentment of unpleasant remarks about women than any woman has.

Eleanor went on.

"I found your die-hardism appalling. I found your unresilience and medievalism all against the grain. You looked at life, at me, and the servants from the point of view of Brian de Bois Guilbert. Every moment of the day I listened with constant goose-flesh to the rattle of your armor. You rode slap through the daily paper, hitting wildly at modern movements with a double-handed sword. You were utterly incapable of making allowances for the weaknesses of human nature, the mistakes of politicians, the folly of educators, and the infantilism of the younger generation.

"You stood rocklike, unbent and unbending, with your feet proudly planted among the dry bones of ancient rules. Sometimes you were absurd—but I had to refrain from laughter. Sometimes you were pathetic, and I had to restrain my tears. Nearly always you were without geniality, without joy, without the power of being foolish—a gift in married life. Oh, my God, those years!"

DOVER put up his hand to his hair. It was wet with perspiration. He felt like a man who saw himself without warning in a concave mirror—distorted, unrecognizable, grotesque.

Curiously enough—or was it curious?—it was Bagshot who attempted a rescue, who tried to temper the wind. "Isn't that just a bit thick?" he asked. "I've only met your husband twice, but I call him an excellent specimen of an honest Englishman—the backbone of the country."

"Backbone! Say skeleton, fleshless for hundreds of years. That's the better word! Well, to sum up my indictment—my rather reluctant indictment, because I'm still a moral coward. You and I are like oil and water, quite unmixable.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

Wherever the crowd's together

Borden's is the favorite drink

WE SERVE Borden's THE IMPROVED MALTED MILK All flavors Delicious

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

AFTER the movies . . . or a golf match . . . or a dance . . . everyone just naturally gravitates to the soda fountain.

Then the question arises: "What'll it be?"

Chorus: "Borden's Malted Milk—and make it snappy!"

They always order Borden's, these crowds. They're hungry, for one thing. And Borden's Malted Milk is more like real food than any other drink . . . rich nourishment in every drop.

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JOIN the crowd at the Diamond Sign fountains . . . . and order the drink that youth has made its own.

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The ideal food-and-drink for you

3 times 8 equals the perfect sink

The new "Three Eights" Design determines sink convenience in inches

How high is the back of your sink? Too high to go under a deep window and still be "yard-stick high"? The 8-inch back of this new "Standard" sink—lower by 4 inches—fits easily under a deep window.

How deep is your sink compartment? Six inches? Why not have 2 more inches? Then your deepest pan will be below the rim of the sink. You can scour it briskly without water splashing on your dress.

How deep is the front of your sink? This one is 8"—2 inches more than usual. It adds greatly to the beauty of the whole sink.

These "Three Eights" are the identifying dimensions of the most modern sink. They are found only in "Standard" under-the-window design.

This new sink cannot be roughened or discolored by fruit or vegetable acids, minerals in water or kitchen cleansers. Its enamel is Acid-Resisting—exclusively "Standard".

See the three styles and seven sizes at a "Standard" Showroom. Be sure to specify Acid-Resisting Enamel as many other models are also made in regular enamel. The trademark "Standard" A-R, identifying Acid-Resisting Enamel, is impressed in every "Three Eights" sink. Send for interesting booklet.

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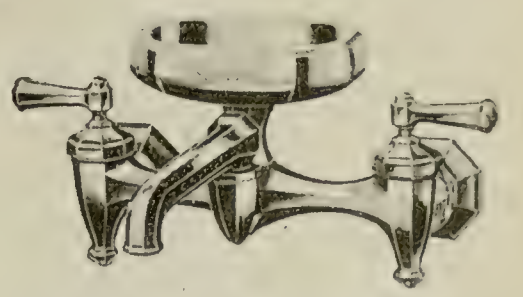


The swinging-spout faucet is hand-wrought in a graceful octagonal design. It is finished in Chromard, a metal that cannot tarnish or corrode. Casual care keeps its platinum-like beauty.

The "THREE EIGHTS" SINK

8-inch low back fits snugly under a deep window

8-inch deep sink is roomier and prevents over-the-rim splashes.

8-inch deep front gives the whole sink a new beauty.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

There hasn't been a moment, a single moment, during which we've been congenial, familiar, unself-conscious, larky—and the latter means so much. Oh, yes, you've had my respect. But who wants to respect a husband?

"A man a woman loves is the one that she doesn't respect, the one who's weak and boyish, who is always in hopeless muddles, who drags himself home to be mothered and managed, kissed, forgiven, and spanked."

Her voice broke and there were tears in her eyes. "Oh, damn your superiority, your rectitude, your encrusted virtue, your selfishness—and inherited vocation—your inability to be weak! Only the angels will ever know how often you've driven me to blaspheme to an indifferent moon."

THERE was a pause though not a silence. Beech logs sizzled on the hearth, there was the adenoidal breathing of a bulldog, and out in the garden, from their favorite place in the branches of a cedar, owls hooted like children who had strayed from their mother and were on the verge of tears.

Dover turned away and stood with his face to the fire. His shoulders were square and his chin high, but he wanted no one to see the blood that seemed to be in his eyes. An indictment—by Jove, yes! Merciless—but not without truth.

"And now, how about coming to me?" said Bagshot. "That is, if you've done with the past." He pushed a cushion behind his back and stuck out his legs.

"What do you say? Shall I bring this up to date?"

"Please."

"Very well then. Here's the man I *can* live with and with whom I *want* to live."

Dover wheeled round. "Why?" he asked. "His mold is the same as mine."

"His mold, yes," said Eleanor; "but not his temperament—and it's temperament that counts. This man is weak, easy, probably a little dishonest. I know him to be a liar. I mean by that that he hedges, says nice things when he doesn't mean them for the sake of the general peace, pays compliments because he understands woman, talks an infinite amount of very pleasant bosh, is gregarious, generous, a little sloppy, doesn't mind carrying things and taking dogs for a walk, laughs frequently, listens well, is a thorough woman's man."

Such bluntness revolted Gulliver. Had all the old sense of decency and kindness gone out of modern life?

"Well, I'm diddled!" said Bagshot.

He laughed until his face was as red as a beetroot, and the fact that he wasn't in the least offended proved that he had the makings of an excellent husband as a husband goes today.

If any woman had said those things to Dover he would probably have strangled her.

On Gulliver's face there was an expression of utter contempt. Eleanor had just described the sort of man who was to him a pest, a lapdog—the sort of man who completely ruined women, made them soft, tyrannical, self-indulgent, and very silly indeed.

"I'm one of the jokers," said Bagshot, "who crawls home from time to time with his tail between his legs to be mothered. Is that the idea?"

"That's the idea," said Eleanor airily. "You're a perpetual boy, a perennial undergraduate, an animal easy to manage, a perfectly unserious person with very little brain. A good lover, therefore, and a very popular husband. The antithesis of mine in every conceivable way."

She turned her face to her husband. "Will you give me a divorce?"

Once more Dover considered the question. He didn't look at his wife or at Bagshot, but straight ahead, and out through the wall at the future.

When finally he spoke, his voice was without emotion. He had managed to force that back.

He said. "Yes. What else can I do? You may not believe me when I tell you that my only desire is that you shall be perfectly happy in your own way and wipe out the ghastly years which you have spent with me. I'll go to town on Monday, arrange an interview with my lawyers, and ask them to push the thing ahead as quickly as they can."

"I never liked you so much," said Eleanor. "A hundred thousand thanks."

"Very sporting," said Bagshot.

And Gulliver thought, "Poor devil! But what a happy release!"

"BUT as indictments seem to be the fashion tonight," said Dover, "may I indulge in one?"

"Of course you may. Be as frank as you like. This is the most interesting evening I've ever spent in this house." She adored to be in the spotlight, to have the center of the stage.

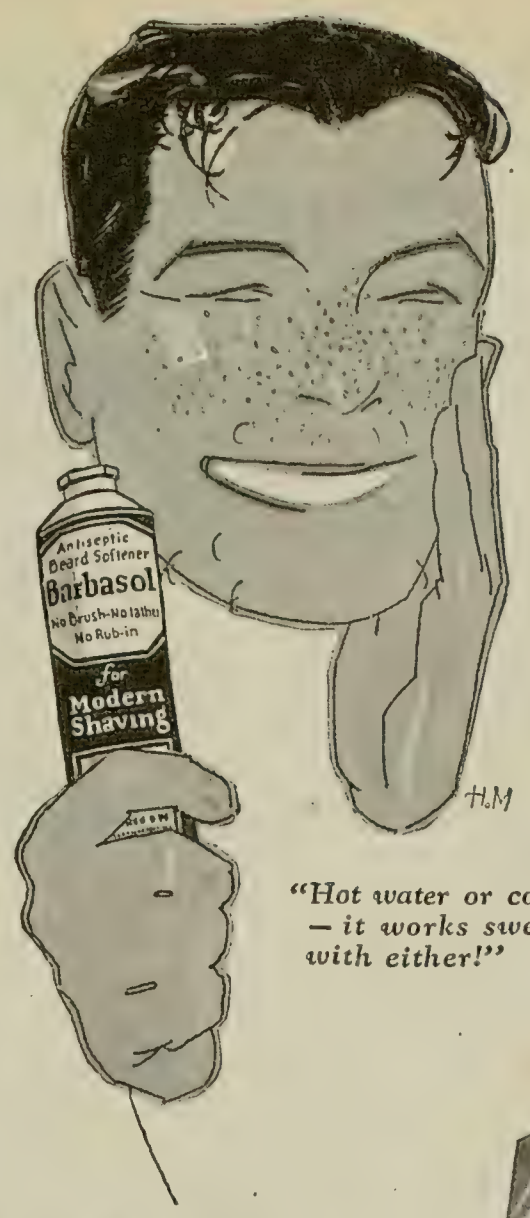
"I agree with nearly all the things that you've said about me," said Dover, "though they've come as an immense surprise. My looking-glass has never made me out to be such a brute as you've described. But when it comes to the question of selfishness I've got to say, if you don't mind, that the division is fairly equal.

"You've never given me a child. The fact that you didn't want to duplicate a die-hard is pretty obvious now, but when a man offers marriage to a woman, gives her all he's got, plays the game to the best of his ability, puts up with her moods, spends far more money than he can afford in the indulgence of her pleasures, is he, after all, so frightfully selfish if he requires some sort of return? What have I had from this marriage?"

"I should love to have your views."

"A very decorative person to sit at the end of my table, but one who has been jealous of my friends, ob-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"Hot water or cold — it works swell with either!"

Keep that Schoolboy Complexion

The years roll off with your whiskers when you shave with Barbasol.

It's a gladsome fact, men! You, yourself, will be surprised to see how fresh and smooth and young you look when you've shaved with Barbasol. It's a tube of Perpetual Youth.

Because Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin. Takes nothing away but the whiskers. Does it so easily, swiftly, gently. Just like this:

1. Wash the face
   (but leave it wet)
2. Spread on Barbasol
   (but don't rub it in)
3. Shave!

No brush. No rub-in. No after-sting or smart. All cool and grateful is the skin, protected now from sunburn, windburn, chap. And no more ingrowing hairs to trouble you. Isn't that enough to make you want Barbasol?

"Mister, you're next!" Try Barbasol three times, according to directions.

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

COUPON

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube and I'll give it a fair trial.

Name .....

Address .....

L-9-17-27

A DIGESTIVE AID *that does its work in silence!*

"One of the things I like best about Gastrogen Tablets," writes Mrs. J. L. Williams, of 409 W. 13th St., Austin, Tex., *"is the absence of gas and hiccups after you take them.*

"I used to take an occasional dose of soda for indigestion, and never could escape these unpleasant after-effects. But Gastrogen Tablets do their work so quietly that if my discomfort had not vanished it would have been hard for me to believe I had taken anything at all."

PERHAPS you, too, have been annoyed like Mrs. Williams. If you have, you will be glad of the news that Gastrogen Tablets offer such prompt relief from indigestion without the usual disturbance of gas and rumblings in the stomach.

The objection to soda bicarbonate is the alkaline residue it leaves in the stomach, which hampers normal digestion and brings on the gas and hiccups that make one so conspicuously miserable.

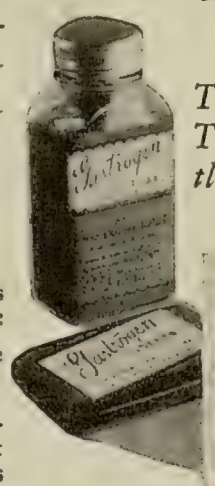
Gastrogen Tablets are harmless and effective

Gastrogen Tablets contain no soda. They are compounded of antacids that *cannot act except in the presence of acid.* So, after neutralizing the acidity of the stomach, they cease their work entirely and any excess passes from the system harmlessly and unchanged. You get quick relief—you get effective relief—and you avoid the embarrassments of eructation (the medical term for the social error of belching).

* * *

Gastrogen Tablets work so quickly that they drive away the discomfort of indigestion, heartburn and gas in 5 or 10 minutes. Two or three tablets are usually effective. Get them today—try them next time your dinner brings you distress—you'll be surprised and delighted at the quick and comfortable relief they bring, and their spicy, aromatic flavor is something you will think of as a treat.

Druggists everywhere have Gastrogen Tablets in handy pocket-tins of 15 Tablets for 20c and in cabinet-size bottles of 60 Tablets for 60c.



Of Interest to Physicians and Druggists Only

This reaction shows what happens in the stomach when you take soda:

$$HCl + NaHCO_3 = NaCl + CO_2 + H_2O$$

Notice the quantity of carbon dioxide set free, then compare it with this equation, which pictures the action of Gastrogen Tablets:

$$HCl + \tfrac{1}{2}CaCO_3 = \tfrac{1}{2}CaCl_2 + \tfrac{1}{2}CO_2 + \tfrac{1}{2}H_2O$$

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A97
73 West Street, New York City

Without charge or obligation on my part, send me your special introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... .....*State*.....

GASTROGEN *Tablets*

[FRIGHTFULLY UP-TO-DATE Continued from Page Forty-seven]

jectionable to my mother, out of sympathy with my hobbies, and not very gracious to me. By that I mean—if you will forgive my saying so in public—a somewhat reluctant wife. I can't put it plainer than that."

"Why not?" asked Eleanor, smiling. "We're dealing the cards face up."

BUT Dover shook his head and went off at an angle. "One, too," he said with slowly mounting heat, "whose unforgivable dishonesty—I prefer that word to a lack of moral courage—has killed eight years of my life. If you had been anything but a parasite you would have played the honorable game. You would have come to me years ago, as soon, in fact, as you'd found out your mistake, and said, 'This thing's hopeless. You must let me out.'

"Being in love, I should have argued the point. I should have done my best to find out what was the matter and endeavored to make you happier by conforming to your views.

"As it is, you've used me, lived on me, sucked my blood and my spirit, and, finally, having discovered another damned fool who's ready to pay your whack, you chuck me and ask for a divorce."

Eleanor sprang to her feet, a very angry woman. No one had ever dared to criticize her before.

She said, "I must ask you to be careful. I don't like your choice of words."

Bagshot straightened up. The easy smile that he had worn during the whole of this business faded from his face. He began to glare at Dover.

The whole rhythm of this strange interview altered at this point. From having been smooth and sophisticated it took on a quicker pace. It spluttered and became barbaric. There was electricity in it. A certain coarseness came through.

It seemed to Gulliver, whose pulse was faster, that if Dover went much further there was bound to be a clash. He told himself, with growing anxiety and horror, that one of two things must happen. Either Dover would whip out his revolver and put a bullet through Bagshot, or Bagshot would fling himself upon Dover and there would be a ding-dong fight.

Or, good heavens, the revolver might be aimed at the woman in the case.

"I don't give a curse," said Dover, "whether you like my words or not. If you never hear the truth again in your life, you're going to hear it now. I agree as to my being a dull, old-fashioned person, selfish and egotistical, a creature of routine, and one who, as a matter of principle, keeps his feet among the dry bones of ancient rules—to quote your charming phrase.

"But when I look back at your commercialism, your long-drawn-out deception, your acceptance of my bounty under false pretenses, all I can say is that I shall be thankful to let you go, to wipe you out of my life. I have a profound pity for the wretched swine upon whom you fasten next.

"I may add that I'm coming rapidly to the conclusion, being loyal to my sex, that the best thing to do as a philanthropist is to put you out of the possibility of doing this thing again."

Whereupon, with a perfectly white face, but a completely steady hand, he drew his revolver and deliberately covered his wife.

There was a loud and piercing scream.

With a vision of a sensational murder trial, glaring headlines, of a crowded court, of a frightful tragedy, of seeing his best friend committed to a sentence of death, Gulliver staggered up. His immediate intention was to fling himself at Dover and tear the revolver away.

Bagshot got in first. With a sort of torpedo movement he dived at Dover's legs. The impact of his powerful arms swept Dover off his feet. He slid forward on the back of his wife's lover and the revolver fell with a crash.

Too agitated and anxious to watch the surge of those bodies, the conventional and pacifistic Gulliver kicked the weapon away. When he turned he found that Bagshot was kneeling on Dover's chest.

If he had been a more attentive reader of newspapers he would have known that this is always the ultimate attitude of the *Tertium Quid.*

He was about to ring for the servants and raise a shout for help when, to his speechless amazement, Eleanor held him back.

She said, with her old sweet smile, "We didn't give you any hint as to what we were going to do, dear old boy, because we wanted to see its effect.

"I'm awfully sorry you were worried, but it's called 'trying it on the dog.'"

Dover was on his feet by this time and Bagshot was brushing him down.

"I'M—I'm completely at a loss," said Gulliver. "I'm damned if I know what you mean."

"It's a one-act play, by Noel Michael Somerset," said Eleanor calmly; "frightfully up-to-date. After a few more rehearsals we're going to do it on Wednesday night at the Town Hall in aid of the Cottage Hospital. Judging from your reaction, we're all rather good, it seems.

"Now, you may ring the bell, if you will. I think we've earned a drink."

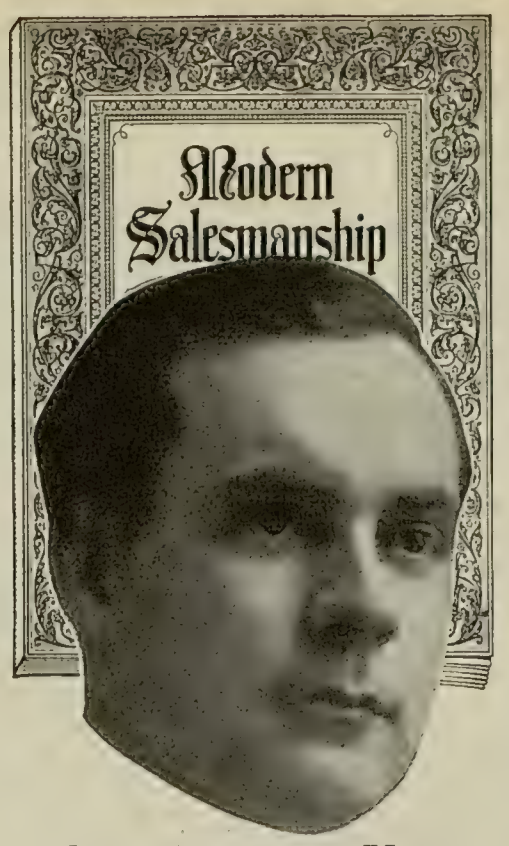
She went over to Dover and kissed him and stood with her arm around his neck.

They made a most satisfying picture of matrimonial bliss.

THE END

$7,500 a Year

C. W. Birmingham of Dayton, Ohio, was formerly a clerk in a shop, earning $15 a week. Within a short time he has increased his earnings 900% so that, today, he is making $7,500 a year. The book "Modern Salesmanship"—proved the first rung in his ladder to Success!



Over $10,000 a Year

C. V. Champion of Danville, Illinois, counts it a "red letter day" when he first read this remarkable book—"Modern Salesmanship." He says: "It enabled me to learn more, **earn** more, and BE MORE!" Today he is president of his company and his earnings exceed $10,000 a year!

$1,000 a Week

O. D. Oliver of Norman, Oklahoma, was local manager of a mercantile business for 17 years—finally getting $200 a month. "Modern Salesmanship" opened his eyes and started him on the road to big pay. Today he earns more in a week than he previously earned in **5 months**—or $1,000 in the last 7 days!

$7,286 Last Year

F. G. Walsh of Springfield, Mass., was a clerk earning $1,000 a year, and trying to support a wife and three children. He had to do something. N. S. T. A. training built up his income last year to $7,286—an increase of over 700 per cent.

—and They Started By Reading This Amazing Book!

Now—For a Limited Time Only—This Remarkable Man-Building, Salary-Raising Volume Is Offered FREE to Every Ambitious Man! If You Ever Aspire to Earn $10,000 a Year or More, Read It Without Fail.

Where Shall We Send Your Copy FREE?

A BOOK! Just seven ounces of paper and printer's ink—but it contains a most vivid and inspiring message that every ambitious man should read! It reveals the facts and secrets that have led hundreds of ambitious men to the success beyond their fondest expectations! So powerful and far-reaching has been the influence of this little volume, that it is no wonder a famous business genius has called it "The Most Amazing Book Ever Printed."

This vital book—"Modern Salesmanship"—contains hundreds of surprising and little-known facts about the highest paid profession in the world. It reveals the real *truth* about the art of selling. It blasts dozens of old theories, explains the science of selling in simple terms, and tells exactly how the great sales records of nationally-known star salesmen are achieved. And not only that—it outlines a simple plan that will enable almost any man to master scientific salesmanship without spending years on the road—without losing a day or dollar from his present position.

What This Astonishing Book Has Done!

The achievements of this remarkable book have already won world-wide recognition. The men who have increased their earning capacities as a direct result of reading "Modern Salesmanship" are numbered in the thousands. For example, there is E. E. Williams, of California, who was struggling along in a minor position at a small salary. "Modern Salesmanship" opened his eyes to things he had never dreamed of—and he cast his lot with the National Salesmen's Training Association. Within a few short months of simple preparation, he was earning $10,000 a year! Today he receives as much in 30 days as he used to receive in 365!

And then there's E. G. Kinzie, of Northville, Mich. He, too, read "Modern Salesmanship" and found the answer within its pages. He quickly raised his salary from $8 a week to $100 a week, and is now organizing a company of his own. L. A. Tinnes of Minneapolis made over $600 the first month after he had mastered Salesmanship. He had formerly been working as a machinist at $160 a month! And F. L. Real, of Wheeling, W. Va., a former cigar maker, stepped into a position that pays him $4,600 a year drawing account alone!

$4,800 Increase

"It is a privilege to tell of the many good things I have received from studying the N. S. T. A. Course. After graduation, your employment department offered me choice of representing 48 firms (some service!). I mention this to show the great advantage of being connected with N.S.T.A.

"Last year I made over $100 a week and expect to make $7,000 this year. Some increase since my enrollment!"

F. B. Englehardt, Chattanooga, Tenn.

$525 a Week

"Before enrolling with N. S. T. A. I was a cow-puncher. When I completed the course, I started out as a salesman. I made more than $3,000 in the next five months which is proof enough that N. S. T. A. helped me. Since then I have made as high as $525 a week."

Wm. Shore, Neenach, Calif.

A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

There was nothing "different" about these men when they started. Any man of average intelligence can duplicate the success they have achieved—for their experience **proves** that salesmen are **made**—not born, as some people have foolishly believed.

Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet. And through the **National Demonstration Method**—an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. system of SALESMANSHIP training—you can acquire the equivalent of actual experience while studying. Hundreds of men who never sold goods in their lives credit a large portion of their success to this remarkable training.

Free to Every Man

If we were asking several dollars a copy for "Modern Salesmanship" you might hesitate. But it is now FREE. We cannot urge you too strongly to take advantage of this opportunity to see for yourself what salesmanship has done for others—and what the National Salesmen's Training Association stands ready and willing to do for you. Find out exactly what the underlying principles of salesmanship are—and how you can put them to work for you. No matter what your opinion is now, "Modern Salesmanship" will give you a new insight into this fascinating and highly-paid profession.

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Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "Modern Salesmanship."

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Address.....

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Age.....Occupation.....

don't fool yourself

It ruins romance

Did you ever come face to face with a real case of halitosis (unpleasant breath)? Can you imagine yourself married to a person offending this way?

Halitosis is the unforgivable social offense, and don't fool yourself by thinking you never have it. The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never can tell.

⅓ Had Halitosis

120 hotel clerks, 40 of them in the better class hotels, say that nearly every third person inquiring for a room has halitosis. Who should know better than they? *Face to face evidence*

The way to avoid such offense is to rinse the mouth with Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

Immediately it removes every unpleasant odor—even a powerful one like that of the onion.

Keep a bottle handy in home and office—so that you may always put yourself on the safe and polite side. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

FALL IN LINE!

Millions are switching to Listerine Tooth Paste because it cleans teeth whiter and in quicker time than ever before. We'll wager you'll like it. Large tube 25c.

Jack in the Box-Office

Mr. Gilbert Plays a Bootlegger, But Yearns for Something Different

An Article by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

JOHN GILBERT, as the hooch-smuggling hero of Twelve Miles Out.

JOAN CRAWFORD as a prisoner on a rum boat.

(Reading time: 3 minutes 30 seconds.)

TWELVE MILES OUT is the newest celluloid mile-stone in the tempestuous career of the flashing John Gilbert. This is a melodrama of bootlegging and hijacking on the high seas, adapted (in a way) from William Anthony McGuire's Broadway stage play of last season.

When Gilbert finished Twelve Miles Out, according to reports, he was not speaking to his nearest-at-hand employer, Louis B. Mayer. In fact, the atmosphere around the Culver City studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was decidedly frigid. Gilbert did not want to do the story; he did not like it when he finished it; and he is still protesting about the kind of dramatic material being allotted to him.

Just what will happen when Gilbert finishes the colorful rôle of *Aleksei Vronsky* in Tolstoy's Anna Karenina, which he is now playing opposite Greta Garbo, remains to be seen. Gilbert's contract has eighteen months to run. Probably the feud will swing merrily along; for Gilbert is as determined and fiery-tempered as he is magnetic and likable. He does not want to play the usual cardboard heroes associated with stardom; his employers look upon him as a profitable investment—and there you are.

Twelve Miles Out reaches the screen much changed from its original script. For instance, the first story made *Jerry Fay*, the hero, a daredevil motorcycle rider in an amusement park. *Fay* loved and was disillusioned by one *Mayme*, secret mistress of *Red McCue*, a bootlegger. All this part of the story is gone. *Fay* is now a soldier of fortune. *Mayme* has disappeared —which is hard upon Betty Compson, who played the rôle. Miss Compson is nowhere to be seen now in Twelve Miles Out.

The story is now one of a lifelong battle, here and there about the globe, between *Fay* and *McCue*. Prohibition arrays them against each other as bootlegger and hijacker. A young society girl becomes a prisoner on the boat over which the two men struggle. The result is brisk and frequently exciting melodrama.

Gilbert makes a dashing hooch smuggler, and Joan Crawford appears more promising than ever as the pawn over whom the two men fight while revenue cutters' machine guns bark. Ernest Torrence turns in another of his sharply limned characterizations as *McCue*, the tough flaunter of Wayne B. Wheeler's highest hopes.

Unless you have a good memory, you will hardly believe that seven years ago Torrence was singing and dancing in musical shows. You may recall him singing The Left All Alone Again Blues, with Luella Geer, in The Night Boat.

Torrence had been brought to America several seasons before that, to appear in Modest Suzanne. His robust barytone voice and his comic Scotch burr had stood out in The Only Girl, The Enchantress, and The Velvet Lady. Prior to his invasion of Broadway, Torrence had been some fifteen years on the London stage.

TORRENCE, in fact, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1878. He was one of a family of fourteen. Torrence was educated at Edinburgh Academy, and then went to Stuttgart, where he studied piano and vocal music. When he returned to Scotland, he became a piano teacher. Then he won a medal for his singing. It was but a step to the professional stage.

The idea of being a screen actor never occurred to Torrence until Henry King, the director, happened to visit The Night Boat. At the moment King was seeking an actor for the rôle of the murderous mountaineer in Tol'able David, Richard Barthelmess' first starring film. Torrence's six feet three appealed to King, and he sent for the musical-comedy actor.

"But I'm a comedian," Torrence said.

"All wrong," said King, "and I'll prove it."

So Torrence came to make his hit as the shiftless ruffian, *Luke Hatburn*, in Tol'able David. He followed it with his hard-riding and hard-drinking old scout, *Bill Jackson*, in The Covered Wagon, and the delectable *Cousin Egbert* in Ruggles of Red Gap. Torrence was made and his salary crept up to $2,500 a week.

Torrence now declines to cast his fate with any one company. Being one of the few character comedians in demand (in the same class with Wallie and Noah Beery and George Bancroft), he can free-lance and get away with it. Thus you may visit your neighborhood theater and see him, all in one week, as the saintly *Peter* in The King of Kings, the scoundrelly sea rover in Captain Salvation, and the thirsty hijacker in Twelve Miles Out.

Twelve Miles Out is entertaining, but it could be a lot better. Maybe the screen will dare sometime a real drama of bootlegging.

Short Reviews

The Blood Ship—Lurid doings among a lot of shanghaied folk on a hell ship captained by a brutal skipper.

The Poor Nut—A fairly amusing adaptation of the stage comedy telling how the bashful student of botany won the relay race for his dear old alma mater.

Do you know that—

Rudolph Schildkraut is to do Rip Van Winkle? . . . Maria Corda and Lewis Stone have the leading rôles in The Private Life of Helen of Troy? . . . Clara Bow will appear in Red Hair after finishing Hula?

The Red Knight of Germany

Richthofen Becomes a National Hero as England's Greatest Ace Is Killed in Battle

By FLOYD GIBBONS

(Reading time: 20 minutes 30 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: April 29, 1917, was a memorable date in the career of Richthofen. For the first time, he shot down four Allied planes in one day; and he passed his fiftieth victory. In the morning he killed a young English airman. In the afternoon, while his father watched him from below, he brought down another near his own airdrome. Early in the evening he shot down two more in less than a half hour. Thus, with a total of fifty-two victories, Richthofen ended Bloody April. In that month he had shot down twenty-one planes and killed twenty-one men.]

PART FOURTEEN

PRINCE and peasant acclaimed Richthofen as Germany's young war god when, in May, 1917, he left the front on leave. The Kaiser extended himself to shower new honors on this keen-eyed blond Prussian youth who had served his country so well.

Girls with fluttering hearts and blushing cheeks caressed him with their warmest smiles and glances. Their presence frequently embarrassed him.

He would find himself surrounded by bevies of them, and every time he sought escape from the charming but somewhat terrifying circle, he looked into glowing eyes, all carrying the same avowal of adoration.

Boys followed him in the street or clung about him in swarms. They would walk ahead of him, with faces turned back over their shoulders to look up into the face of the great champion.

His walk, his manner, his smile, his uniform —no detail escaped these young male eyes, who saw in their hero the man who had killed half a hundred enemies.

He was their ideal of courage and bravery, of power and strength, of right and might. He could fly, shoot, fight, and kill, and do it better than any one else. It was enough to stimulate any youthful imagination.

The flying uhlan's younger brother, Lothar, succeeded to the command of Jagdstaffel Eleven, although neither in rank nor in number of victories was he the senior officer. The German public demanded the name of Richthofen in the air, and the High Command was not asleep to its benefits as war propaganda

THE varying fortunes of the air: Lothar von Richthofen, brother of the famous ace, leaving his plane after a chilling winter ride. (At top) Another landing, made after English bullets had riddled his machine. Lothar went to a hospital.

Richthofen wore only the oil-stained flying togs that comprised almost his entire wardrobe at the airdrome. Dressed like him was

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

WALTER JOHNSON *says, "I find great pleasure in wearing my Benrus watch because it is always on time."*

GENE SARAZEN *writes us: "Accurate timing is about half my game, but it's the whole story with my Benrus strap watch."*

Through sizzling rallies, *hot with Action*

VINCENT RICHARDS proves Benrus dependability

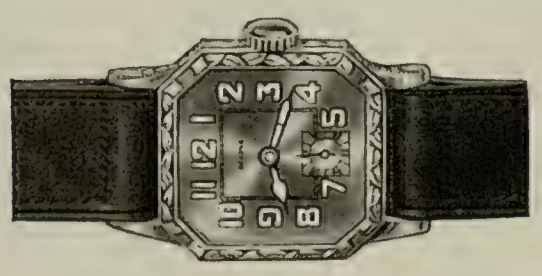
FOR TENNIS, a pocket watch is out of the question. Tennis, like every other active sport, demands a strap watch, conveniently on the wrist.

A Benrus strap watch is *dependable.* Richards and many other great sportsmen have proved that Benrus strap watches — fine and precise as they are — run on serenely and accurately through the terrific strain of the most strenuous sports.

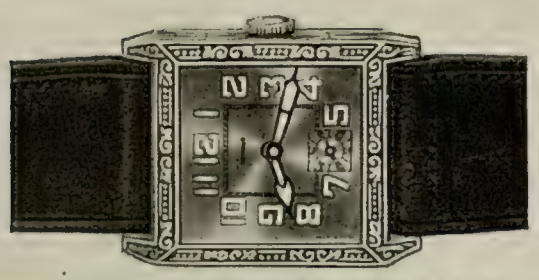
You, too, can get this kind of service from a Benrus strap watch. *Made by the world's greatest watchmakers,* there is a distinguished beauty about a Benrus—different from every other watch—that marks its wearer as alert, progressive, well-dressed.

A reliable Benrus jeweler is near you. Ask him to show you these wonderful Benrus watches!

BENRUS WATCH CO., NEW YORK



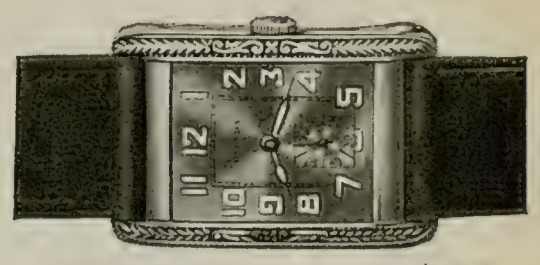
BENRUS FORREST—$28.50



BENRUS BROOKLINE—$35.00

"I'd never be without my Benrus strap watch," says LOREN MURCHISON.

EARL SANDE *says, "My Benrus strap watch is a thoroughbred. I can depend on it absolutely."*



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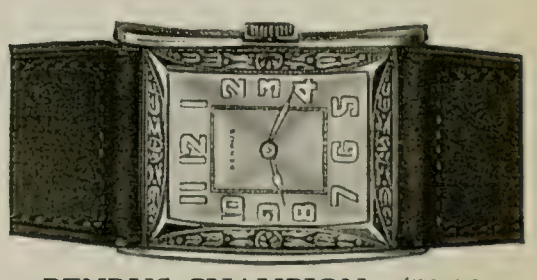


BENRUS CHAMPION—$50.00

BENRUS

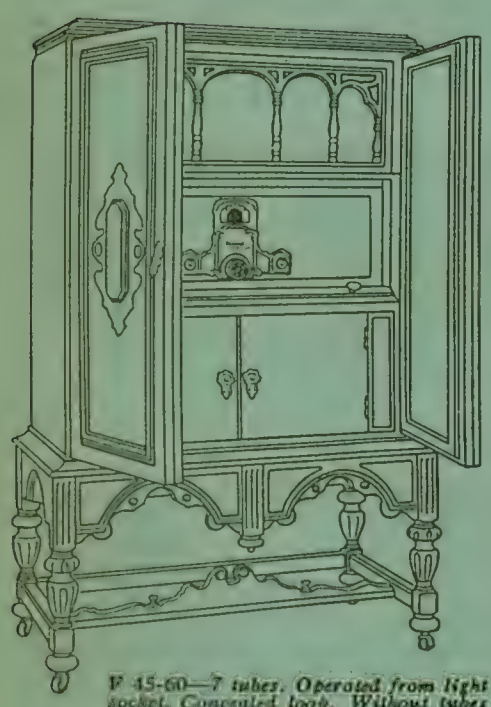
THE STRAP WATCH OF SPORTSMEN

The BENRUS three piece case with the Protection Seal.

Strong, dustproof, this Benrus-made case protects Benrus accuracy.

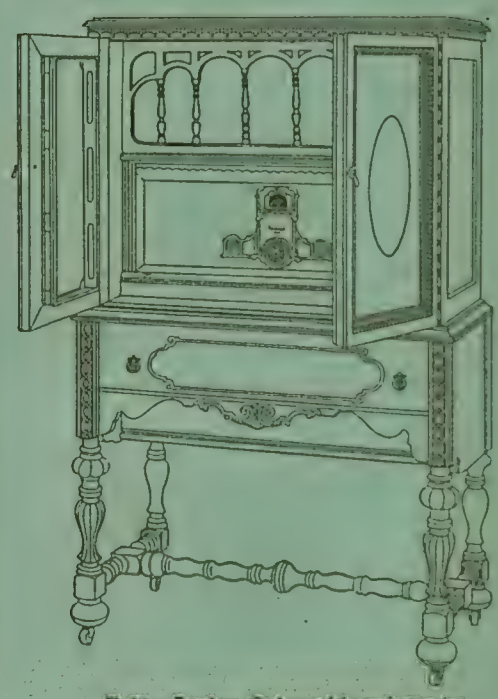
TONE

A TRIUMPH IN TONAL PURITY NOW ENHANCED BY FULL LIGHT-SOCKET OPERATION



F 45-60—7 tubes. Operated from light socket. Concealed loop. Without tubes $600.00

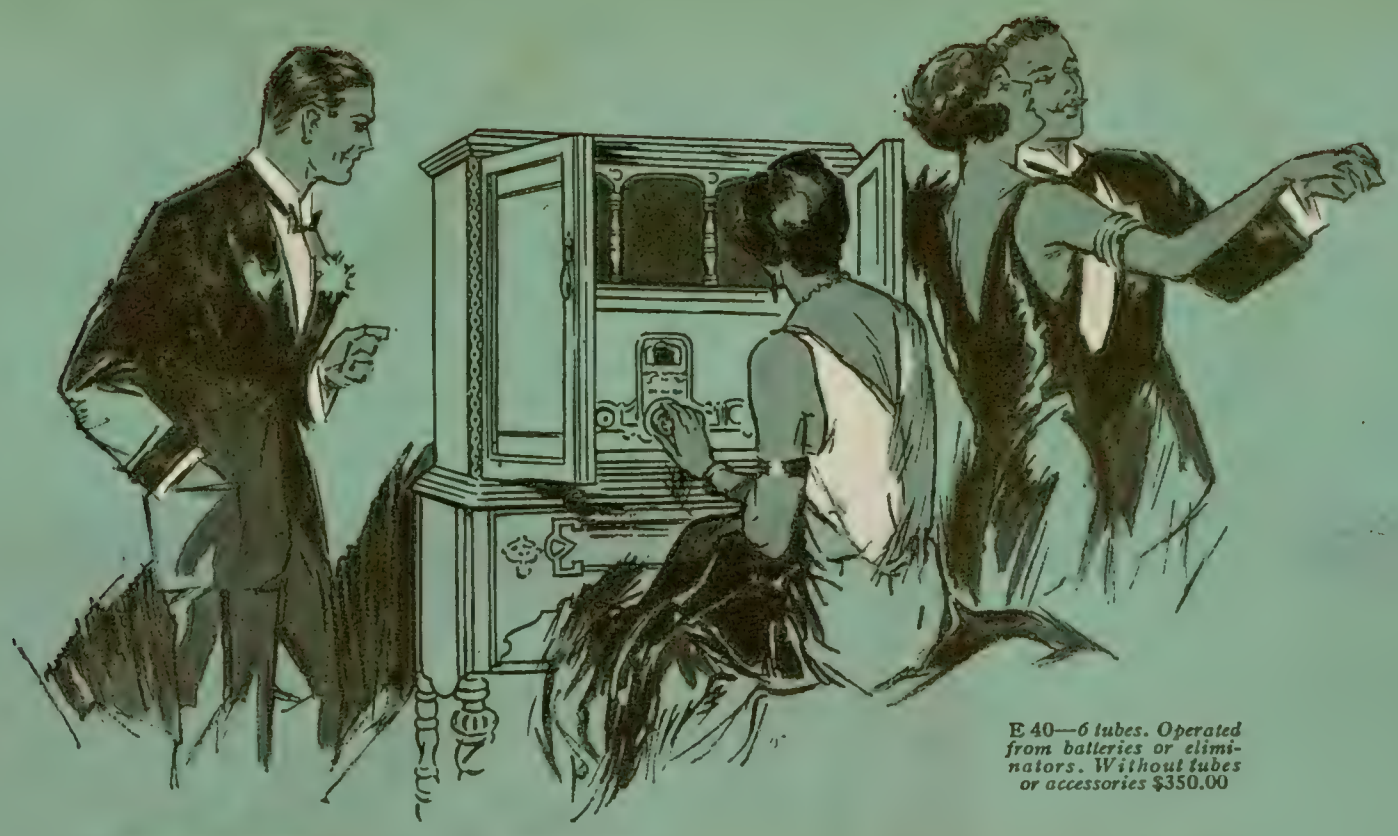
E 45-60—6 tubes. Operated from light socket. Without tubes $460.00



F 40—7 tubes. Operated from batteries or eliminators. Built-in loop. Without tubes or accessories (but including loop) $450.00

MANY BEAUTIFUL MODELS ~ PRICED FROM $100 TO $1225

DEFERRED PAYMENTS IF DESIRED



E 40—*6 tubes. Operated from batteries or eliminators. Without tubes or accessories* $350.00

PEOPLE everywhere marvel at the *clearness* of Federal reception. Brought in by the exclusive Ortho-sonic method of sound reproduction, all voices and music ring singularly *true*.

They come in with a richness, a purity, a life-like reality of *tone* that is new and unlike anything else in radio. They have awakened millions to a higher appreciation of radio's fascination and value.

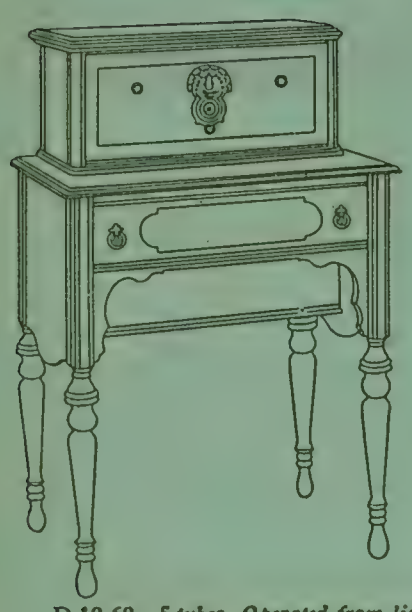
And now, inherent in Federal sets, and to make Federal even more desirable if such a thing could be, comes this new development—the capacity to operate entirely from your electric light socket. The capacity to free you completely from the care and expense of all batteries, chargers and other equipment.

Here, we believe, is the ultimate in radio. Sets with the famous all-metal, multi-shielded *Ortho-sonic circuit* housed in new cabinets whose beauty of design and craftsmanship alone makes them distinctive. Sets of unusual selectivity, power, range, and operative simplicity with single dial control. Sets created by pioneers in the electric communication field and that you can buy today at a saving and pridefully enjoy for the rest of your life.

Battery operated Ortho-sonic sets are available to those preferring them. They are housed in cabinets of equal beauty and embody all other Federal refinements.

Read below Federal's 14 points. Then ask your retailer for a demonstration in your own home! If with everything else you want beauty of tone, you never need look further than a Federal.

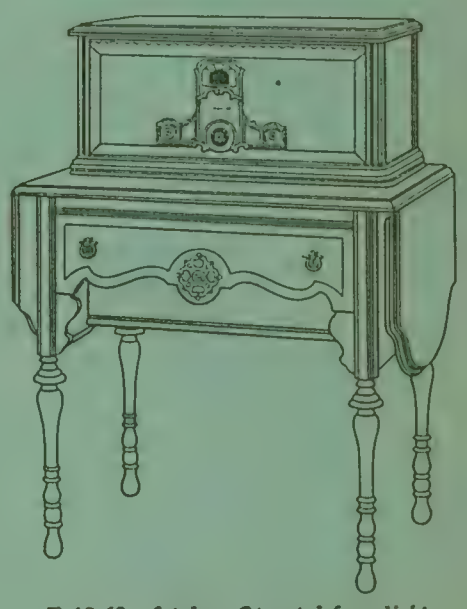
FEDERAL RADIO CORPORATION, *Buffalo, N.Y.*
(Division of The Federal Telephone Mfg. Corp.)
Operating Broadcast Station WGR at Buffalo



D 10-60—*5 tubes. Operated from light socket. Without tubes* $185.00
D 10—*5 tubes. Operated from batteries or eliminators. Without tubes or accessories* $100.00
D 5—*Console* $30.00

FEDERAL'S FOURTEEN POINTS

1. Tone quality—rivaled only by reality
2. Cabinet beauty—original designs and selected woods
3. Multi-shielding—seals from dust and electrical disturbance
4. Federal throughout—built complete in Federal factories
5. Patented circuit—incorporating Federal's exclusive development.
6. Single control—operating simplicity
7. True selectivity—cuts through high powered stations
8. Rugged construction—enduring service
9. Self indicating—calibrated, illuminated scale
10. Non-radiating—no interference to others
11. Precision instruments—made by electrical communication pioneers
12. Light socket operation—as well as battery types
13. Complete price-range—model for every home
14. Permanency guaranteed—backed by a solid, substantial company



E 10-60—*6 tubes. Operated from light socket. Without tubes* $275.00
E 10—*6 tubes. Operated from batteries or eliminators. Without tubes or accessories* $165.00
E 5—*Console* $40.00

FEDERAL ORTHO-SONIC* RADIO

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Licensed under tuned radio frequency, regenerative, and power supply patents of the Radio Corporation of America.

* Federal's fundamental exclusive development making possible Ortho-sonic reproduction is patented under U. S. Letters Patent No. 1,582,470.

Restored Enchantment

This is the Eveready Layerbilt that gives you Battery Power for the longest time and the least money.

Radio is better with Battery Power

THERE is no doubt of it—radio is better with Battery Power. And never was radio so worthy of the perfection of reception that batteries, and batteries alone, make possible. Today more than ever you need what batteries give—pure DC, Direct Current, electricity that flows smoothly, quietly, noiselessly. When such is the current that operates your receiver, you are unconscious of its mechanism, for you do not hear it humming, buzzing, crackling. The enchantment of the program is complete.

Batteries themselves have improved, as has radio. Today they are so perfect, and so long-lasting, as to be equal to the demands of the modern receiver. Power your set with the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486. This is the battery whose unique, exclusive construction makes it last longer than any other Eveready. Could more be said? In most homes a set of Layerbilts lasts an entire season. This is the battery that brings you Battery Power with all its advantages, conferring benefits and enjoyments that are really tremendous when compared with the small cost and effort involved in replacements at long intervals. For the best in radio, use the Eveready Layerbilt.

EVEREADY
Radio Batteries
—they last longer

At a turn of the dial a radio program comes to you. It is clear. It is true. It is natural. You thank the powers of nature that have once more brought quiet to the distant reaches of the radio-swept air. You are grateful to the broadcasters whose programs were never so enjoyable, so enchanting. You call down blessings upon the authority that has allotted to each station its proper place. And, if you are radio-wise, you will be thankful that you bought a new set of "B" batteries to make the most out of radio's newest and most glorious season.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC. New York—San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night—8 P. M., Eastern Standard Time

WEAF—*New York*	WGR—*Buffalo*	WGN—*Chicago*	WRC—*Washington*
WJAR—*Providence*	WCAE—*Pittsburgh*	WOC—*Davenport*	WGY—*Schenectady*
WEEI—*Boston*	WSAI—*Cincinnati*	WCCO—*Minneapolis, St. Paul*	WHAS—*Louisville*
WDAF—*Kansas City*	WTAM—*Cleveland*		WSB—*Atlanta*
WFI—*Philadelphia*	WWJ—*Detroit*	KSD—*St. Louis*	WSM—*Nashville*
		WMC—*Memphis*	

Pacific Coast Stations—9 P. M., Pacific Standard Time

KPO—KGO—*San Francisco* KFI—*Los Angeles*
KFOA—KOMO—*Seattle* KGW—*Portland*

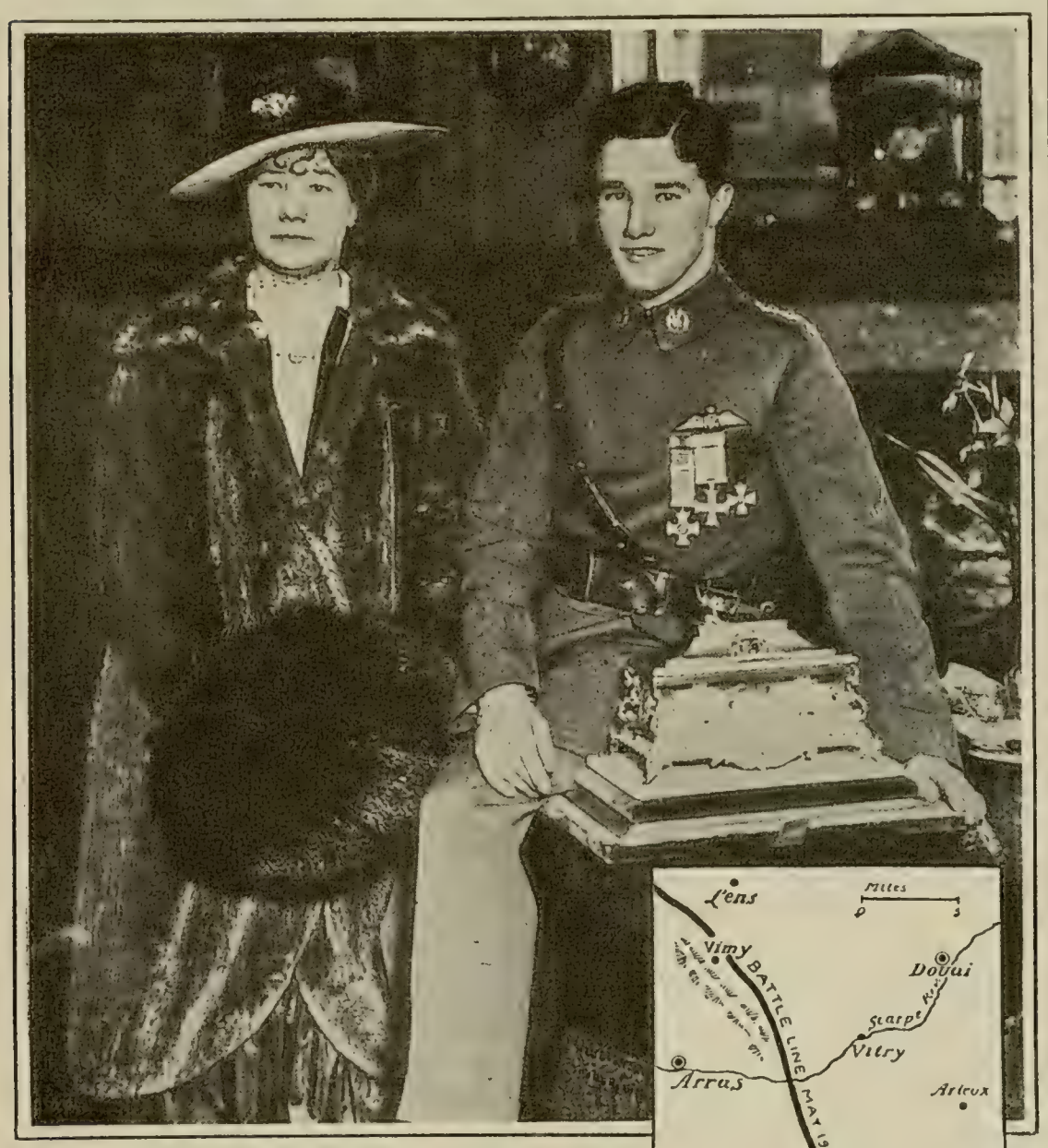
Have you heard the new Victor record by the Eveready Hour Group—orchestra and singers—in Middleton's Down South Overture and Dvořák's Goin' Home?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

Lieutenant Krefft, one of his pilots, also on leave, who handled the stick in the two-seater. Toothbrushes carried in coat pockets constituted their only baggage.

THEY left the thunder of the Battle of Arras behind them, and soon the last of the German sausage balloons disappeared over the hazy rim of the flat horizon. They flew over peaceful countryside, over rivers, canals, and railroads, over wooded mounds that were the mountains of the Meuse.

The ace traced the route on the map, descending once through some clouds to identify Namur just beneath them, and then on by



Captain Albert Ball with his mother. He was killed May 7, 1917, and Richthofen's brother was credited with the victory. Map shows scene of Ball's death.

way of Liége and Aix-la-Chapelle to Cologne, where the coming of the war hero had been flashed by wire.

The airdrome was jammed with people whose cheering drowned the blare of the band. Every *blatt* in Germany on the previous day had carried the news of the fifty-second victory, and every one of their millions of readers was anxious to get a look at the *D'Artagnan* of the air.

The ranking officers who received him as he stepped from the airplane were succeeded by a delegation of Cologne *fräuleins*, who presented him with bunches of freshly cut flowers. The rewards of war-won glory were the same in Cologne as they were in Paris, London, New York, or What Cheer, Iowa.

Richthofen was self-conscious and shy in the presence of these girls, who received their war thrill from the knowledge that by their presence alone they could bring blushes to the cheeks of a man who had faced death so often without a change in countenance.

He smiled boyishly and mumbled his thanks clumsily. He felt intensely uncomfortable with the flowers in his hands and with warm glances seeking his eyes. He was not a ladies' man.

Pleading a headache, due to his three-hour flight from Douai, the ace escaped from the cheering mass and gained the security of an officer's quarters, where he immediately went to bed for the midday nap that had become his habit and nerve stimulant.

In an hour he and Krefft returned to the refueled plane and sailed away amid cheers which they could hear above the roar of their motor.

They flew low over the Rhine and reached German army headquarters at Kreuznach late in the afternoon, where they reported to General Heppner, in command of German aviation.

THE ace spent the night quietly with old comrades who were attached to headquarters and whom he quite openly pitied as poor "ink spillers" whose duties deprived them of "half the fun of war."

The next morning he waited in the anteroom of Field-Marshal von Hindenburg. The headquarters hummed with activity. High ranking civilians and soldiers went in and came out of the huge doors guarding the private office. Here was the German brain center of the war.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

Motor Protection Must be AUTOMATIC

If you would effectively combat cold—destroyer of motor life and efficiency

SCIENCE has developed—in *automatic* motor protection—a positive and effective means of putting an end to the great annual repair bill now caused by cold. *Automatic* so you *can't* guess—you can't forget.

Your car needs this vital protection at 60° Fahrenheit. That's when cold strikes its first blow.

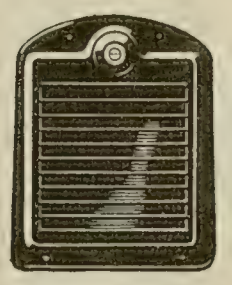
"Over-choking" warns you

Coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting are the danger signals. Out comes the "choke"—flooding cold cylinders and cylinder walls with raw gasoline. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, high gas consumption, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. These are the troubles that bring *big* repair bills—troubles for which cold alone is responsible.

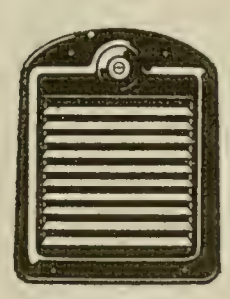
Winterfront regulates motor temperature

The radiator on your car was put there to waste heat—thus to prevent overheating in hot weather. An efficient radiator throws away 35% to 40% of the heat of the fuel. At 60° Fahrenheit there is no heat to spare, yet heat-waste continues through the radiator. Obviously, therefore, there is only one place to efficiently control motor temperature—that's at the radiator, where heat-waste occurs.

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters then begin to open, *automatically*, allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.



Closes Itself
when your motor needs heat.



Opens Itself
when your motor needs cool air.

Important—When your motor stops, Winterfront shutters start to close and are fully closed while your motor is hot.

With a Winterfront on your car, you "warm-up" in seconds. You lose the dangerous "choke" habit because Winterfront eliminates the need for it. Your motor starts quicker and easier with less battery strain. You enjoy a noticeable increase in gasoline economy—snug warmth inside your car—summertime smoothness and flexibility in your motor.

Put on any car in ten minutes

Pines Automatic Winterfront is sold by automobile and accessory dealers everywhere. It is installed in less than ten minutes without changes of any nature to your car. *Models for all cars—priced $22.50 to $30.00. Special models for Ford, $15.00; Chevrolet, $17.50; Dodge Four, $20.00. Slightly higher prices in the Rocky Mountain area and West—also Canada.* Pines Winterfront Company, 420 North Sacramento Blvd., Chicago.

Pines Automatic Winterfront is the Only Automatic Radiator Shutter on the Market

It is automatic because—

There is no other way to assure you of timely, constant protection against the destroying force of cold. When cold strikes, Winterfront is *always* ready. You can't forget to operate it. There's nothing to remember. Its results are possible *only* because it is *automatic*.

The motor car dealer who recommends and sells you a Pines Automatic Winterfront is considering your interests first. Take his advice. Your dealer will supply you.

136

PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

Liberty

Announces an Increase in Guaranteed Net Paid Circulation for 1928

1. FOR the issues of January 7, 1928, to March 17, 1928, inclusive (11 issues), LIBERTY guarantees an average net paid weekly circulation of 1,350,000.

2. FOR the issues of March 24, 1928 to December 29, 1928, inclusive (41 issues), LIBERTY guarantees an average net paid weekly circulation of 1,450,000.

3. LIBERTY'S *guarantee* for 1927 was 1,100,000 average net weekly. It *promised* 1,350,000. It is *exceeding* the promise with substantial overage.

LIBERTY Advertisers who Bought for 1927 are Getting 250,000 "Velvet"

LIBERTY Continued OVER-SOLD *Through July & August*

THERE is no let-up in LIBERTY's over-sold condition. June demand rose over demand in May; July exceeded June; August showed no abatement in news-dealers' telegraphic pleas for *more* LIBERTYS.

"Sold out," is the cry from all over the country. LIBERTY's rising favor keeps pace with rising Fahrenheit.

LIBERTY gives to advertisers *full reader-power* through the summer season, when such co-operation is an important contribution to the maintenance of advertisers' sales levels.

LIBERTY'S Circulation Is 100% Voluntary

LIBERTY is the *only* magazine of big circulation that has 99% news-dealer sales. Subscriptions are not solicited.

Every week, LIBERTY holds a *new* referendum on its popularity. Its vast army of buyers lay their nickels down and say "Give me LIBERTY!" because they want it. There is never any "dead timber" in LIBERTY'S circulation.

LIBERTY'S promised circulation of 1,350,000 for 1927 is maintained —and exceeded—without recourse to high-pressure sales schemes or special inducements of any character whatsoever.

LIBERTY sells "over the counter" solely on its merits as a magazine —*every buyer a reader.*

"Why Doesn't LIBERTY Increase its Print-Order to Meet Demand?"

Some advertisers find it difficult to understand why LIBERTY restricts its sales. Here is the answer:

Most LIBERTY advertisers, having contracted for the year of 1927 at rates based on the 1,100,000 guaranteed circulation, have been getting better than 250,000 average EXCESS weekly circulation.

This additional circulation has cost LIBERTY advertisers nothing at all. It is over and above the conservative *guaranteed circulation* on which advertising rates were based. For advertisers, it is *"velvet"*—for LIBERTY, a costly item unbalanced by revenue. Beyond a certain limit of excess circulation LIBERTY can not go, consistent with sound business principles. Thus, print-order is restricted and circulation held in check automatically by lagging advertising rates.

The insistent news-dealer demand for *more* LIBERTYS must eventually be met. To deny it deprives a numerous public of the magazine it wants to read, and the dealer of the additional profit he can make through additional sales.

There is only one way to relieve the restriction on circulation —re-adjustment of advertising rates. It must come.

A buy of space in LIBERTY is a buy on a rising market, no matter when bought.

Advertisers who contract now will get the 1928 GUARANTEED CIRCULATIONS for that ENTIRE YEAR at the advertising rates listed in Rate Card dated February 15, 1927 . . . . Protect yourself on a magnificent "buy" by placing your order early. . . .

LIBERTY'S Circulation is 99% News-Dealer Sales—*Every Buyer a Reader*

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

Richthofen was warmly received by the marshal, whose manner was as much fatherly as military. Only commonplace greetings and salutations passed between them, but Von Hindenburg notified him that the Emperor had learned that that day, May 2, was Richthofen's twenty-fifth birthday. He was commanded to lunch with His Majesty.

IN the antechamber of Von Ludendorff's office, Richthofen saw and met men high in the affairs of state and industry—men who had been only names to him before.

In one corner sat Ballin, the shipping magnate, in serious conversation with a general staff-officer. Helfferich passed through the room at a quick walk. Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg succeeded him in the private office.

If anything, the scene was even busier than at Hindenburg's office.

After an hour's wait, an officer called Richthofen from the dozen or more generals who were waiting, and ushered him into Ludendorff's office. The marshal shook his hand and waved him to a chair.

"How's the air activity at Arras?" was the first question he shot at the ace.

HIGH and low acclaimed the great ace. He is shown with the late German Empress, who invited him to lunch.

Richthofen at first liked the businesslike directness and the absence of congratulations or inquiries about his health.

He answered as directly and endeavored to keep himself strictly on the subject of Ludendorff's questions.

Frequently, however, in attempting to illustrate a point, he wandered into a personal anecdote, and Ludendorff would stop him suddenly with a wave of the hand and bring the conversation back to the original question.

In half an hour the popular idol had been pumped dry of all information of a military nature concerning the struggle in the air. The stern inquisitor then dismissed him abruptly.

Richthofen left the office with relief. Ludendorff's trip-hammer questions and overpowering seriousness left him almost breathless.

At noon he lunched with the Kaiser.

Wilhelm II was playful and dignified by turns. With his keen eyes he measured the ace from head to foot, missing no part of the well worn uhlan's tunic, riding-breeches, and leather puttees that seemed rather out of place among the well pressed uniforms and brilliantly polished boots and leather accouterments of the Emperor's household.

The monarch poked him in the ribs with his thumb and remarked that he was looking fat and gay. He congratulated him upon his successes in the air and upon his twenty-fifth anniversary, expressing the hope that he would live to more than double both his birthdays and his air victories.

As they left the table, two orderlies entered the room carrying a heavy bronze and marble bust of Germany's war lord in full martial array, from bristling mustaches to golden helmet.

It was the birthday present from the monarch to Germany's greatest individual champion. It occupies a prominent place today in the drawing-room of Mother Richthofen's home in Schweidnitz.

Following the meal, the Kaiser talked with Richthofen for fully half an hour, the conversation being mostly on anti-aircraft artillery, which the ace found to be a rather monotonous subject.

That night the young uhlan was the guest of honor at a dinner given by Hindenburg. He sat on the right of the marshal at a table around which were seated no less than eight knights wearing the star of the order Pour le Mérite.

Richthofen had never seen so many notables of the order assembled before.

Hindenburg impressed him as amiable and elderly. The marshal addressed his birthday felicitations to the ace in a warmly worded speech, and proposed his health and continued success.

"Now, tell me, Richthofen," the marshal asked in his characteristically low voice, "have you ever been a cadet?"

"I was a cadet at Wahlstatt, sir," the ace replied, and, in answer to further questions, related that he had begun his military career in Room Six in the barracks at that school.

HINDENBURG smiled broadly and observed:

"Good. I also began my life playing soldier in Room Six at Wahlstatt, and I have given a picture of myself to be hung on the wall of that room in token of my happy memories."

Ten years later, Hindenburg, as President of the German Republic, was to stand bareheaded at the foot of a huge block of black mar-

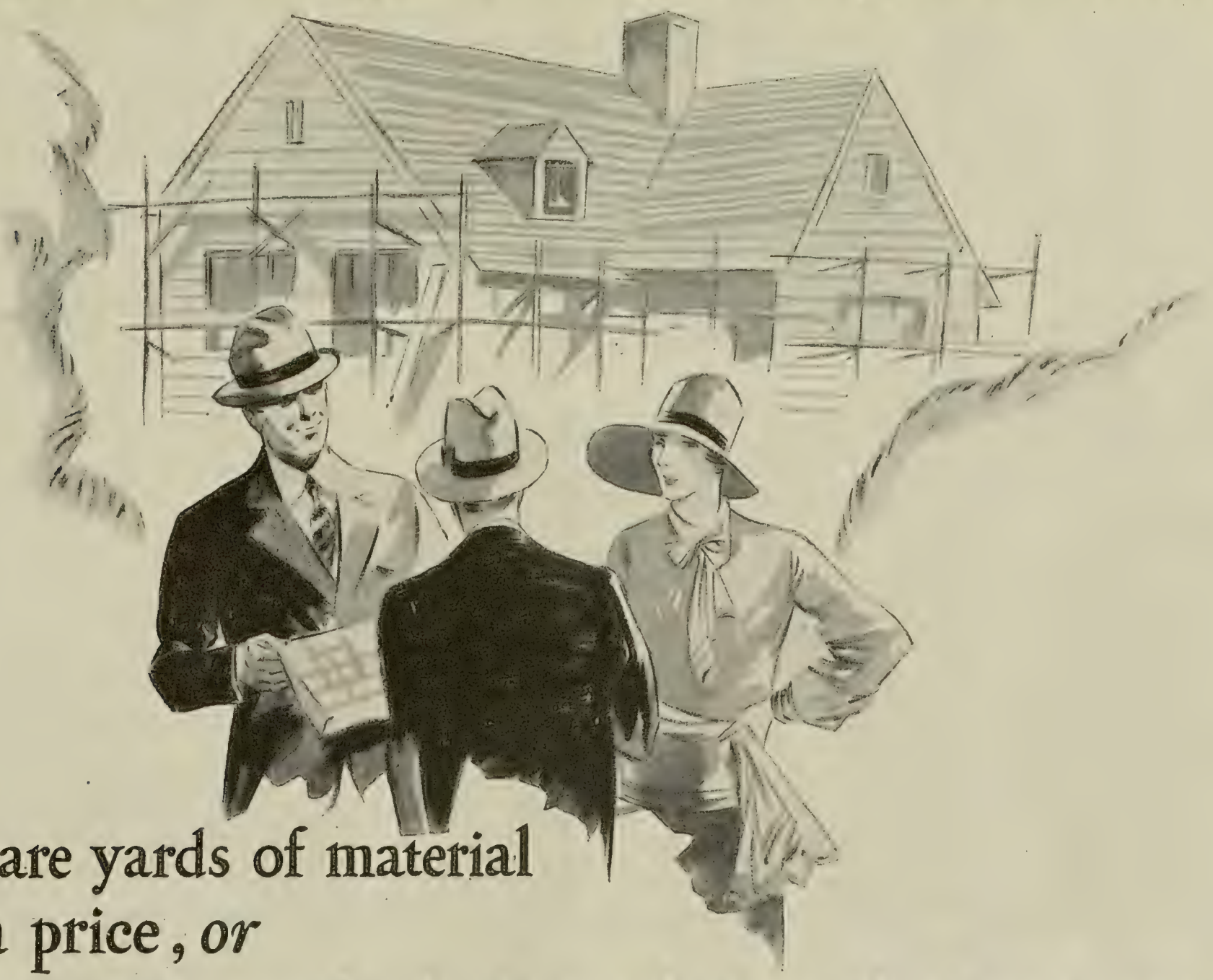
[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

Do Your Part to Improve Night Driving

JOIN the movement fostered by TUNG-SOL and supported by car owners, state officials and manufacturers of automobiles. TUNG-SOLS help much. The filaments are so accurately placed that focusing becomes a simple matter. Adjust lamp equipment. Give greater attention to the lamps and you will have better illumination for yourself while assisting to improve driving conditions after dark—but, above all things, be sure the bulbs are TUNG-SOLS.

Reliable Dealers Sell Them

Which will *you* buy for *your* home?



Square yards of material at a price, *or*

a scientific method of insulation that costs no more

THE *method* of using a building insulation is vitally important — just as important as the material itself. When you build or buy an "insulated" home, be sure to ask *what* was used to insulate it — *how* it was used — and be sure to ask for *proof* of its effectiveness.

When you pay for building insulation, you are buying the ability of that material to keep heat in in winter and to keep it out in summer. *Be sure* that you will get all that you should — for it is costly to replace inefficient insulation that fails to repay its cost by *saving a full one-third of your fuel every winter.*

The FLAX-LI-NUM *method gives you the equivalent of ¾ inch insulation at the cost of ½ inch.* These semi-rigid sheets are installed *between* the studs, halfway between the inner and outer walls. The U. S. Bureau of Standards' Letter Circular No. 227 says of the FLAX-LI-NUM method: "The addition of a half-inch layer of insulation in the middle of the air space is the equivalent of adding about a ¾ inch layer at some other place in the wall". *Be sure* your insulation is so installed.

As a building insulation, FLAX-LI-NUM offers advantages found in no other material. It has great tensile strength; it will not puncture, tear nor break. The long, tough flax fibres never rot. Hence, FLAX-LI-NUM is permanent. *It will outlast the building.*

FLAX-LI-NUM is easily and quickly installed — *holds itself in place* while the builder drives home a few nails. There is no waste — and it is almost impossible to install it incorrectly.

Then, too, FLAX-LI-NUM is compressed in the making, but not in installing. The semi-rigid sheets, when built into the wall, *lose nothing in the process of installation.*

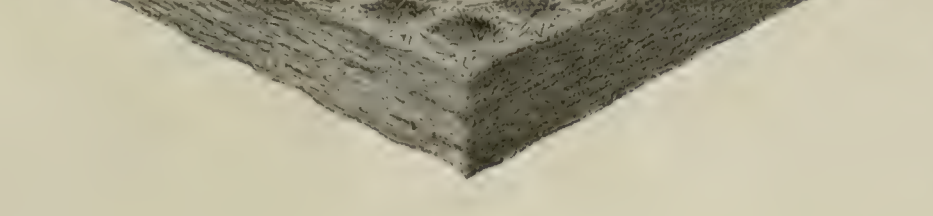
Seventeen years of successful performance are behind FLAX-LI-NUM. When *you* build your home, be *inquisitive.* It will pay you to compare FLAX-LI-NUM, the *material,* and the FLAX-LI-NUM *method* with all others. On every count you will find that FLAX-LI-NUM excels. Specify ½ inch in side walls, one inch in roofs. Send for samples and a copy of the book "Heat Insulation for Houses."

FLAX-LI-NUM INSULATING COMPANY, *St. Paul, Minnesota*

228 N. La Salle St., Chicago 101 Park Ave., New York City

Flax-li-num

THE CORRECT BUILDING INSULATION AND SOUND CONTROL MATERIAL



FLAX-LI-NUM INSULATING CO. L-1
St. Paul, Minn.

Send me samples and complete information on FLAX-LI-NUM.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

ble as it was placed over Richthofen's final resting-place in Berlin.

On the following day, the ace, piloted by Krefft, flew from Kreuznach to the country place where the Kaiserin was staying, not an hour's flight from General Headquarters.

HER Majesty had commanded him to report to her, and her desire to see the new hero of the fatherland was so keen that she waited for his arrival at the private airdrome on the estate.

Richthofen apologized for the old leather jacket he wore, but explained that it was part of the equipment that he had used in his air combats at the front.

The Empress examined the coat carefully and even passed her hand over the worn leather sleeves that had become somewhat thin at the elbows.

"A good old jacket," she said. "And just imagine that it has seen fifty-two victories!"

She concluded her birthday congratulations by presenting him with a gold-and-white-enamel cigaret-case inscribed with her name, and then insisted that the ace lunch with her.

Richthofen liked her. She seemed like a dear old aunt or a grandmother, and he took delight in showing her how the motor of his plane was started.

Although all Germany was waiting to fête him, this first week of glory and celebration annoyed him as much as it impressed him. The attentions of the high-rankers were oppressive. The wholesale compliments embarrassed him. They left him speechless and feeling foolish.

It was all so different from the feeling of solitude and of individual power that one experienced soaring at 150 miles an hour above the clouds.

This world of compliments and neatly turned phrases was not his. He yearned for the heights and for the feel of triggers under his steady fingers. The instinct to kill could not be fed on cakes and bonbons—it called for blood.

He obtained permission to go to a state hunting preserve at Freiburg and roam the forest in search of game. He declared that he needed it for his nerves, that his system required it just the same as other constitutions required the relief that was to be had at a watering-place or at the seashore.

And it was at Freiburg on May 9 that he wrote his mother as follows:

LIEBE MAMA:

I suppose you will be angry with me for having been in Germany for eight days without dropping you a line.

I am shooting pheasants here and expect to remain until the fourteenth. The sport is wonderful.

After that, I have to go to Berlin to look over the new planes. That will take me about three days, and then for Schweidnitz. Until then you will have to excuse me.

From Schweidnitz, I will ride over to the Prince of Pless' estate and bag an elk. Toward the end of the month I will look over the other fronts, Balkans, etc. That will take from three to four weeks.

In the meantime Lothar is commanding my squadron and is, I think, slated for the Pour le Mérite. How do you like your two bad boys?

MANFRED.

Field-Marshal von Hindenburg greeting Richthofen (arrow) and other officers outside German army headquarters at Kreuznach.

In his forest retreat, with his dogs and guns, Richthofen did not know, when he wrote the above letter, that Lothar was lying close to death in a hospital. The younger brother had been brought to earth by an English bullet as easily as the elder brother had been knocking down pheasants.

It must be remembered that rivalry as well as love existed between the two brothers. Manfred's schooling had been that of the professional soldier in the cadet corps. Lothar had been trained for the world in the high school at Schweidnitz.

This schooling made it possible for him to enter the army at the beginning of the war as a *fahnen-*

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BULLETS OF LIGHT!

STRAIGHT ahead—lighting up the road for a quarter mile, or *tilted* to pierce the glare of oncoming "brights," Guide Tilt Ray Headlamps are veritable bullets of light.

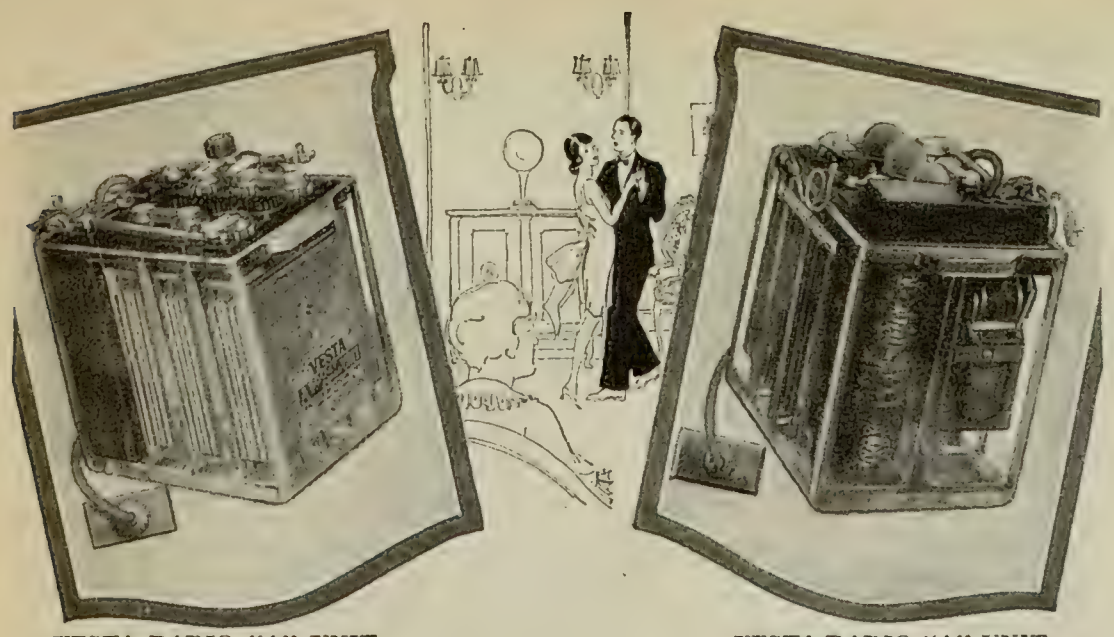
No cause to worry how dark or foggy the night. No need of anxiety because the other fellow does not dim.

So safe and comfortable has this modern headlamp made night driving, it is almost certain that the new car you buy will be so equipped at the factory.

Meantime, at small cost you may enjoy the relaxation tilt rays bring by having this new lamp put on your present car.

Write for full details, giving make and model of car, to The Guide Motor Lamp Manufacturing Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

Guide
TILT RAY
HEAD LAMPS



VESTA RADIO "A" UNIT
BALKITE RECTIFIER

VESTA RADIO "A" UNIT
VERTREX RECTIFIER

# of Great Value to Every Radio Owner

You may now have Vesta BUILT-IN-GLASS, Radio "A" Socket Power Units with either wet or dry rectifiers. As pictured above, the Dry Rectifier is of the Vertrex type, built in with either a 4 or 6 volt battery and hydrometer.

The wet Rectifier is Balkite, built in a glass case, with either a 4 or 6 volt battery and hydrometer.

These two combinations present the utmost in radio "A" Power—to please radio owners who prefer either the wet or dry rectifier type of chargers.

These units have a high and low charging switch which provides a rate of charge for sets of all sizes under variable operating conditions.

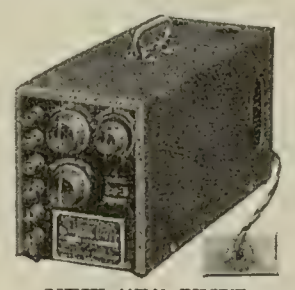
They are supplied with or without automatic relay (as desired) which automatically cuts off the current going to the battery when set is in operation and turns on the current when set is turned off.

Ask your radio dealer to show you this complete Socket Power "A" Unit—BUILT-IN-GLASS—with everything visible. A clean, compact, reliable source of "A" power that will insure greater enjoyment from your set.

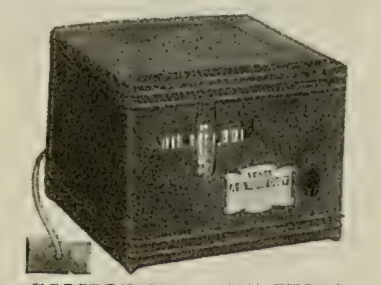
Prices range from $28 without the relay to $37.50 with relay in either 6 volt or 4 volt, 50 ampere units

VESTA BATTERY CORPORATION
2100 Indiana Avenue
CHICAGO, ILL.

VESTA DRY TRICKLE CHARGER
Socket Power, without relay $15; with relay, $17.50. (Licensed U. S. Patent Serial No. 1611653).



NEW "B" UNIT
Socket power with automatic relay. 40 mils, 180 volts, $39.50; 60 mils, 180 volts, $44.50.



COMPLETE "A-B" UNIT
Socket power (dry rectifier) automatic relay. 40 mils, 180 volts, $72.00; 60 mils, 180 volts, $77.00.

Complete line of Vesta Non-Microphonic Tubes for every radio purpose; the height of quality.

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Name _____

Address _____

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[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Sixty-one

junker—a soldier of the ranks who is a candidate for a commission.

He was assigned to the Fourth Regiment of Dragoons at Lüben and reached the Western Front before Manfred, a fact which caused the elder brother some concern.

Lothar's dragoons vied with the uhlans in daring patrol exploits that blazed the way for the German advance on Paris in 1914. It is even said that Lothar was one of the party that approached so close to the French capital that they were able to see the top of the Eiffel Tower.

Lothar suffered much the same as Manfred from the mud and infantry life of the stabilized warfare that dragged through 1915. Having followed his brother into a mounted organization, he again acted on Manfred's example and transferred to the flying service in the winter of 1916-'17.

THE younger brother was the taller. He generally carried a riding-crop, either tucked under the left armpit or grasped in the right hand and used for rapping the right boot leg smartly. It was the mannerism of the mounted corps and with Lothar it became an easy habit.

He openly admired every attractive girl. Girls could make Manfred blush with one tender glance. Lothar made women feel not unpleasantly uncomfortable when he looked at them.

Lothar was just as much of a killer as his elder brother, but he was a "lady-killer" also, something that Manfred decidedly was not.

Where Manfred was modestly retiring, not through an absence of pride but on account of a great self-consciousness, his younger brother was socially forward, gay, debonair, always at ease, and as ready for a battle of the lighter emotions as he was for a death duel in the clouds.

He liked women, wine, and war, and was not backward in acknowledging his complete absorption in that ticklish trinity. He could drink, flirt, and fight. He figured it was not only the best war he had ever been in, but the happiest period of his life.

He was well aware that it might come to an abrupt end at any minute, but *fräuleins* and flagons were pleasant anodyne for such thoughts. Besides, he enjoyed the happy lenitive of superstition.

He always flew with a talisman. At first it was the riding-crop that had been with him in the dragoons. He believed that to fly without it increased the chances against him. Three times when he had left it behind he encountered additional difficulties.

But when he became a fighting pilot in a small scout plane, the stick was too large to carry.

"When I went up alone for the first time," he explained, "it required all my courage and determination to leave that stick on the ground."

The incident was more than trivial. Lothar had a friend,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Yes Sir, !

ROOMS ARE LARGER AT THE DETROIT-LELAND

Where Luxury is Homelike

The homelike atmosphere which is characteristic of the Detroit-Leland, is carried out not only in the far larger rooms it provides, but in the beautiful and livable furnishings and fittings, and the delightful decorations, which are individual and not repeated in any two rooms on the same floor.

The cuisine transcends perfection. The labyrinth of public rooms, the galleries, promenades and approaches are colorful and vivacious, without the noisy clamor so often associated with large hotels.

With all these advantages the Detroit-Leland prices for rooms and food are so moderate that good judgment must approve.

700 Large Rooms with Bath
85% are priced from $3.00 to $5.00

DETROIT-LELAND HOTEL

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(a few steps from the Michigan Theater)

WM. J. CHITTENDEN, Jr., *Manager*

Direction
Continental-Leland Corporation

Larger Sample Rooms from $5.00 to $8.00 per day

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

Wintgrens, who also flew with a riding-stick. Once he flew without it and on that day he was killed. Lothar had to force himself to overcome the feeling of protection that he had in the company of his first talisman.

HE held it to a degree responsible for carrying him safely through the dangerous work of night bombing. He had heard the whine and the thump of anti-aircraft shells as they exploded around him, and he was fully acquainted with the dangers of landing at night in land fogs.

On the whole, he preferred night bombing. Dropping bombs gave him greater satisfaction, because, under cover of darkness, he could approach nearer to his objectives and be more certain of a hit.

> At night the enemy could not see us [he wrote]. Therefore, it was easy to descend within three hundred feet of the ground and release the bombs. The explosions would illuminate the surroundings in bright light.
>
> Bungalows filled with troops, provisions, or munitions could be seen splendidly. Once we succeeded in blowing up a whole munitions depot. One single bomb did it. The explosion spread over the entire camp, which was about a square kilometer in size.
>
> Columns of fire leaped up ten thousand feet from the ground. One dump detonated its neighbor and they exploded one after another. The next day it was possible to see that the entire camp had been destroyed by fire.

Back in the airdrome, Lothar and his comrades would congratulate one another on the night's work while they took on heat and new courage from steaming mugs of rum, hot water, and sugar. Sometimes the squadron would make as many as three raids, or deliveries, in a night.

Graduating from the bombing service, Lothar attained the peak of his desires early in 1917, when, after his first solo flights, he became a member of his famous brother's fighting unit. He inherited one of Manfred's former planes in which the ace had gained ten victories.

As a new talisman to replace the old riding-crop, the fledgling received a pair of old fur gloves from his brother.

Lothar was conscious of the fact that these gloves had transmitted the ace's finger pressure to the triggers in many a victorious air duel, and the knowledge brought him a confidence that carried him through his first ten combats in the air.

After that tenth victory the old bus and the gloves went to pieces, and the novice, with new reliance in himself, advanced to a new plane and new equipment.

The younger brother's offerings upon the altar of chance were not unique in Richthofen's jagdstaffel or in any air service. Little Wolff always wore an old German nightcap under his flying helmet, and Voss would never fly a plane over the lines unless his special death-defying device of a black skull and cross-bones was stenciled on its side.

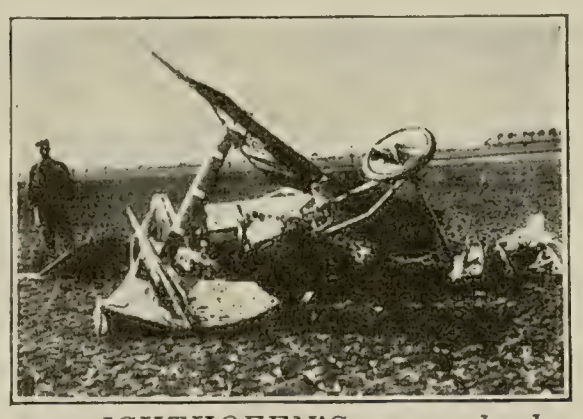
One superstition general among the German fliers was that it was extremely bad luck to be photographed just before a duty flight.

Boelke had defied this phobia and paid with his life. A friend had snapped him in front of his plane just before he took to the air. He never came back. Schaeffer's death was preceded two hours by a personal photograph. So was Manfred's. The camera fiend was not a welcome guest at the airdrome just before a flight.

It was noticeable, however, that the respect and importance given to charms were less prevalent among the fliers whose background was the regular army. War was more a science to the trained professional; and chance, although ever present, was the minor consideration.

THE war birds from civilian life flew with almost as much desperation as they did with hope. If luck was against them, they would be killed; if it was with them, they would survive.

That was the way most of them accepted the proposition, and it was a feeling that contributed greatly to the daring and recklessness with which they wrote their names in the stirring annals of air fighting.



RICHTHOFEN'S scrapbook held many pictures of English planes that he shot down. This was one of them.

Manfred knew that his brother was this kind of bird. Soldiering as a career was of no interest to Lothar; but war was a game and a gamble that he loved.

Manfred prided himself that he killed through a sense of duty. He believed that Lothar shot down his enemies for the pure sport of it.

Manfred characterized Lothar as a "butcher," not unkindly. He compared his brother to the "game hog," who prefers killing everything in sight to the well planned stalking of one victim.

His opinion was not without an element of pride in the youngster's prowess, because there is a place in war for the game hog as well as for the craftsman who excels in the technique of methodical killing.

Lothar depended upon his luck. Manfred depended upon his skill.

Good fortune flew at Lothar's side. In four weeks after his arrival in Manfred's unit he had downed twenty planes. His flying was reckless and daring, and this made him more popular with the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WASH ONCE . . .

WASH AGAIN . . .

AND . . .

Then . . .

watch this massage roll out hidden pore-dirt!

IT'S startling . . . the amount of dirt that hides in your pores.

Only when men see this pink cream turn gray with pore-dirt after a few seconds' massage do they realize why their faces seldom show the healthy glow of a really clean skin.

Pore-dirt gets grimed in under the skin of every face. The wash cloth doesn't budge it. To prove this we urge you to send for the FREE tube offered below and to wash your face—twice—before using it.

Then prepare your pride for a real shock!

Rubs in pink. Rolls out a dingy GRAY!

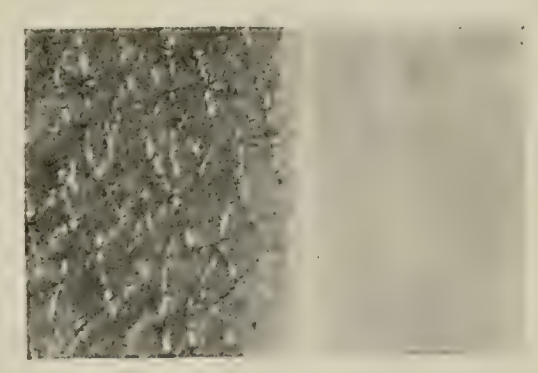
Squeeze a little cream from the sample tube. Rub it onto your face, around the chin, where the nose meets the face, over the nose itself. Continue rubbing.

In a few seconds the dried cream rolls out. Pink? No, dingy gray! Dark with the pore-dirt that grayed your complexion!!

Then look in the mirror. Clean! No unsightly blackheads now. Your pores are freed. Your skin a-tingle with a healthy, fresh glow that causes folks to say, "Gosh, you sure look well today . . ."

FREE test convinces thousands

You can buy a jar of Pompeian at any toilet goods counter for 60c. We'd rather you tested it FREE. Fill in the coupon and mail it to us—right now, while you are reading this message.



Photograph taken under the lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream. The light area at the right shows the cream spread on the skin.

Photomicrograph of the same section of skin after using Pompeian Massage Cream. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with the pore-dirt that has been rolled free.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

The Pompeian Company, Dept. 304-I, 595 Fifth Ave., New York. Gentlemen: Please send me a generous trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for three facial massages.

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AMERICAN BOTTLERS OF CARBONATED BEVERAGES

The tang that tempts

IT'S a *pleasure* to satisfy thirst in this day of delicious bottled carbonated beverages. There's a tingling tang . . . an elusive sparkling something about these inviting drinks that goes straight to the thirsty spot, and really *satisfies*. You can get carbonated beverages by the case at your store. Keep a few bottles on ice. They are good and *good for you*.

SENT FREE. Write for "*Recipes for Housewife and Hostess.*" Frozen desserts, delicious punches, dainty salads. A.B.C.B., 851 Bond Bldg., Washington, D. C.

There's a BOTTLER *in your town*

Bottled Carbonated Beverages

These taste-tempting drinks also are known by less formal names . . . *tonics* in New England . . . *soda water* in Dixie . . . *soda pop* in the Mid West . . . *soft drinks* in the Far West . . . and we all know the *ginger ales*. Call them what you will, but drink your fill—they're good and good for you!

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Sixty-three

officers and men of the squadron than was his brother.

Manfred, with the will-power and energy to command men, was a strict disciplinarian. Popularity was not one of the results he was looking for. He prided himself that he was a soldier who obeyed orders whether he liked them or not, and he insisted upon his subordinates doing likewise. Lothar was a "good fellow."

It was on May 7 that Lothar received his first taste of the punishment he had been inflicting upon the enemy. His daring on that day netted him an almost fatal wound from a British bullet. Only chance brought his plane safely to earth behind his own lines.

When Manfred at his hunting-camp received the telegram that his brother had been wounded, he obtained details of the affair by long-distance telephone and characterized Lothar's conduct as plain rashness.

Having succeeded the ace as leader of the jagdstaffel, Lothar had selected Almenroeder to fly with him late on the afternoon of that day while the Battle of Bullecourt raged on the ground beneath them.

FROM an altitude of 6,000 feet, young Richthofen dived to attack an English flier who, at 3,000 feet, was making frequent dives upon German infantry and spraying them with machine-gun lead.

The British infantry flier accepted combat with the fast German fighting plane, and Lothar found that he was up against an opponent who was ready to hold his ground.

Every time he approached his enemy from the rear, the English observer sent forth a stream of lead from his rear machine gun. Attacks from the front were met with equally warm receptions.

Almenroeder joined his fellow officer and down came the rest of the red Albatross unit. Then other English planes descended from above. In less than five minutes a general dog fight was on at an unusually low altitude. The sudden burst of air fury almost stopped the battle on the ground.

At times the battle swung back of Vimy Ridge, now in the hands of the English, and again it was carried on the wind back of the German lines. Planes went down on both sides—some like dead flies, some like falling firebrands.

Lothar and Lady Luck were hard pressed. He found himself with a particularly speedy Englishman hanging close on his tail and literally blistering it with hot lead. He failed to recognize the terrain below and for the moment did not know whether or not he was behind his own lines.

Twist and swerve as he might, the Englishman hung on and pumped lead. Lothar saw the splash of bullets on the motor in front of him and saw the splinters fly up from the woodwork of the instrument board. Then came a sharp pain through the hip and a stream of warm liquid flowed down his right leg.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Without Continuous Wiping Keeps Windshield Clear

RUBBER wipes off dirt—FELT puts on a chemical that keeps vision-area on windshield clear for hours, *without continuous wiping*, in rain, mist, fog, snow.

CHRISTEN'S SAFETY WINDSHIELD WIPER BLADE

This new wiper blade fits any style of automatic, or hand, windshield wiper—just take out the old blade and insert the Christen blade. Like a new car, or new pair of shoes, it has to be "broken in" before you will get the best results. It comes to you with the Felt slightly higher than the Rubber, because after two or three good storms used as an ordinary wiper blade the Felt squashes down to the level of the Rubber, the excess chemical is worked out and you get results that mean *lasting satisfaction*.

Guaranteed for one year. Metal part rust-proof because Parkerized.

35c standard 7½ in. size. Special 9 in. size, 50c. Ask for it by name wherever auto accessories are sold.

V. H. CHRISTEN MFG. CO.
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Wilcot (Parent) Company, Ltd. Fishponds, Bristol, England. *Distributor for Europe and British Colonies except Canada*

***A Quick* Fortune in Dimes**

Amazing New Automatic Electric "Red Hot" Roaster

takes in **$30 in hour**

IF you are already in the food business—OR—If you are ambitious to start in a business that brings tremendous profits on a small investment—

Find out at once all about this new automatic electric way of *roasting* "Red Hots." With quick fortunes being made in Red Hots, what an opportunity this new Wee-Nee Machine opens up to you! It roasts them by electricity—avoids watching and handling 'em—takes 'em out when done to a turn—and stores 'em in a heated compartment until served.

Wee-Nee

Folks Fight for Roasted "Red Hots"

Once a man tastes a roasted Red Hot, he is done forever with the old soggy, boiled "dog"—or the dried-up, fried kind. Dazzling white machine draws crowds like magic away from ordinary stands to pour out their dimes for *roasted* Red Hots.

Profits Waiting—Mail Coupon

Be the first to have the Wee-Nee Machine and monopolize the Red Hot business of your locality! You can do it! Coupon brings the full details Mail it today!

FOOD DISPLAY MACHINE CORP.
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Send me without obligation, full details of your new Wee-Nee Machine and facts concerning the big money to be made.

Name.....

Address.....

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WHITE, clean and sanitary, it is easy to install and will improve the appearance of any bathroom. A dark-colored, cracked or old toilet seat can easily be replaced with a modern, clean, white, sanitary Church Toilet Seat—the bathroom luxury everyone can afford. You can easily put one on any toilet in a few minutes with an ordinary pair of pliers. Its pure whiteness adds new beauty to any bathroom.

Its white surface is an ivorylike sheathing, as easy to keep clean as porcelain. It won't crack, split, wear off or change color. Phone or visit your neighborhood plumbing store today. They can supply you. Clip the coupon and mail for booklet and cross-section.

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With no obligation to me, please send a free copy of your book, "An Easy Way to Make a Bathroom More Attractive," together with free sample of Sani-White Sheathing to:

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When the big fight is broadcast will you be ready?

The B-T Counterphase Receiver will bring you a vivid word picture round by round.

Its fidelity of reproduction—its distance getting ability will amaze you.

Sold by authorized dealers everywhere. Send for a copy of "Better Tuning."

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

Below was a meadow. He headed for it. He looked down at his leg, saw his own blood, and fainted. The red Albatross, speeding at over 100 miles an hour and hardly 1,000 feet in the air, plunged earthward with its unconscious pilot strapped in the seat.

Lothar's lucky star landed the machine safely. How, the wounded man never knew, because everything remained a blank until he awoke in a field hospital with no other injury than the bullet-shattered hip.

As a result of the fight, he was given credit for his twenty-second victory, and the downed English plane designated as his particular victim was that of Captain Albert Ball, the leading British ace.

It is rather well substantiated that Ball was killed in the same general fight in which Lothar escaped with a wound, but there are serious grounds for doubting that a bullet from the younger Richthofen's guns passed through the head of the famous English ace and sent him crashing to earth.

The meager German accounts of Ball's end all state that the Englishman was flying a triplane, which was not the fact.

There is a strong probability that Ball received his death blow in the general air scrimmage instead of in a single duel, and that the German pilot who killed him lost his life in the same fight, with the result that no one claimed to have downed the English youth. Accordingly, credit for it was given to the disabled Richthofen.

BALL was the idol of the British flying service.

"He was the most daring, skilful, and successful pilot the Royal Flying Corps ever had," is the opinion of Air Chief Marshal Hugh Trenchard, the present head of the British air force.

Like the elder Richthofen, his victories had passed the half-century mark and his country had acclaimed him the greatest flier of the war and covered him with honors. He wore the Victoria Cross, the medal of the Distinguished Service Order, and the Military Cross.

Marksmanship, airmanship, careful planning, and extreme bravery contributed to the destructive capacity of the young English ace.

Like Richthofen, he possessed the killing instinct. His flying comrades report that he would often follow his burning victims earthward, pouring streams of machine-gun lead into them.

In his public appearances at home, he had an engaging boyish smile that won the hearts of all who saw him, but in France he was reticent to the degree of being almost unsocial.

While members of his squadron idled an hour over "pegs" of whisky in the mess hall, Ball would be found alone in his quarters with his phonograph. He liked good music and flowers and under their influence would hatch out most of the plans and maneuvers that made him so successful in the air.

He would spend hours at the gun

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Drinkless KAYWOODIE
Unconditionally Guaranteed

SINCE Raleigh smoked the first pipe in civilization's history—here's the greatest pipe in 300 years!

Now modern science answers the demand for an absolutely dry, cool, sweet smoke.

Never before a pipe to give you the perfect smoke that Drinkless Kaywoodie Pipe *guarantees* you today!

All that modern research has learned about the selection and treatment of the briar root is built into the Drinkless Kaywoodie Pipe. And it banishes *for all time* the ancient wet-pipe nuisance! It's the wonderful Drinkless Attachment that keeps your pipe *dry forever.*

Over 100 models, in plain and relief grain.

Drinkless KAYWOODIE
$3.50 UP
At all pipe dealers, clubs, hotels and better cigar stores

MEN: Write for free booklet "Drinkless Kaywoodie" including advice on pipe hygiene. And information on Drinkless Kaywoodie Pipes.

HERE'S the famous Drinkless Attachment built permanently into the stem. To clean, wipe dry. . . . Look for inlay on the stem. Your guarantee of a dry pipe.

DEALERS: Ask your jobber about the Drinkless Kaywoodie Pipe or write us direct. Also ask about famous Drinkless Kaywoodie cigarette and cigar holders.

Rough finish Drinkless Kaywoodie Relief $7.00
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K B & B

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RUINED!

BANG—and another good tire is ready for the junk pile—all because it was not kept properly inflated. Result—a bad blowout, possible accident and loss of thousands of miles of tire service, plus the annoyance of needless delay along the road.

This won't happen to you if you test the air pressure in your tires at least once every week with the *accurate* U. S. TIRE GAUGE.

The U. S. TIRE GAUGE is *guaranteed accurate to the pound.* It is as easy to read as your watch, fits all types of wheels and is handy to use. Sturdiness of construction is typified by the unbreakable crystal.

Safeguard your tire investment and riding comfort by maintaining correct inflation with a U. S. TIRE GAUGE. Ask for it by name at your dealer's. If he cannot supply you, order direct. Price, $1.50, complete with leather case.

UNITED STATES GAUGE CO.
44 Beaver Street, New York

Makers of Pressure and Vacuum Gauges All Sizes and Types for Every Purpose

U.S. TIRE GAUGE

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Sixty-five

butts, improving his marksmanship. He carried empty paper boxes and tin cans up with him and before returning to the airdrome from a flight over the lines, would toss them out and expend his remaining ammunition upon these moving targets as they fell.

THE men in his own squadron knew very little of him, except that he possessed an overpowering ambition to kill as many Germans as he could. What was sport or duty to them was food to the fire that raged within this strange youngster, who hid his killer instincts behind a mask of boyish smiles.

Bashful, shy, retiring in the presence of others on the ground, he was grim and fearless in the air.

Ball preferred to fly alone. Surprise and sudden attack from as close as thirty feet were the secrets of his tactics. He practised it on his own mates, frequently flying for miles under the tail of a British plane without the pilot being aware of his presence in that fatal position.

From the attack at short range, Ball gained an added security which he employed when he made his famous lone attacks on superior numbers of the enemy. He would cling so close to his special victim that the other Germans would not dare to fire on him for fear of hitting their own man.

Ball preferred the fast French Nieuport scout plane to any of British make, and his squadron, the Sixtieth, was equipped with them.

With the machine-gun mounting employed on this plane, Ball was able to surprise his victims by varying his aim without changing his course.

Stalking his intended victims from above and behind, exactly as Richthofen did, he would dive, zoom upward beneath the selected German plane, and then, at a range of hardly ten yards, spray the enemy machine with lead from nose to tail.

He would accomplish this by the slightest oscillation of the control stick and frequently would have 100 rounds into his victim before the latter was aware of his presence.

His delight was to hang on above the tail of a German formation of from seven to twelve planes, diving and shooting, until one of them would leave its position in the flying V.

Usually the deadly shooting and superior airmanship of the English ace sent it down in flames.

There is no English account of Ball's last fight. If any of his flying mates saw him go down, they did not recognize his plane.

He was reported missing that night, and several days later the Germans dropped a note which seems, for once at least, to have permitted a personal pride and exultation to replace the respect that was generally expressed for a fallen foe whose gallantry was acknowledged. The note read:

> R. F. C. Captain Ball was brought down in a fight in the air on May 7, 1917, by a pilot who was of the same order as himself. He was buried at Annœulin.

THIS was apparently written after credit for Ball's death had been given to Lothar von Richthofen. The Germans found in Ball's pocket a newspaper clipping, which they sent to Lothar at the hospital. He placed it proudly among his trophies in the scrapbook that remains today in his mother's home. The clipping shows Ball with the casket that was presented to him by the City of Manchester when he was given the freedom of the city. The day the picture was taken, Ball and his mother and father had proudly posed for photographs, which were the last taken of him in England.

Shortly afterward he returned to France and to his death.

Richthofen, recalled to the front, finds the new English planes collecting a heavy toll in his jagdstaffel. He shoots down five more British fliers. Then, with a bullet in his head, the German ace plunges earthward.

From Richthofen's scrapbook: Another British plane after the dive that added one more victory to the flying uhlan's string.

America's own flag service to Europe

When you go to Europe the American way, you are sailing on one of your own ships in luxurious comfort.

From the time you step on the gangplank until you walk off, your trip is like a delightful visit in America's finest hotel.

Your trip abroad will be a complete success if you select one of these fine ships of the United States Lines.

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Wins $25

LIBERTY offers $25 weekly for the best original cross-word puzzle design sent in by its readers. Address Cross Words, 247 Park Avenue, New York City. Enclose stamped, addressed envelop if you wish your contribution returned.

HORIZONTAL

1 First in rank
6 A Scottish hillside
10 To fall loosely
14 A dispensation
19 Scarcer
20 A circle
21 Unaspirated consonant
22 Mad
23 Silly
24 In
25 Mocked
26 Part of an ode
27 Obtain
28 Repair
30 Tedious
33 Lair
34 Ostensible
36 Broader
37 Affairs
39 Consumed
40 Positions
41 An affray
42 Gaze
45 Plunders
46 Waterfalls
50 Tax
51 Ties up
52 Tramper
53 Heal
54 A weapon
55 Sweet viscid material
56 Overlay
57 Cardinal number
58 Gesticulations
60 More loyal
61 Smirched
62 A ratification
63 To ice
64 Render senseless
65 Deliverer of goods or money in trust
68 Location
69 Cozy place
73 Command
74 Courage
75 Era
76 Contend against
77 Mounds
78 Mischievous trick
79 Particle of fire
80 Table-land
81 Pounding
83 Steeple
84 Cleaner
85 Quickly
86 Room
87 Existed
88 Crystalline rock
91 Celestial bodies
92 Procession
96 Limb
97 Male figure used as a column (plural)
99 Need
100 Billow
101 Embarrass
103 Dash
104 Black
106 Memoranda
108 Rebind
109 Painful
110 Learning
111 Irregular, as if gnawed
112 Choose
113 Places
114 Edible tubers
115 Resist

VERTICAL

1 Conceited precisians
2 Indian princess
3 Angry
4 Mortals
5 Hermit
6 Fetch
7 Bark
8 Insect
9 Those given to thoughts of self
10 Unsteady lights
11 One afflicted with leprosy
12 Units
13 Instrument for recording paces
14 Hailer
15 Strike smartly
16 Home
17 A beverage
18 Paradise (plural)
29 Compass point
31 Day of the Roman month
32 Pertaining to the cheek
35 A fertilizer
36 Abounding in woods
38 Instructing
40 Corn cakes
41 Creator
42 Deer
43 Rent
44 Charity
45 A cloth
46 Musky animal perfume
47 To coil
48 Large plant
49 Ovule
51 The shipworm
52 A dwelling
55 Wit
56 Earthenware vessel
57 Strong
59 Juryman
60 Path
61 Adhered

S	T	R	A	P		T	R	A	D	E		S	T	U	N	G			
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I	C	E		L	A	N	K		P	A	I	D		U	S	E			
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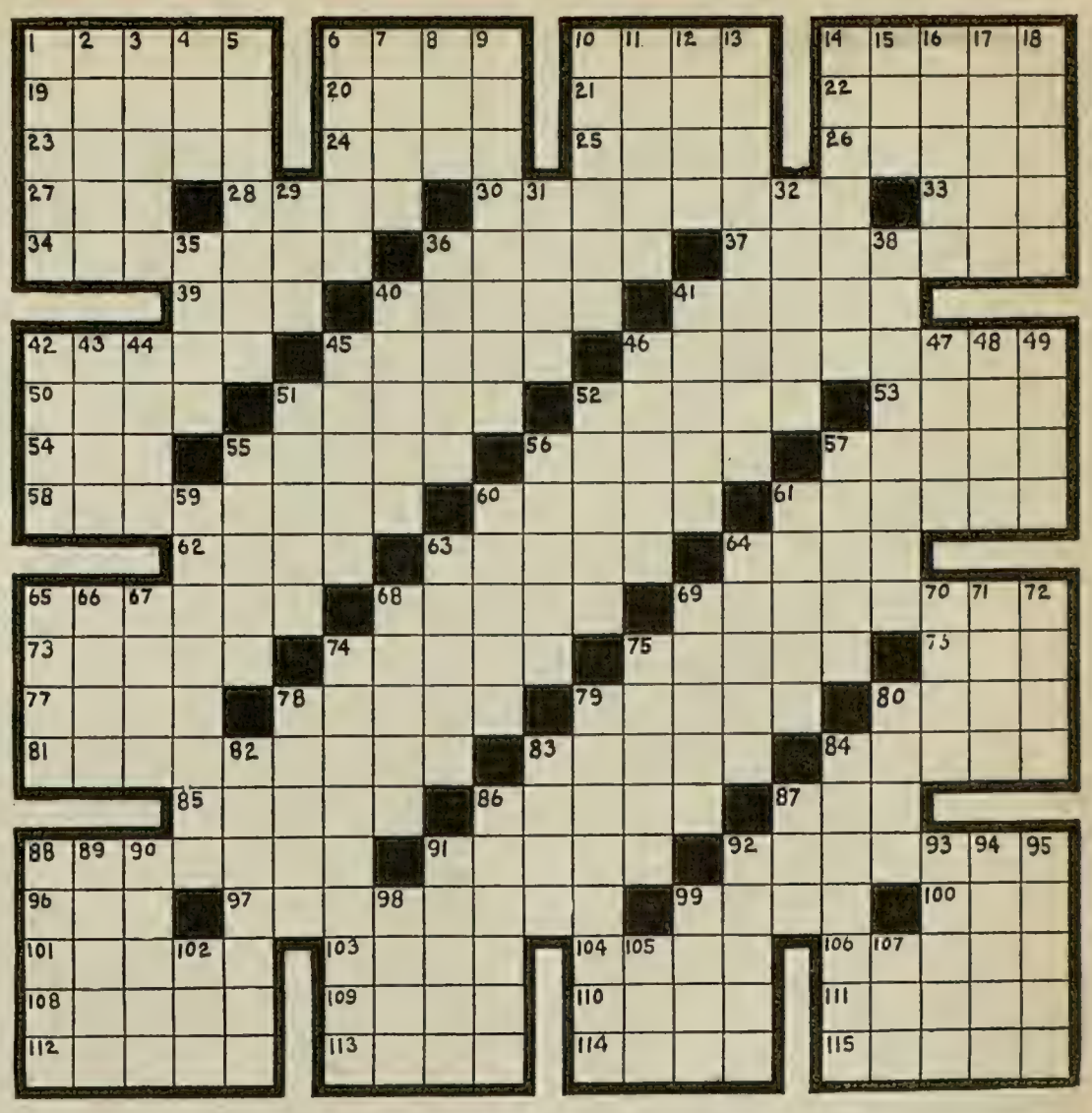
Answer to Puzzle No. 53



Prize Puzzle No. 54

By SIMPSON ALBION, Highland Park, Michigan

63 Hurled
64 Snort
65 The two
66 District
67 The same
68 Carpenter's tool
69 Lean
70 Always
71 Ascend
72 Period of time
74 Invaluable
75 Poems
78 Prattle
79 Scantily
80 To be obliged
82 Significant name
83 To bridge
84 An associate
86 Rocks
87 Gained
88 Dazzling light
89 Revolt
90 A size of type
91 Brilliant
92 Walking-sticks
93 To bar by law
94 Fowls
95 A stand
98 Drug-yielding plant
99 Creeping animal
102 Latin word for "so"
105 A serpent
107 Raw metal

The Sole that wears and wears

OUT there on the hard, grinding pavement—in rain and snow, every day all the year around—where shoes get a real workout, the Traffic Policeman has found that USKIDE Soles not only outwear all others, but that USKIDE is neat, flexible, thin as leather, waterproof, non-slipping and easy on the feet.

Here is what one of those big fellows who wears out ordinary soles in a few weeks says about USKIDE:

"I have had such comfort—cool in summer, warm and dry in winter—and such long wear from a pair of USKIDE Soles that I want you to see the shoes I have worn every day for 15 months.

"The soles are still good for several months' wear but the uppers are worn out."

Marcellus R. Abel, Traffic Officer, District 1
Cincinnati, Ohio

USKIDE will do as much for you. See that your next new shoes have USKIDE Soles—have your repairman put USKIDE on your old shoes—you will be astounded at the way they wear. Write for booklet.

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Trade Mark

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Room 404, 1790 Broadway, New York
Gentlemen: Please send me the free booklet "How to cut your shoe bill."
Name
Address

USKIDE SOLES
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

By the makers of the famous "U.S." Spring-Step Rubber Heels

Poor *Misunderstood* Me!

As Dictated by Toni, Jr., to ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Lazarnick photo

Fifi lets me squeeze her as hard as I want to.

(Reading time: 4 minutes.)

DEAR WORLD:

I wish my Mommy wasn't any bigger than me. Then she'd never have to ask:

"Toni, why *do* you do things like that?"

She'd know. I'd never have to 'splain anything. She'd understand many, many things she can't now because she isn't little enough.

But I guess I'll just have to be patient, and maybe some day I'll either be as big as she is, or my wish will come true that she'll be as little as me, and then we'll get along without so many misunder-stand-ings.

If she'd been my size, she never would have grabbed me the other day just when Fluffy, the tiniest, cutest, sweetest of the four little kittens, ran up to say something to its Mama Kitten. I wanted to hear what she would say and if the Mama Kitten would ask:

"Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
Where have you been?"

But now I'll never know.

I was sitting right by the window, looking down on the kittens playing in the yard below. All of a sudden I heard them meow-ing and meow-ing and calling to me to come on down and play with them. I climbed on to the window-sill, and was just leaning out to wave my hand to let them know I heard them calling me, when I felt myself caught from behind and pulled into the center of the room and told never, *never* to go near that window again.

Oh, how Mom carried on. She almost had a fit of hy-ster-ics. I think that is the word. Anyway, it was something queer. She was weeping and hugging and scolding me all at once. She said another inch and I would have fallen down three flights.

Which was most absurd. I wasn't falling out at all. Only trying to get nearer to Fluffy.

It was nice later, though, when Daddy tucked me into bed and kept hugging and kissing me longer than he ever did before, saying how nice it was that he had me and how nar-row-ly he escaped losing me.

Pictures by Dorothy Hope Smith Barlow

I heard them meow-ing to me to come down and play.

Well, maybe there was something to it. Maybe I did forget myself, and three stories might have given me a couple of bad bumps, if not worse. I suppose, after all, mamas are right sometimes. But this morning I know my Mom was wrong. Ab-sol-oot-illy, pos-i-*tiv*-illy wrong, as Daddy tells her sometimes she is.

Just imagine. In the corner of the kitchen, or maybe it was the pantry, the cupboard door was open, and I looked in and discovered dolls and dolls and dolls. Shelves of them. There were black ones and silver ones and gold ones and shiny ones—all kinds of ones.

I took them out and gave them each a name. One I called Blackie and one Goldie, one Sunshine, and one I called Daddy because he was big and strong, and one Mommy because it was mates with Daddy. And one I called Aunty because it came right after Daddy and Mommy.

They were all delighted with the names I called them and we played around in the kitchen for awhile. Then I carried them all in and laid them down on the bed and I kept on talking to them and asking them questions.

They were telling me all about their home back in the pantry. What they do when they are put away at night and what they hear when everybody else is asleep. Blackie told me about a little mouse that got lost and tried to hide under his cover one night until a noise frightened her away. They told me which one had to get up first in the morning and how some of them don't have to get up early at all. And how the fairies steal in at night and play with them. Yes, they do. They showed me how they played and sang:

Ring around, ring around,
Ring around a Rosie.
One for you, and one for me;
For every one a posy.

It is so dark in their home and there are no real mamas to watch them, so the fairies can come and go as they please.

Just when Goldie started to tell me something, I was pulled up quickly by the arm.

"Whatever are you up to now?"

It was Mom's voice.

"I'm having a party for my dollies," I 'splained. "Here's Blackie and Goldie—"

"Dolls? Dolls? Are you crazy? You call pots and pans, dolls! Look what you've done. Whatever possessed you to bring those things in here and put them on my nice new cover? You're a naughty, naughty girl!"

And you know, when I dried my tears and looked at the dolls, they weren't dolls at all. They were only pots and pans. What I thought was Blackie, was a frying-pan.

They were put back in the pantry, and when I looked in there, there weren't any fairies either. It was all Mommy's fault. If she hadn't come in and frightened them all away I would have found out who minded the babies in the pantry when the others went out to work or play. But the babies were only tart tins with no heads or anything to talk with.

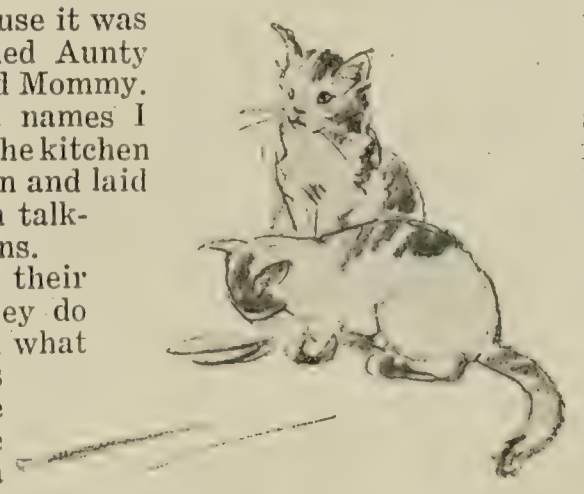
And that's the way it goes, and why I wish and wish and wish my Mommy could see the things I see and hear the things I hear. Then she wouldn't say I was a naughty, naughty Toni, when I never meant to be.

ONE day the tiniest little baby I ever saw came to my house. She was so little she couldn't walk or talk. Only she could drink out of a bottle and make a funny noise. She was just as big as my doll, Fifi, and had curly hair and big blue eyes just like Fifi, too.

When I squeeze Fifi hard and tip her over on the floor, she doesn't mind. She just lets me squeeze her as hard as I want to.

But when I squeezed the baby and tipped her over, everybody came running to pick her up, and I got spanked and scolded.

It is all very com-pli-cat-ed knowing what to do when you have things in your head which don't seem to know what you shouldn't do.



Of course, I know my Mommy doesn't scold me just for the fun of it. But, oh, how I wish she were just my size and had the same things in her head I have!

Toni's Mommy sends out an S. O. S. to American inventive genius in next week's LIBERTY.

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BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
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Don't go another day without the benefits of this high compression fuel. ¶ The best proof of its superiority is the fact that its national distribution by leading oil companies has made possible the new high compression automobiles which have just been introduced. ¶ However, no matter what the compression of your car is, Ethyl Gasoline will give it *extra power* . . . quicker acceleration . . . reduced gearshifting . . . better hill climbing . . . in short, a superior car performance in every respect. ¶ Hundreds of thousands of car owners are now driving with Ethyl. It is sold at pumps which bear the "ETHYL" trademark shown above.

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ENJOY THE BENEFITS OF HIGH COMPRESSION

MARIBELLE..... $16.50

FAIRY QUEEN..... $19.50

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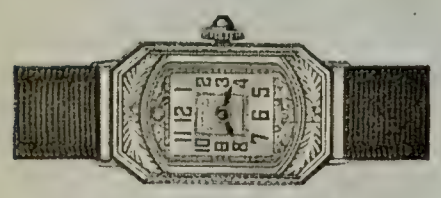
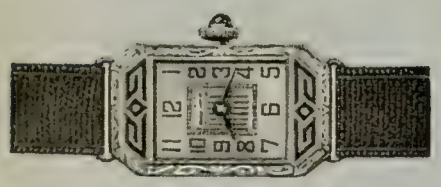
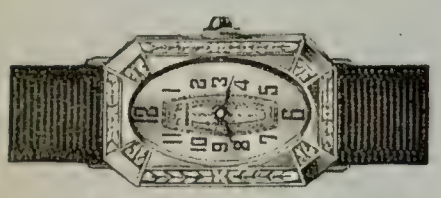


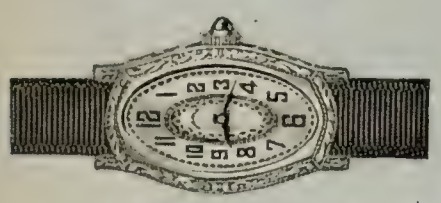
LASSIE..... $19.50



PRINCESS PAT..... $23.50



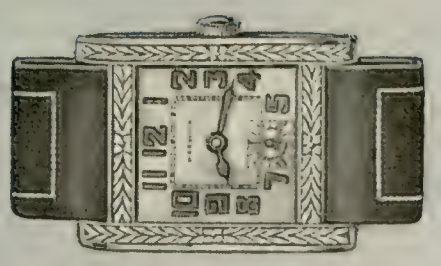
ADOREE..... $25.00



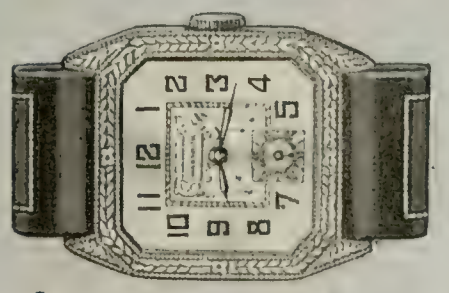
CELESTE..... $25.00

MADELON..... $25.00

SONDRA..... $12.50



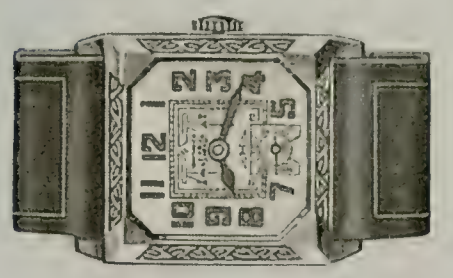
SPORTSMAN..... $9.75



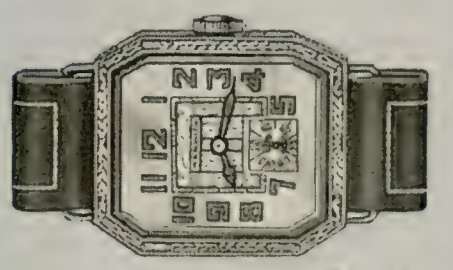
JASON..... $12.50

HANNIBAL..... $18.50

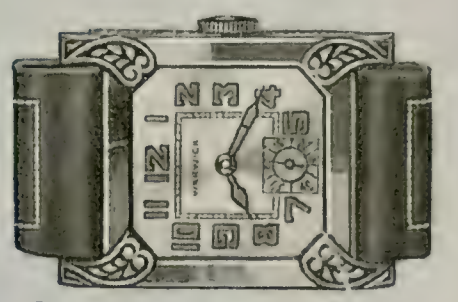
BRUMMEL..... $19.50



LORD JIM..... $25.00



ARGUS..... $25.00



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LOVE Letters of an Interior Decorator

Being the Fifth Spasm of a Romance for Lowbrows

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

A FELLER takes a awful chanst when he goes trippin down the isle with a arm full of oringe blossoms.

(Reading time: 6 minutes 10 seconds.)

Aberdaba Hotel.

"DEER MARG,—

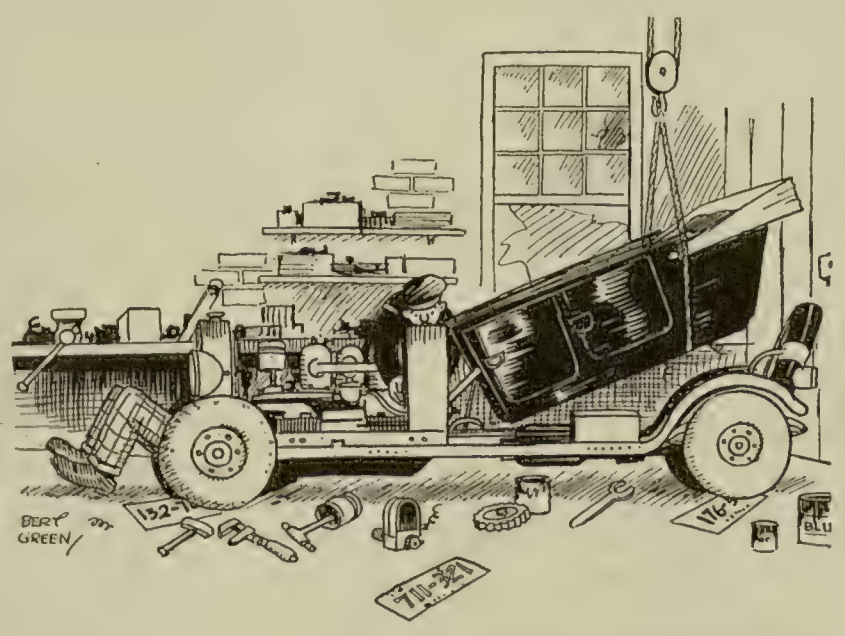
I have been tryin to find time to rite you before, but I broke my suspenders. It seems that every time I sit down to rite you an epistol—thats French for love letter—something happens. Must be a Jinx. A Jinx is one of them hard luck ducks what follers ships. Dont think Marg that I mean that you look like a duck. I dont mean that—you look just like a flower to me. You kno that pretty red one they call hilyertripe. Thats you.

Well anyway, I just feel like ritin you because its rainin out and I cant go anywhear any how. And besides I just pressed my pants, and if I went out I would get em all wet and theres no nurishment sittin around in wet pants, is there?

Excuse me Love lips, wile I anser the fone.

That feller had a hell of a crust Marg,—he wanted to know if I would sell him a list of my customers as he was an undertaker. Can you beat that? Us fellers in this rackit got to take a awful lot of guff from these wise crackers. Some people think its a joke tryin to make a honest livin. Just as soon as you be nice to some of these yaps they eather turn out to be Federal cowboys or they chisel you for dough. Theys always somethin. Im afraid to get happy fur fear somebody will put lumps in my mashed pertadoes, or sing me to sleep with a flock of sash waits.

You kno Marg,—sometimes I wonder if it would be so good for me and you to go for the holy wedlock stuff. Every time I pick up the paper I read such nice little bed time stories like,—"Wife chops up husband with ax," or "Wife kills husband with sash wait." You know Marg that some mornin I may wake up with a hole winder frame rapped around my neck.



In six hours the guy what owned it couldnt tell his car from the Simese twins.

You know a feller takes a awful chanst when he goes trippin down the isle with a arm full of oringe blossoms, and I aint no good on digestin powdered glass either. But you kno me. Im only kiddin when it comes to you. You wouldnt even croak a crimson rambler, which is short for bed bug. Your old lady knos that.

On the level when you open up the paper you find every body is fightin or killin somebody. Take them chinamen fur instance, theyre battlin with the Greeks. Wouldnt you think that them laundrymen could get the thing ironed out without a lotta killin? Then take France,—all them frogs think of doin is borrowin dough.

No wonder they call us a lotta dough boys. You kno, the hotel manager says that the Balkins had annanoumosly decided to siver diplomatic relations with the Ottermin Umpire, or something like that. And I told him that they had a good day for it. It dont take me long Marg. History, thats my dish.

Well I didn't mean to rite so long about whats goin on in World affairs but I thot your old man would like to hear something whats not printed in the Mauch Chunk *Bladder*.

I was up to the hospital again to see my pal Billy McNitny, who was run over by the mouse trap. The doctor says that they got the crank shaft outer his chest and that he'll be alright and oughter be around again in about three years, if he dont kick off.

But he dont look so good to me. His face is a bit bent and he goes thru all the motions of cuttin out paper dolls,—and I think between you and me that hes booked for the scrambled garage.

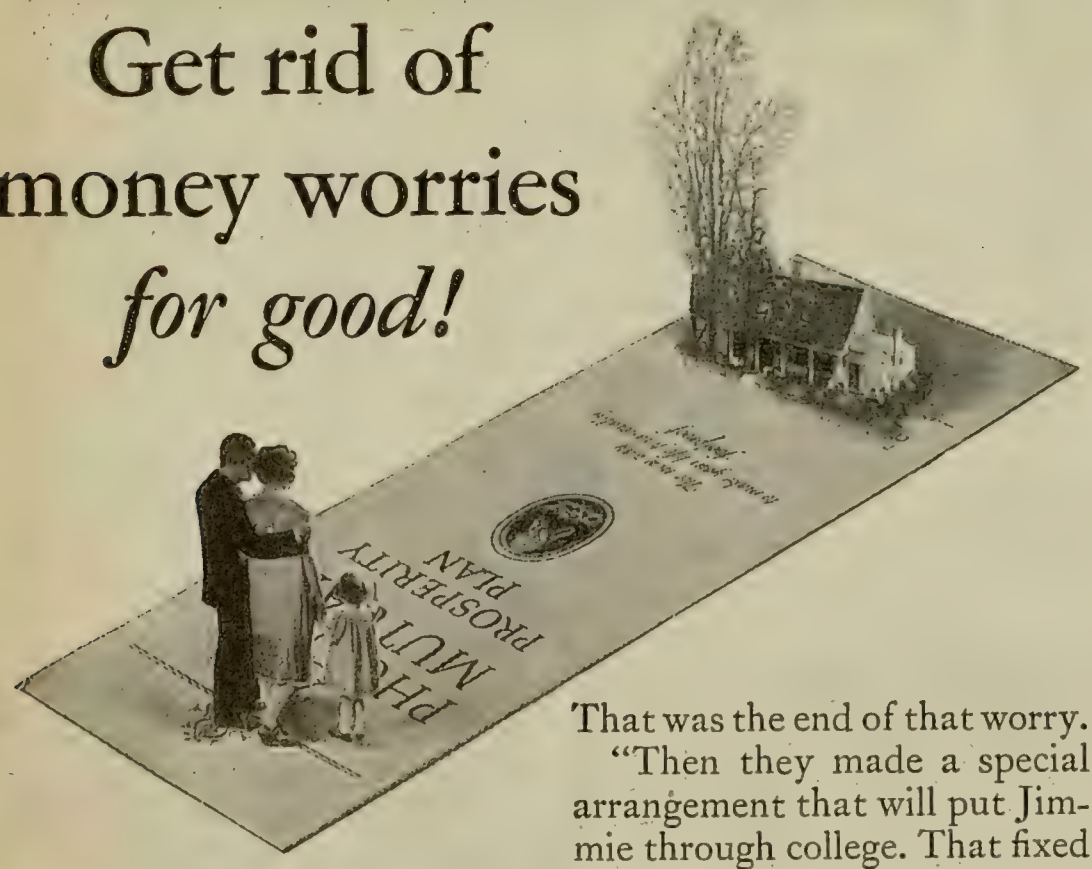
I understand that the cops are goin to give out rules for crossin the street. They oughta paste the directions under the car so that the sap what runs can read em.

THE poor guy has a little tad in the bed next to him what looks as though he was hit with a steam shovel. His nurse told me that he was drinking in a speakeasy with a Scotchman, and he told the Scotchman that he could get a drink outta a coconut, but not out of a Scotchman. And all he remembered was when he woke up with a high-drometer in his mouth.

And in the bed next to him is a little Jew what was in the outfit what has the German measils. Can you imagine a guy what was so unpatriotic as to get the German measils? His father owns a fish market and I guess he lives on the strength of it. I wish you could see the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Get rid of money worries *for good!*



TWO MEN were talking in a clubhouse reading room.

"Everything's going pretty well with me—*now*," said one of them. "I make enough money to pay the bills, enough even to take a vacation now and then. But I sometimes wonder how it would be if anything happened to me. I know perfectly well the house might be sold, my son taken out of school . . ."

The other man smiled.

"That's just the way I was fixed," he said. "And then a funny thing happened. I answered an advertisement and got hold of a copy of the Phoenix Mutual 'Prosperity Plan.' Maybe you've heard of it. I filled it out.

"I was paying 6% interest on our mortgage at the time. The Phoenix people showed me how by paying only about 1½% more I could fix it so the bank would hand the home over to my wife clear of debt.

That was the end of that worry.

"Then they made a special arrangement that will put Jimmie through college. That fixed *that*. And just recently they fixed up what they call an 'income agreement'—and now the family will have an income of $100 a month after I'm gone.

"So the only things I had been worrying about are taken care of—and all because I filled out that little piece of paper!"

• • •

WOULDN'T you like to make *your* life plan financially foolproof? Wouldn't *you* like to get rid of money worries for good?

You can. The coupon at the bottom of this page will bring to you, free, the remarkable Phoenix Mutual "Prosperity Plan."

Sending for it is the first step towards real independence—protection for you and your family no matter what happens—an education and every advantage for your children—leisure and comfort for yourself in later years.

There's no obligation. Send for your copy *now*.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Home Office: Hartford, Conn. *First Policy Issued 1851*

TO GET THESE . . . . MAIL THIS

HERE are just a few of the things you can do under the Phoenix Mutual Plan:

1 RETIRE with an income when you are 60 or 65.
2 LEAVE your home free of debt.
3 SEND your children to college.
4 CREATE an estate.
5 MAKE SURE your income will go on even though you become totally disabled.
6 LEAVE an income for your family.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
284 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

Send me by mail, without obligation, my copy of your "PROSPERITY PLAN."

Name.....
Business Address.....
Home Address.....
City.....State.....
Date of Birth.....

[LOVE LETTERS OF AN INTERIOR DECORATOR
Continued from Page Seventy-one]

size of his ears. Never in my life have I seen such a pair of mud guards. I'll bet if he could flap em he could make the Paris hop.

Oh, I forgot to tell you that I ran into Mrs. O'Hara in the five and ten cent store. She was in gettin a bunch of bridge prizes. She says her daughter is goin to get married and the neighbors is goin to give her a flat iron shower, or somethin' like that. She must weigh about 375 on the hoof. She looks like the ZR-3. Ill bet she would like to be weighed and found wanting awright.

She says her old man has another job again. He's like an old gun—every time he gets loaded he gets fired.

WE got a new phone operator in the hotel Marg, and believe me, she knows her mashed tomatoes. Nobody can sell her a thing. Shes a brunette with a heart like a blond, and oh what cute dresses she wears. I think they must be designed by a moth. Baby, when she gives you the eye you could go for the lobster and blow the hole works.

But not me Marg. Ever since that English mama took me for all that foney liquor what was supposed to belong to the Prince of Whales, I'm through with wimin! And some times I wonder if youre on the up-and-up with me to.

But you kno me Marg,—I'm always kiddin.

I kinder think that the day clerk of the hotel, Mr. Fungus, is kind of stuck on her. He just bought a new striped outfit what looks like a zebra, and the pants fit him like a shoemaker's apron.

If she falls for him, he'll show her a good time. He'll take her for a walk and buy her a couple of passes for a flower show. But shes kind of stuck on the guy in 514. He plays the bass fiddle in the Arcade theater. You kno the guy in the orkisstra what stands up and saws away on the hatrack,—well that guy.

I never could see how a mug could take up a instriment like that when he could just as well play the drums and sit down all night.

Oh I forgot to tell you that we

had a college student in the hotel what comitted suicide the other day. He hopped out of the 14th story window, and if I had known what he was goin to do, I would never have given him a room up so high as he made a awful mess of the sidewalk. On the level, these saps get studyin a lot of hokum about the life hereafter, and the first thing you kno, they pop off. Not me!

Now listen Marg, my partner the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-TWO]

revenoo agent and me bought a new car. We bought it from a guy what chooses cars. I guess you dont know what a "chooser" is. Well its a guy what aint exactly on the level. You walk along the street with him outside of a couple of theaters, and he says to you, what kind of a car do you want?—Then when he sees it he asks you how much you want to pay for it, and if its all right he tells you to beat it and be back the next day about 3 P. X. Then he hops in the guys cheese box, puts Hudeni on the locks, and drives the car off to a garage. And in six hours he makes a red Packard out of a blue Cadillac and a Moon out of a Sunbeam—and the guy what owned it couldnt tell his car from the Simese twins.

Oh hes got a heart like a lion, Marg. He wouldnt any more think of pullin a exit on you than he would of changin his shoes. Theres only one trouble buyin a car from him,—after you sock over for it, hes apt to choose it back again and you would never kno the difference.

WHAT Im tellin' you about this business is all private stuff Marg, and dont tell a sole. Act dumb,—be yourself. Yon dont get President Coolidge openin his mouth. When he does, a coupla moth balls hop out.

We got the car all fixed up with secret compartments Marg, because we're goin to take a little trip up to Canada for a few cases of Laughing syrup. So we got a coppersmith from the navy yard to fix up the car. He made a coupla foney baloon tires on the rear, what hold about six cases poured in the valve, and put a false top on the sedan what holds about a hundred flat bottles and with an extra gas tank, we can take plenty. When the state troopers look in they dont see nothin.

Then we got another gag, Marg. We carry along an actor what is supposed to be injured. Hes about eightyfive, and we bandage him all up as though he had a cracked skull and a busted leg and pour dago red all over the bandages, and on the level Marg he looks as though the 20th Century had parked on his neck. Then we step on the gas and if a motorcycle dick catches us we tell im that we are rushin the old gent to the hospital. They take one look at the old bird and bust out in teers. And anyone that can get a sob outer a motorcycle cop takes the rubber plum.

Now remember Marg, keep all this tecknickle stuff under your hare and dont tell a sole; and in my next letter I will tell you how we maid out on the trip.

Give my regards to your old lady and tell her not to send me any more cigars. I was smokin one the other night and a guy asked me if I was shoeing a hoarse.

Well I got to go and buy a new straw lid. The other corn fritter was busted in a fight.

Toodle-oo mon Cherry
Yours unfaithfully,
MIKE.

Marg will give us this egg's heartbreak on how he "maid out" on the trip for an early issue of LIBERTY.

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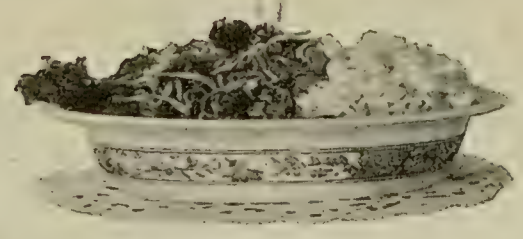

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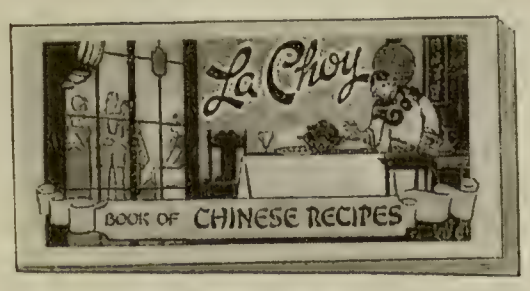

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Weight-Building MENUS

By ETHEL SOMERS

ROUNDING out to produce the fashionable figure, coupled with a health interest in attaining normal weight, makes the subject of taking on avoirdupois again of general interest. For the sake of health, every one should strive to maintain the normal weight for his height and age. There are other factors beside fuel requirement entering into nutrition. Attention should be given to vitamins A, B, C, and D, mineral content, and digestive bulk.

If, however, one eats a great variety of foods in quantities sufficient to maintain normal body weight, the diet is usually a satisfactory one. Every pound of body weight is known to be the equivalent of 4,000 stored calories, yet counting calories is no longer considered essential reckoning in the program of getting fat or thin.

A varied healthful diet is doubly difficult for those who are nervous and thin. Constant worry about food is apt to make one thinner and thinner. Nervous activity, with its muscular tension and weak digestive power, makes added weight more difficult to acquire. A liberal and persistent daily use of simple foods which do not upset digestion is the remedy. Out-of-door activity, limited exercises, warm clothing, and change of health habits, especially sleeping habits, will help in the struggle which in time will meet with success. Adding avoirdupois necessarily means eating regularly more than one needs.

To the housewife who has in her family those who must be fattened and those who must be thinned, the task looms most difficult. Careful planning, however, and a little extra work will solve this puzzling problem. Additional butter, cream, sugar, honey, bacon, cheese, olive oil, mayonnaise, cream sauce, sweet sauces, rich custards, and ice cream, together with generous helpings of the normal diet, will generously add body weight. Even a persistent slight surplus in the end adds flesh.

Next week will be shown the same menu served so as to aid those of the family who wish to lose rather than gain. One menu may be made to serve the divergent needs within the family circle.

A study of the accompanying picture of concentrated foods will aid you in planning the additions which will make a normal family diet fattening.

Menus for the Day

(The foods italicized are added for their fattening qualities)

BREAKFAST

Cooked Cereal with *Dates, sugar,* and *cream*
Scrambled *Eggs* (*butter* and *cream* added)
Buttered Toast with *Cheese* *Rich* Milk or thin *Cream*
Hot *Chocolate* or Coffee, *rich* with *cream* and *sugar*

LUNCHEON

Beef Broth with *Noodles*
Creamed Fish on Boiled Potatoes Milk
Biscuit, *buttered* *Honey*
Salad *Cheese* Crackers
Baked Apple with *cream* *Frosted Cake*

DINNER

Vegetable Soup, with *cream* added
Stuffed Round Steak Mashed Potatoes
Kale or Turnip Greens, *buttered* *Creamed* Carrots
Bread—*nut* or plain *Butter*
Salad with *Cheese* Balls
Cantaloup *à la Mode* or *Ice Cream* with *rich sauce*

Cooked Cereal

INCREASE the calories by cooking the cereal in milk rather than water. Scattering dates, raisins, figs, or prunes over the top and serving with a generous portion of sugar and cream will add much food value.

Coffee. Calories may be added to coffee by adding an equal quantity of hot cream and a generous serving of sugar to standard hot coffee.

Biscuits may be made richer by making with cream rather than milk. Grated cheese sprinkled over the top or added to the dry ingredients also increases the food value.

Salad. Adding whipped cream, nuts, cheese, egg, or chopped bacon to the salad and garnishing with oil dressing will add considerable food value to the family salad.

Baked Apple with Cream

MANY calories may be added to baked apple by baking the individual apples in muffin pans or separate baking dishes, using extra brown sugar and butter on the apples of those wishing to get fat. Sugar up to 4 tablespoons per apple will not spoil the product, and a dash of added lemon juice will permit this extra sugar without even sweetening the apple.

Fill the apple core with chopped figs, nuts, and prunes or raisins, or with marshmallows after the baking but while the apple is still warm. Sprinkle generously with sugar and brown under the broiler flame. Cool and serve with generous quantities of cream and sugar.

Vegetable Soup

½ cup turnips, diced
½ cup carrots, diced
½ cup celery, diced
½ cup onion, chopped
¼ cup butter
1 cup potatoes, diced
1 quart water
2 teaspoons salt

BROWN the turnips, carrots, onion, and celery in the butter. Add the remaining ingredients. Cover and cook very slowly for several hours until the vegetables are tender and the soup is brewed. Add calories by serving with croutons made by browning ½-inch cubes of bread in the oven. In addition, add cream to the soup—either plain or whipped.

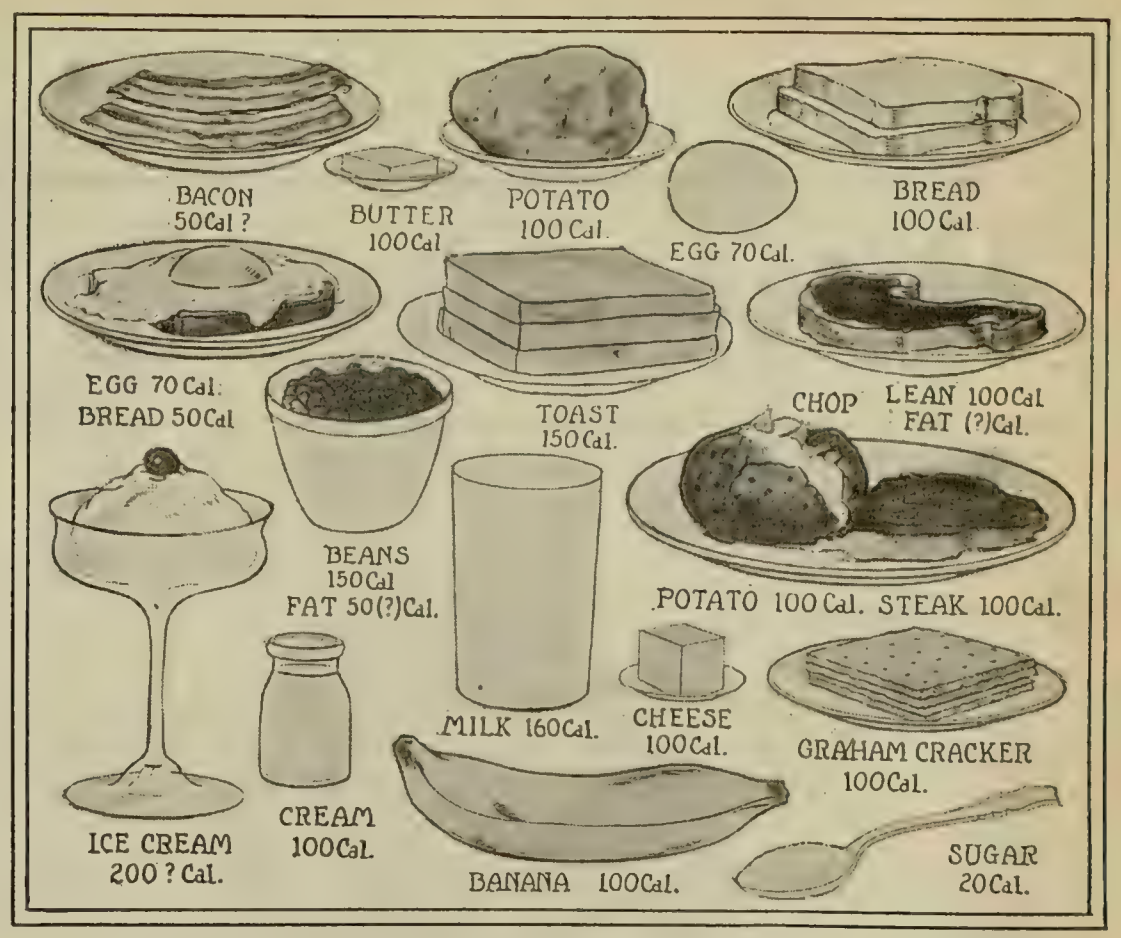
Stuffed Round Steak

Stuffing:
2 cups corn pulp, canned or fresh
2½ cups bread crumbs
3 teaspoons dried celery leaves, powdered, or
¼ teaspoon celery salt
2 tablespoons minced green pepper
1½ teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 egg, if desired

1½ pounds round steak, ¾ to 1 inch thick
½ cup flour
¾ teaspoon salt
1 small onion, chopped
¾ cup water or tomato juice
3 tablespoons fat
1 small onion chopped fine

POUND the flour into the meat first on one side and then on the other. Put the fat in the frypan and, when it is hot, brown the floured steak and onion well on both sides. Sprinkle the meat with the seasonings. Combine the ingredients for the stuffing in the order given and mix well. Place on the browned, seasoned steak and roll, tying the steak together with strips of salt pork or securing with meat skewers. Pour the water or tomato juice into the fat and onion in which the steak was browned.

Rinse and scrape this browned liquid into a baking-dish. Place the stuffed round steak, elevated above the liquid, on a rack. Cover and bake in a slow oven (275° F.) for 3 hours, or simmer over a low flame for 2 to 3 hours until the meat is tender. Serve hot, garnished with parsley. Generous portions of the stuffing and gravy served to those who would add pounds increase the food value, especially if corn forcemeat is used.



*Here are some of the foods which can be tucked into a menu to help you to add weight.**

Creamed Fish

PREPARE one-half of the recipe for white sauce given on page 45, LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes, and add two cups flaked seasoned fish. Pimento or parsley may be chopped and added, if desired. To add calories to this dish mix in a chopped hard-boiled egg or serve with generous slices of egg to garnish the plate of those who wish to add pounds.

Kale or Turnip Greens

SERVE well buttered to those who wish to get fat. Minced hard-boiled egg, bacon, or olive oil may be added to increase the food value.

Creamed Carrots. Particularly if the cream sauce is made of rich milk or cream are creamed vegetables fattening.

Nut Bread. Nuts or dates add considerable food value.

*Life-size food graphs published by the University of Chicago Press. These were painted and arranged for this picture in LIBERTY'S Experimental Kitchen.

LIBERTY ALL-YEAR COOK BOOK

YOU may have LIBERTY'S three recipe books for only 25 cents—*100 Standard Recipes* (fall and winter specialties)—*Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks* (fine party menus)—*A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes* (excellent luncheon menus).

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Just Look at Yourself

Do Ugly Hairs Cheat Your Beauty?

Hairs on underarms—forearms—hairs visible through sheer silk stockings—hair made uglier still by sad attempts to remove it with the razor? Are you blind to how repellent to others these unsightly growths may seem? Or, have you discovered that to be lovely you must be free of hair and free of any sign of its removal? In this day, when science has placed at the modern woman's disposal such a magical cream as Neet for removing superfluous hair, the presence of this unsightly blemish can only indicate a careless toilette. Are you careless or simply thoughtless? Look at yourself. And remember, others look at you—critically—too.

There is only one really satisfactory way to remove unwanted hair from arms, underarms and legs. Dissolve it. Neet is the cream that dissolves hair at the roots so that clear, cool water simply rinses this hair away. No coarse, black, blunt, bristly, mannish stubble remains as after shaving. Instead, skin becomes soft and smooth and further growth of hair is retarded. Neet is sold in liberal size 50c packages at any drug or department store. Also in $1.00 packages—three times larger than the regular size—for the many who use Neet to remove hair quickly from the larger surfaces such as arms and legs.

Neet

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Beauty must SPEAK for Itself

By EILEEN BOURNE

(Reading time: 4 minutes.)

"WHY do you think that girl is so attractive?" a friend of mine recently asked her brother. "She hasn't the flapper figure you like, and neither is she pretty."

"Well," the young man reflected, "I suppose it's her voice. When she speaks I think of her as a great beauty."

Here is a comment worthy of reflection. Really, the importance to charm of this human organ can not be overestimated. Think how many times you have heard this prospectus of a young woman: "She's very pretty until she says something." Indeed, we have all shared the experience of feeling toward an otherwise delightful person a repugnance elicited by her disagreeable speaking tone.

Yet, despite the importance we assign to a lovely voice, we have to acknowledge that—in the United States, at least—it is one of the rarest of feminine attributes.

An expert who has spent many years in teaching the proper use of the voice in both singing and speaking, Miss Clare Kellogg, believes that breath control is important not alone to the voice, but to the health and even to the spiritual progress of human beings.

Abbe photo

Jane Cowl.

Mary Dale Clarke photo

Ethel Barrymore, genius of the spoken word.

"The average person has breath enough," she said, "without learning any new tricks, to produce a good tone—on one condition: that she let her breath flow without stopping it! Most Americans have tight throats. Therefore, what air they have coming from the lungs is pinched off and restricted. Any one who learns to relax the throat muscles makes an excellent beginning in voice culture."

Don't think for a moment, however, that a full, pure quality of tone is all. We often recognize that a good natural voice is being ruined by bad diction. "Diction," says Miss Kellogg, "is the proper use of the tongue on the breath. It is a muscular action, and the controlling influence is the tip of the tongue. Diction includes both enunciation and articulation. The first is the formation of vowels and the latter of consonants."

This teacher, who has successfully prepared many young women for the stage, warns us against confusing diction and pronunciation. Your diction might be quite correct as you pronounce the word *bath*, and yet you might make it sound like the *a* in *mat*—which is wrong—instead of as the *o* in *tot*—which is right. In Miss Kellogg's opinion, few Americans are concerned about either diction or pronunciation. And she feels this a great pity because, unless there is a physical defect, such as adenoids, *any one may learn to speak well.*

This has been proved by the New York Telephone Company, which has had to set up a standard of voice and diction for its employees. The nasal twang—that most general fault in our national tonality—is not considered so damning by the company as huskiness and a tendency to swallow words. The first is far easier to correct. Short of those latter defects, any voice is found by experience to be responsive to training.

"We teach the girls mostly by imitation," remarked one of the officials from the training department of the telephone company. "We accept each voice at its natural pitch and teach it to sound in a clear head-tone which has a singing quality. We achieve this mainly by insisting on sharp articulation of consonants. This brings the tongue into action and gradually a better tone follows—perhaps because the throat relaxes. At any rate, it's remarkable how quickly these girls respond to definite suggestions of this kind."

Not so remarkable! For they have become voice-conscious. It is because we do not hear ourselves speak that we lack desire to correct our vocal errors. Could we but catch that buzzing vibration, that sharp, thin, or rough-edged sound, the shock might impel us to overcome the two great obstacles to change—indifference and fear of being thought affected.

This aversion to being different from the crowd is what makes voice-teaching in the schools so difficult—especially since teachers share it. Yet the need of such teaching is paramount. Dr. John H. Tildsley, the district superintendent in charge of New York high schools, frankly asserts that of the 140,000 boys and girls under his supervision, barely a fourth speak even acceptably.

"We try to correct this in our English courses," says Dr. Tildsley, "but our time is too brief. Personally, I believe that a good voice and superior diction—especially for a woman—are two of the most important elements in cultivation. Especially in large cities, where girls grow up in a daily vocal contest with a thousand harsh and shrill noises, the feminine voice becomes just part of the general din. Yet, certainly, no coarse or raucous voice is inevitable. One can speak under, instead of over, the noise. It's all a matter of being sufficiently ambitious to overcome the prejudice against making the most of oneself."

Miss Kellogg offers several suggestions:

"In the first place," says she, "you must let the breath flow. From the lungs it should pass through the throat and through all the nasal and oral passages. These should be open and free. Consciously relax all the taut muscles and feel that every possible exit for the breath is flung wide.

"In the second place, we must train the tongue to work. Press it against the front teeth when speaking. This helps bring the voice forward to the front of the face. Train the tongue to sound every consonant—with special accent on final consonants—and to give full value to vowels and syllables. Try relaxing the jaw and saying with clear distinctness, 'No, indeed, I don't!' And that old favorite, 'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!'"

Listen to your own voice and the voices of those around you and imitate the right sounds. When you go to the theater try to capture the beautiful diction of such actresses as Ethel Barrymore and Jane Cowl. For remember, whatever your inherited features, you can by practise learn to speak like a great beauty.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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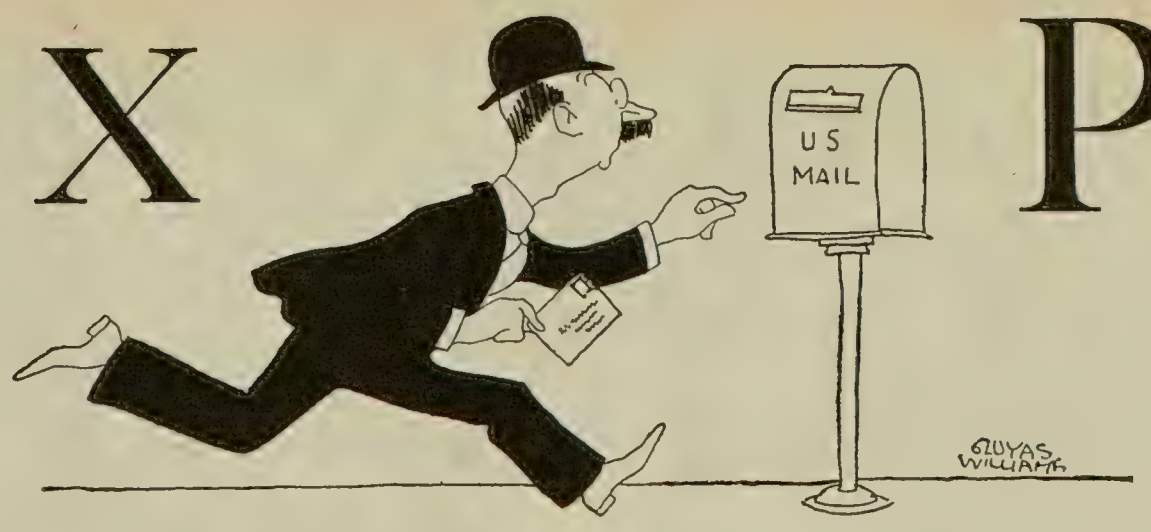

No Courses in Crime

CHICAGO, ILL.—Where in the world does George Kibbe Turner get his ideas for stories?

I read the first instalment of A Ride in the Country, and as a high-school student, I wish to enter a kick.

The idea of depicting a high-school student as a thief and a student of crime!—*Margaret Schlundt.*

Portrait of a Soul

NORFOLK, CONN.—I am a modern college girl and presumably know something about my sex. So when George Kibbe Turner, in his serial, A Ride in the Country, falls right in with the shopworn idea of the hell-raising flapper, it makes me *very* sore.

This *Pats Schuyler* is nothing but a mess of current catch phrases about the younger generation worked up into a character. If one drew a composite portrait of her soul, it would be just a scramble of cigarets, lipsticks, hip flasks, slave bracelets,

etc. No trace of any emotion deeper than a puddle of rain-water.

On second thoughts, I am drawing you a picture of the soul of Mr. Turner's heroine. I am not much of an artist, but I am *mad*, and that may help!

Set down in black and white—see what a slander it is!—*R. C. R.*

Just as You Say

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I simply have to write and thank you for printing those delicious "spasms" of Bert Green's: Love Letters of an Interior Decorator. I don't know when I have had such a good laugh.

They are certainly a joy for a tired business woman. Please print a lot more.—*Grace G. Drayton.*

And How!

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—The gush about Gish grows tiresome. Hergesheimer, George Nathan, and Sidney Sutherland all rave in the same vein. Certainly, the gal must have something!—*C. S. K.*

"Incomparable"

CHICAGO, ILL.—If we had more stories like Lillian Gish, the Incomparable, LIBERTY would also be "incomparable," instead of "good."—*Lillian L. Doria.*

It's Four-Fifths True

SCAPPOOSE, ORE.—You are consistently publishing the best, most arresting, most interesting articles and essays of any magazine in the popular class.

You are also perpetrating the most utterly rotten fiction that ever disgraced virgin wood-pulp.

Anyhow, you are no darned stuffed shirt; you have a quiet, roughneck sense of humor all through your little magazine, and even an aged suspicious news-hound like myself can read it without undue weeping.—*Hill Billy.*

No Kicks from Father

RICHMOND, VA.—LIBERTY'S suggested series of menus for getting mother out of the kitchen appear to be combinations to get father out of the home.

Canned and out-of-season foods in summer. Some meals, two salads and practically no substantials. Some, almost all starch. Some, all fluff. Some combine two red and no white vegetables.

Have yet to read any published menus where seasonableness, cost, and attractiveness are combined into appetizing, substantial fare.—*Mary Johnson.*

Terrible and Rotten

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Man Was Not Made to Live Alone was a rotten story. The readers, I'm sure, want something more sensible. That story was terrible! Don't you ever dare print such a tale again!

Give us more of Trub's Diary—and often!—*Mrs. Christine Miller.*

The Old-Fashioned Nightshirt, Long May It Wave!

CINCINNATI, OHIO—I read with dismay Good Night, Nightie.

It pains me to learn that the lowly nightshirt is going the way of the mustache cup, the nickel beer, the adenoid, and the honest politician, for, to me, its successor, the high-falutin pajama, is a total flop. And I say this not without some experience in trying to adapt my shape to

the more modern bedchamber attire.

It is a comfort to know that Cal, Chauncey, and quite a few others of the old-fashioned sort like myself have no use for the dratted new-fangled togs and still stick to the long flowing garment of our forefathers. Long may it wave on the family wash-line.—*R. G. Ward.*

Did Richthofen Play Safe?

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—I have just finished reading your latest article on Richthofen, the German aviator, which interested me mightily, for the reason that his red triplane and traveling circus once chased me out of the skies. However, I fail to see where he is a sportsman, as so many of your readers think he is.

In going over his flying record again, they will find nearly all of his victories were over B. E. 2e's, F. E. 2b's and such like planes. These machines could go no faster than sixty miles an hour nor climb over 10,000 feet, while his plane was the finest and fastest that Germany could produce. There were no sobs in my throat when I heard of his death.

I have seen his circus painted up with snakes, dragons, griffons, and what nots descend from the sun on some poor lone artillery observation pilot, play with him for a moment, and then divide for the sporting Baron to swoop down and make the kill, something after the manner of a fox-hunt.

It was when his much vaunted circus—preying, as usual, on slow-moving photographers—accidentally encountered a squadron of R. N. A. S. Camels and Dolphins, matching speed and power with his planes, that the circus was broken up and the big, horn-blowing Baron was brought to his well merited end.—*N. H. MacLean, late Lieutenant, R. N. A. S., R. A. F.*

A Fiend, Says She

CHICAGO, ILL.—How you people can print a story like The Red Knight of Germany and be loyal Americans, is more than I can see. In this story you uphold as a hero the man who killed our own boys. My opinion of Richthofen is that he was no more than a fiend. No better than a fiend would have pictures in his possession like that of Lieutenant A. E. Boultbee.—*Janice Moran.*

The Harsh Truth

WINNIPEG, CAN.—The Red Knight of Germany gave promise of being an interesting series, but has quickly deteriorated into a detailed account of the killing of numerous British aviators, sparing the reader none of the death-throes. What, exactly, is your object in printing such an article?—*Dorothy Howden.*

No Yellow in the Red Knight

GENOA, NEB.—Your series, The Red Knight of Germany, is a wonder, and should be read by every red-blooded American. Richthofen proves by his daring fights that there's no yellow in his veins, and every hero of the Yank forces was made of the same stuff as Von Richthofen.

One who loves a clean sport can't help admiring the Red Knight. His letters to his mother proved he was a boy who loved home. He was in the big fight to win, and, while he rejoiced over his victories, he never failed to pay the highest tribute to the men he shot down in the air.

Floyd Gibbons is a wonderful writer.—*V. A. Bradshaw, A. E. F. Sgt., Tank Corps, 331 Bt.*

Encore, Mr. McEvoy

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Articles such as Greetings—and How! by J. P. McEvoy should sell any magazine. Full of humor, interest, learning—and a delightful close!—*W. H. Bunn.*

A Warning to Bachelors

CHICAGO, ILL.—Viña Delmar has the right dope on marriage. Clever-

ly written stories and worth their weight in gold to any unmarried man.

May they all read The Belle of Barnesville and profit thereby. Ask the man who owns one.—*Burt Williams.*

A Modest Genius

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Listen, friend, I'm just a dub! A moron with a college education! My present job wouldn't keep a bathing beauty in clothes. Yet I take my pen in hand—without a dictionary—and work your cross-word puzzles. Make 'em stiffer, brother.—*Simple Simon.*

We Thought We Had One in Every Issue

CHICAGO, ILL.—What's happened to all your *sport story writers?* I buy LIBERTY every week, but seldom see any sport articles in it. How's chances for slipping a few of these stories in?—*W. Mc.*

Watch Out for This Man, Freddy!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—LIBERTY has been running a movie page ever since its inception, I believe, and it was nothing to write home about until Frederick James Smith took it over.

Mr. Smith has a reputation as one of the greatest picture critics and editors in the country. His work in LIBERTY, and elsewhere, proves it. This is a statement of fact, not a personal view.—*Larry Blake.*

The Face and the Job

TAMA, IA.—Eleanor N. Knowles is either a good-looking girl or else she was just talking nonsense in her article, Jobs.

I spent six months in Chicago a few years ago, and it sure was no easy matter to get work. Of course I will have to admit I am homely as a mud fence, and that may be the reason. If she had said all nice-looking girls can find work in the city, I might have agreed.—*One Who Has Tried—L. B.*

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They are as blithe, as distinctive, as your newest English suit, your smartest frock.

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So in soft mist or downpour—you will find these bright spots of color—gay Raynsters.

Choose the color and style your fancy dictates, but be sure the Raynster label is in the coat you buy. It means that both the material itself and the coat are made and guaranteed by the United States Rubber Company. It is your assurance of lasting protection from the rain.

Only genuine Raynsters have the brilliant *permanent* lustre obtained by a patented United States Rubber Company process—which has caused fashion to accept this smart, colorful rainy day apparel.

Should you prefer something other than a colored coat, there are Raynsters to meet your every wet-weather need.

You can get them from your dealer. Styles and sizes for men and women, boys and girls. Get your Raynster today.

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Also manufacturers of Naugatex Sport Garments

AND NOW . . .

a new note in footwear

Now even your feet can share in the new *chic* and colorful style that Raynsters have brought to the rainy day.

So-Lites—the new rubber sandals for women, feather weight, gossamer patterned, colored to match or harmonize with your stockings or costume—can be carried in your handbag, ready to slip on at the threat of rain. Ask your shoe dealer.

"U.S." Raynsters

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Go ahead & MAKE IT!

here's how!

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg.

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1¼ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ¼ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil [hulls removed].

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

Home-made candy's always best
That's why folks love Oh Henry!

Right out of your kitchen pantry come the simple home-like things from which OhHenry! is made. You yourself could make it. Originally home-made, OhHenry! is still made that rough hewn, wholesome home-made way for the millions who prefer home-made candy. Just walk up to any candy counter and say **Oh Henry!**

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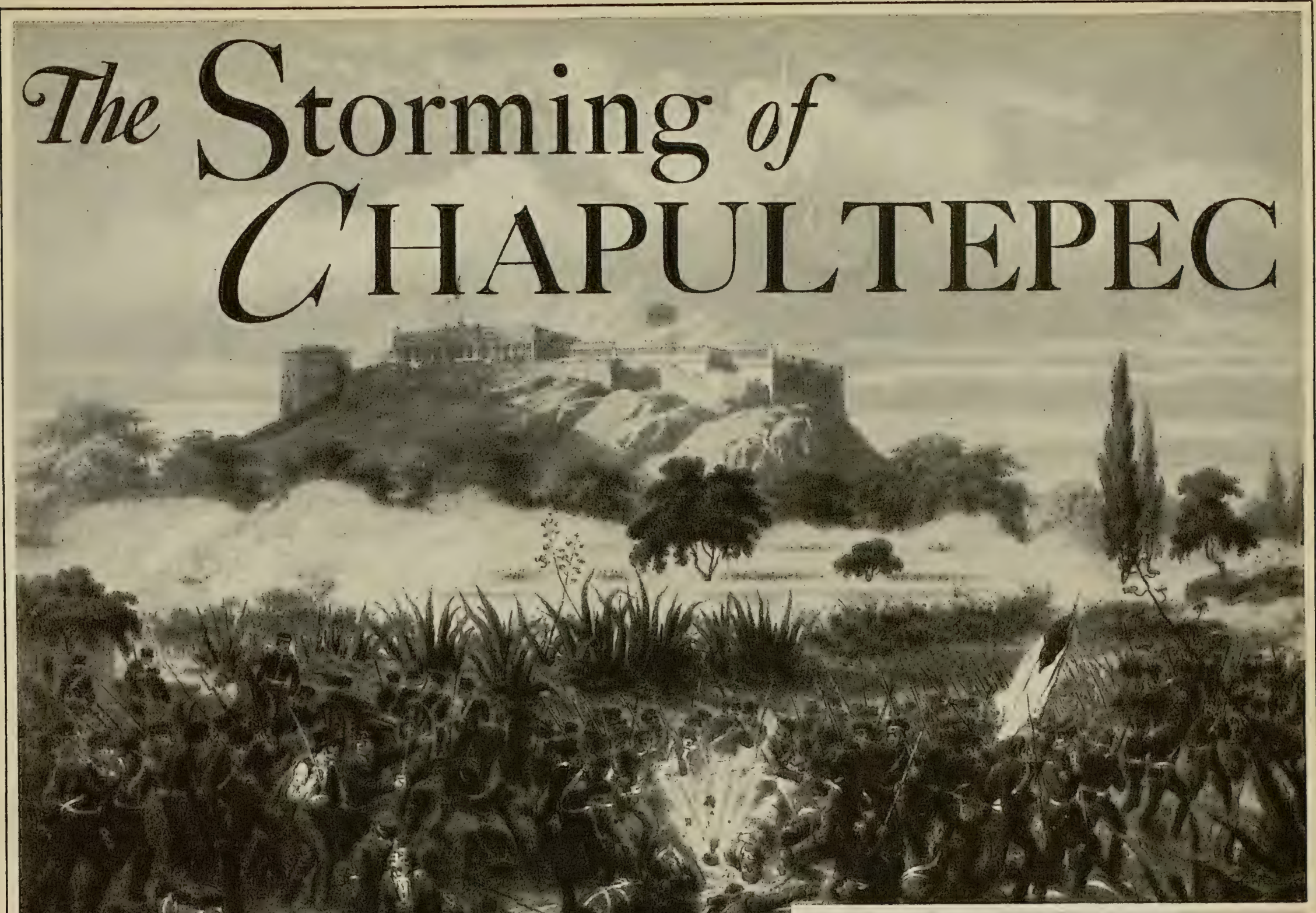
The Storming of CHAPULTEPEC



How General Scott Won the Southwest for the United States Eighty Years Ago

An Article by

FREDERICK PALMER

(Reading time: 17 minutes 50 seconds.)

THE Duke of Wellington, victor over Napoleon at Waterloo, was still living. His head was clear if his old hand trembled as he put another pin on the map.

"They're lost," he said, when he heard that Scott and his 10,000 Americans had disappeared over the Mexican mountain rim, 8,000 feet above the sea. The next pin would mark the place of their surrender.

The Iron Duke had reason on his side. But he did not know the Ten Thousand or Winfield Scott.

On September 13, eighty years ago, they stormed Chapultepec, ending the War with Mexico and making Texas, Nevada, Utah, and California, and sections of the present States of New Mexico, Arizona, Kansas, Oklahoma, Wyoming, and Colorado a part of the United States.

This war has never been given its right importance. We have been a little ashamed of it as forcible land-grabbing from a weak foe. The soldiers saw it as a war of the flag following the pioneer; of the protection of beleaguered kindred in the rights which they considered theirs by courage and labor.

The decision between a big and little America which brought on the war was made in the hot Presidential campaign of 1844. Then we had only 20,000,000 people. Ohio was "out West" and Illinois "'way out West." Kansas City was a little trading-post and buffalo grazed where realtors now boom suburban lots. Gold had not yet been discovered in California; the covered-wagon rush of the Forty-Niners had not yet begun.

Ewing Galloway photo

Brown Brothers photo

The "human Gibraltar"—General Winfield Scott.

AN artist's conception of Quitman's charge in the attack on Chapultepec (at top) as painted by C. Nebel a short time later, and (below) the Castle of Chapultepec as it looks today.

From the advance pioneers, over the Rockies, across deserts and blizzard-swept, Indian-infested plains, came the word of new lands. They were seeing visions of future gardens on rich, virgin soil; visions of harbors on the Pacific where great cities would rise.

Out of the Oregon country, the Far Northwest, that wilderness derided in Congress as forever worthless, came the cry of Fifty-four Forty or Fight. Had 54° 40′ been made the boundary, most of British Columbia would now be a part of the United States.

And out of California, where Spanish-Mexican herders, living a soft, lazy life in a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Comfortable

That sums up in a word the reason Semi-Hex Pencils are so increasingly popular. Semi-Hex Pencils are comfortable to hold—because the corners are rounded. They are comfortable to write with—because they have the smoothest of leads. Truly Semi-Hex is the pencil incomparable!

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This is the standard yeast and is used regularly for experimental purposes in the leading universities, medical schools, research institutions and Government experimental laboratories throughout the United States.

Look for this package on counters everywhere

[THE STORMING OF CHAPULTEPEC] Continued from Page Eighty-one

soft climate, had turned against Mexico, came the alarm of English plans for a protectorate which might make all the Pacific coast British.

Large numbers of settlers in Texas, who had not to cross the Rockies to reach their goal, had fought for and won freedom from corrupt and exploiting Mexican rule. Other nations had recognized their "Lone Star State," but we had not. They wanted to come into the Union. Mexico insisted we coerce them back under her rule. Were we to refuse the call of blood? As passionate that question in 1844-'45 as freedom for Cuba in 1898, or saving the world from Kaiserism in 1917-'18.

James K. Polk was elected President on the platform of both Fifty-four Forty and the annexation of Texas. After he was in office he sent a special mission to Mexico City to negotiate a peaceful settlement. Mexico, riding high, encouraged by English support, refused the mission a hearing.

When Polk, after election, faced fulfilment of promises, he was in a vise. The lessons of the mess our unpreparedness had made of the War of 1812-'13 with England had been forgotten. To guard all the distances between Oregon and Texas we had only 12,000 regulars; no National Guard.

The English navy commanded all the sea approaches to Oregon and Mexico. She could put more than our 12,000 men on one fleet of transports. Polk could not fight two wars on such widely separated fronts.

WE formally annexed Texas. We cleared the way for action against Mexico by compromising on the present boundary in the Northwest. It was charged that Polk, a Southerner, favored "slave soil" Texas against "free soil" Oregon, when the lines of the Civil War were already being drawn.

General Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready," was sent with 3,000 men to garrison and hold Texas. The Mexicans crossed the Rio Grande and attacked him on Texas soil.

The war was on. It was popular at first. To make sure of enough forces we increased our regulars to 17,000 and called for 50,000 volunteers.

Youth responded to the prospect of adventure where palms waved under southern skies, oranges and coconuts were said to be free for the picking, and olive-skinned señoritas flirted behind their fans. There might be some fighting, too, if the Mexicans did not quit too soon. Before you came to the fighting there was a long sea voyage or a trip down the Mississippi on one of the new steamers.

Taylor, re-enforced, had put the Rio Grande behind him and fought his way to Monterrey in the summer of 1846. Word trickled home that marching over the cactus-studded sands with your tongue hanging out from thirst was no picnic.

Public interest waned. Politicians talked; Presidential candidates groomed; Congress squab-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Good bye DULL HAIR!

This new special Shampoo brings back those golden youth-giving lights—keeps lustrous hair from growing dim!

LIKE ROUGE to the complexion is this new Shampoo—so delightful is its effect—so instantaneous! One shampoo and all dullness disappears; hair becomes soft, silky, lustrous! And those precious golden lights that speak of youth are revealed once more in all their loveliness.,,, Nothing mysterious—just the finest of shampoos, *plus*—a glint of gold for blondes—a lustrous sheen for darker hair. Millions use it regularly. Beauty specialists tell of its benefits to hair and scalp. 25c—at drug or toilet goods counters—or, if not obtainable, write us direct. Money back if not delighted. ,,, J. W. Kobi Company, 634H Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

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Hello Everybody! *This is* Johnnie Walker *Speaking!*

"Surprising how many people buy my cigarettes and say—"My, that's *some* cigarette, where can I buy it?"

Try any first class shop and see for yourself what I mean—only"

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Johnnie Walker CIGARETTES

Extremely Mild

STOPS

TRAIN SICKNESS

Mothersill's prevents exhaustion, nausea, dizziness and faintness of Train Travel. Journey by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air in Health and Comfort. 33

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The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.

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MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

25 Years In Use

WHY BALD AT 40?

LUCKY TIGER stops falling hair by killing the germs. Money-Back Guarantee. Whyte-Fox knocks pimples. Barbers or druggists

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-TWO]

bled instead of appropriating money. There was soreness over the Fifty-four Forty backdown. Some people said it was "Jim Polk's Southern Democratic war," and let him work his way out.

Mexico was not quitting. Dictator Santa Anna, energetic, card-playing, drinking, cock-fighting, grafting veteran with a wooden leg, was raising more troops to fight it out. Mexico had a better army then than today. Santa Anna was the national hero who in 1829 had forced the best soldiers of Spain, when buffeted by guerrilla cunning and yellow fever, to surrender, and who later lost a leg driving a French fleet out of Vera Cruz harbor.

Europe was encouraging Mexico with its praise. The London *Times* said that all the Mexicans had to do was to "sit still and be sulky," and the war would end in a compromise more humiliating to the United States than Mexico. The "smart" money-grabbing Yankees, who had no army and no generals, would learn that they were not a martial people.

To end the war we must take Mexico City. Taylor had to go 600 miles across the dry, inhospitable plateau in an overland campaign. Another expedition, commanded by General Scott, was formed to land at Vera Cruz and move on the Mexican capital by the shorter route, 200 miles over the mountains.

THE Ten Thousand who went over the last mountain rim in August, 1847, had cut communications. They were 150 miles from Vera Cruz. Guerrillas abounded.

"Scott can not take the city," said the Duke. "He can not return to his base."

But the Ten Thousand, 7,500 feet in the air in a strange land, were not worried. They knew their general. He was six feet four inches tall and broad in proportion. They knew he had two sides. One was the businesslike soldier on campaign in his old straw hat; the other, Scott of the grand manner, pompous, rejoicing in his gold braid on parade.

He had long been commanding general of the army; he was still commanding general in 1861, when, an old man, he saw the officers who had been brothers in arms under him, spring at each other's throats in civil war.

He, too, had been young, young at Lundy's Lane and Chippewa, wounded and fighting, his horse shot under him, turning the tide of battle.

He bore the torch of preparedness in dark days.

His enemies called him Old Fuss and Feathers. They said nobody with a mouth so small you could cover it with a button could be much of a man. An average-sized mouth seemed a short slant on that big expanse of face between heavy jaw and big head.

Oh, a character in his time, Winfield Scott! He wrote the drill books the army used. He knew his soldier job. He ate four square meals a day. He wanted his soldiers to have as many. He knew how to cook their food, as a part

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Life Transformed by a Lamp

The Famous Aladdin No. 74 Desk-Flex

Aladdin, you remember, was an idle shiftless boy until he got his wonderful lamp which transformed his life. The modern "Aladdin" Lamp has not lost this magic power. It can arouse in your boy or girl a slumbering giant of power and purpose, as the light of a pine knot did for Lincoln. Under the inviting and eye-easing glow of an "Aladdin" Desk-Flex Lamp, your boy or girl will acquire the knowledge that will make them Kings and Queens in the affairs of life. You owe them this.

TO THE YOUNG
In Years or Spirit
Send for your copy of the Aladdin Story of the Magic Lamp and rejoice in its power to touch the humdrum with transforming magic.

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Send me copy of the Aladdin story of the Magic Lamp and tell me how to become a "Fellow Aladdin," I enclose two stamps for mailing.

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Chew DENTYNE *..and smile!*

YOUR teeth are on display when you smile. They should be gleaming, sparkling white behind your lips. Men and women who value clean, white teeth now chew delicious Dentyne—the gum that makes teeth white and beautiful.

· KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE ·

Thinning hair

is *sick* or *starved!*

SICK HAIR — dandruff infected — falls out. So does starved hair—deprived of life by poor scalp circulation.

Sick hair can easily become well —starved hair quickly gain extra nourishment, new life, with this daily care.

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

This Pinaud treatment destroys the dandruff germ, stirs to tonic activity the blood vessels that nourish the hair. Amazingly soon your hair stops thinning, grows thicker and healthier.

Buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine today at your drug or department store. Always look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 220 East 21st Street, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris. Canadian distributor, Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, 204-206 King Street, East, Toronto.

PINAUD'S

Eau de Quinine

[THE STORMING OF CHAPULTEPEC]
Continued from Page Eighty-three

of knowing his job. They must be fed, he said, if they were to have the "guts" for fighting.

The little mouth could erupt in volcanic emphasis as the mountain trembled. He defied the lightnings in slashing letters to politicians.

His hair was snow white, but he was vigorous at sixty-one, as the Ten Thousand went over the mountain rim. They were seasoned now. Some of them had been seasoned before the war began, their necks leathery, their faces blizzard-and-sun-hardened as regulars or pioneers on the plains.

AMONG the regulars were the dragoons of those days, mounted infantry. There were some marines on their way to the "Montezuma's halls" of their song. Among the volunteers were cowboys, trappers, and traders, and a few from offices and farms in the Northwestern States, as well as more from Southern plantations.

They had been seasoned on the voyage of the hundred steamers and sailing-ships moving down the Mexican coast at five knots. Closely packed on board, they had fought smallpox and scurvy, as well as cockroaches, on a diet of salt-horse, hardtack, and smelly water from casks—the best Washington could do for them. Heavy northers had beached some transports.

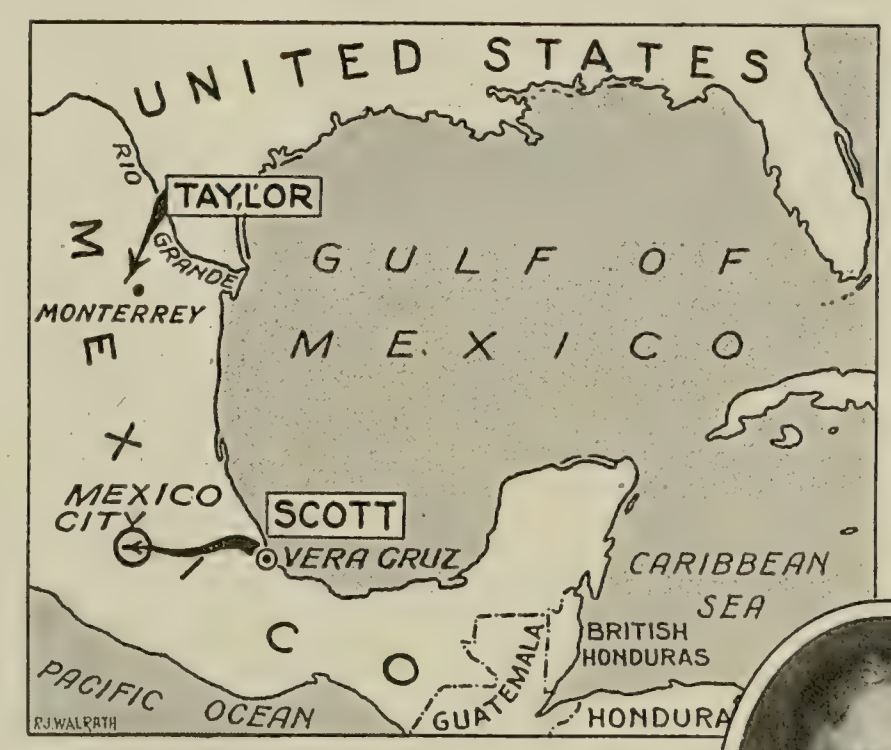
Ships' bows were plunging deep in foam when they came in sight of snow-crowned Orizaba, commanding peak of the tropical green mountain wall. This wall they were to climb by the road leading out of Vera Cruz, whose old Spanish towers rose before them on the shore-line.

Vivid as Orizaba to their memories was Scott, his giant figure in army blue on the bridge of the steamer Massachusetts as she steamed ahead for the landing under the city's guns. The chosen ships on which the troops were massed moved into assigned positions. No guesswork for Scott. Every man must know his place.

The landing in Cuba for San Juan Hill, fifty years later, was chaos compared to the way this plan worked out. From sixty to eighty men descended into the waiting surf-boats. Gunboats were close in and all naval ships broke into a concert of covering fire.

Little forests of still bayonets gleamed as the oars struck the water, rowing the boats ashore. The bayonets took life as bright moving points as the men sprang into the water when the boats were beached. The next morning all 12,000 were in a line seven miles long around the city.

They wanted to storm the city at once. Not so. Old Six Feet Four had a long way to go with his little army, and he was not going to waste men when he was not sure that he would get more. They were dug in the sand, not much bothered by the Mexicans, who were wasting a lot of ammunition. He would reduce the city by bombardment. Not having army guns enough, he got some from the navy. Captain Robert E. Lee of the engineers received a compliment for his excellent replacements.



This map shows the American invasion of Mexico—first Taylor's movement against Santa Anna at Monterrey, then Scott's march on Chapultepec and the capital.

Now for the climb. Only 180 out of 800 wagons and 1,100 out of 4,000 mules asked for had arrived. But there was no waiting in Vera Cruz, when yellow fever was soon due.

THE next step in seasoning was on the flats beyond Vera Cruz. I know that region. I do not wonder that the advance column was near quitting on the first day's hike.

In oven heat in their thick uniforms, bearing heavier packs and rifles than we have today, with feet blistering in cowhide boots as unyielding as cast iron, they were plunging into the burning sand up to their knees. Many dropped from sunstroke.

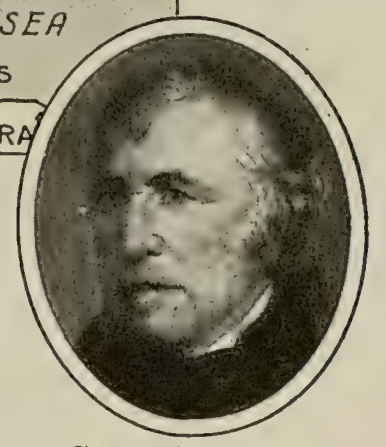
Old-time plainsmen told the new-timers that it was nothing compared to the bad lands. The sand was up to your neck there. When it got up to your nose it was time to take a fresh chew of tobacco and rest awhile.

Then they came out on a hard highroad. Shade, cooler nights, villages deserted, no signs of any Mexican army. Campaigning in Mexico was not so bad.

Back at Cerro Gordo, where the road entered a narrow pass between high mountain walls, Santa Anna was waiting with his 12,000 men and much artillery. We must come through the pass; and there he would give us a massacre by surprise. He had given the Spaniards and French a lesson. We should have ours.

General Twiggs, known as "Old Horse" and "The Bengal Tiger," a brave and stupid man, commanded our advance column. He was marching right into the trap, and Santa Anna would have had him if the eager Mexicans hidden in the jungle had not fired too soon and given him warning in time to extricate himself.

When Scott came riding up from the main body as the Mexicans were cheering in triumph over their "victory," Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant considered the situation hopeless, and Captain Robert E. Lee reported that the heights were "unscalable" and the ravines "impassable." But the eyes under the old straw hat had seen more war than these youngsters.



General Zachary Taylor

Maybe the Mexicans would soon be cheering out of the other corner of their mouth. Captain Lee and Captain Beauregard (who also was to be heard of in the Civil War) were sent out scouting. One day was spent in dragging guns up over the rocks and through the brush to the summit of Atalaya, and in getting the infantry into position. The next day, April 18, we were looking downhill on the Mexicans, who were in a trap, as they found when our converging charges were upon them.

We had 400 casualties; the Mexicans 1,000. Scott paroled his 3,000 prisoners, as he could not care for them. Santa Anna was in flight with the remnants of his army, on his way to raise another.

The road seemed clear. Why did not Scott go on? The time of 3,000 of his one-year volunteers was up. Their pay was long overdue. They had seen the show. They had kept their contract. They were mortally homesick. Let others come in their place. Scott pleaded in vain. In vain to all except a few.

WHEN the army reached Puebla those who had signed on again saw what the quitters had missed. Here was the Mexico of their dreams in this old Spanish city with cool air on the high, rich plateau, plenty of fresh fruit, an agreeable population, and the señoritas as they had been pictured in the story-books.

There was no curbing the local hospitality, which meant a heavy sick-list. Expected re-enforcements had been detached to Taylor. Scott had only 5,000 men fit for duty. This was not enough even to guard the road back to Vera Cruz. The guerrillas bagged the pay-train with $300,000 in gold on its way to Puebla.

At home, politicians were shouting at him in the rear and there was no idea of Scott's position. Letters were three or four months in arriving from home. It took two months for an official dispatch to reach Washington.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTY-SEVEN]

Mr. M. T. Main, of Kenosha, Wis., whose astonishing experience with KRISS-KROSS appears below.

An Amazing
Record of
KEEN SHAVES

Rhodes Mfg. Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen:

I am pleased to inform you that I have been using one of your KRISS-KROSS stroppers for the past *five years*. So far I am *still on the same blade*, and by the looks of things this blade will outlast me, as it is *still the same as when I started using it.*

Wishing you continued success, I am

Yours very truly,
M. T. Main.

I Shaved 5 YEARS *With this* ONE *Blade!*

Now Comes The Most Astonishing Record In The History Of Shaving! Mr. M. T. Main, A Business Man of Kenosha, Wisconsin, Bought A KRISS-KROSS Stropper Five Years Ago. Today He Reveals The Fact That He Is Still On His First Blade, KRISS-KROSS Having Kept It Sharp And Keen For More Than 1500 Cool, Slick Shaves! This Unparalleled Achievement Proves That KRISS-KROSS Actually REJUVENATES Blades And Makes Them Keener Than New! Get Details And Generous Offer That Solves Your Shaving Problem Forever!

$30—$40 A DAY
Made by Agents

KRISS-KROSS offers astonishing rewards to men who become authorized agents under our new plan. Big commissions and generous bonuses make it easy to earn upwards from $100 a week. Emil Ham of California made $200 his first four days. H. King of Massachusetts cleared $66 in a day! Jas. E. Tillotson of Nebraska paid for a 30-day motor-trip vacation out of KRISS-KROSS orders taken en route. In one day his profits amounted to $114! Even spare time workers, office and factory men make $8—$12 a day *extra* just showing KRISS-KROSS to friends and fellow-workers. W. S. Benson made over $50 in three evenings. Bradford $40 on a Saturday afternoon. Get details of permanent, dignified position. Check bottom line of coupon and mail it now for quick results.

THE amazing experience of Mr. Main is merely the climax of a series of phenomenal revelations made unsolicited by KRISS-KROSS users from all parts of the U. S. A. What is this sensational device that prolongs the life of any blade for months and years—that eliminates 83% of shaving costs—that gives men the coolest, slickest shaves they ever experienced and ends raking and scraping forever?

The Most Amazing Shaving Invention Ever Patented!

KRISS-KROSS marks such a radical advance in shaving comfort and economy that thousands refer to it as a "Blade Rejuvenator." And no wonder, since it almost literally makes a new blade out of an old one 365 days out of the year! It actually duplicates the stropping stroke of a master barber, and with a mechanical precision no human hand could ever attain! Eight magic leather grooves strop your blade (any make except Durham Duplex) *on the diagonal*—an exclusive feature. Pressure decreases automatically to feather-like finishing stroke—another exclusive feature that eliminates guesswork and notifies you of the exact moment when your blade is ready *with the keenest cutting edge that steel can take.* All automatic, just turn a crank. Eleven seconds and you are ready for the finest shave of your life!

New Kind of Razor FREE

Why not let KRISS-KROSS serve you as it is serving over a million delighted American shavers to-day? No need to hesitate, especially since by acting at once you can get Free a new kind of razor that will surprise and delight you. This amazing razor is being given for a limited time to introduce KRISS-KROSS. It is instantly adjustable to any one of three shaving positions—straight, T-shape, or diagonal (new way). The diagonal stroke, exclusive with KRISS-KROSS, cuts beard resistance 45% and will give you a new sensation in shaving comfort. Get yours while this generous offer still holds good. The coupon brings illustrated description and full details without obligation. Mail it today!

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World's Largest Manufacturers of Mechanical Strappers

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1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Without obligating me in any way, please send complete illustrated description of KRISS-KROSS Stropper and details of your introductory offer which gives me a 3-Way Razor Free.

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[ ] Check here if interested in making money as an Authorized KRISS-KROSS Representative.

My dad is the best fellow in town

My dad has the funniest kind of a smile that always shows on his face when he sees other people enjoying themselves. Every now and then he takes a bunch of us boys and girls and buys us all the Eskimo Pie we want. And those times you ought to notice that smile of his.

He likes Eskimo Pie himself. He says that it spreads happiness all through anybody when they bite into that crisp chocolate coating and then into the smooth, delicious ice cream, and get the blend of all the good tastes you can imagine.

But I believe he enjoys seeing us enjoy Eskimo Pie even more than himself. Mother says that's because dad is a boy that never grew up —and that she hopes he never does.

BUY THEM BY
THE BOX — SERVE THEM ON
ALL OCCASIONS

© 1927, E. P. Corp.

An enticing bar of firm, delicious ice cream, enrobed in crisp, pure chocolate, held in a sanitary moisture-proof wrapper. That is the magic product—the patented trade-marked product—*Eskimo Pie*

Over three hundred million sold yearly

NOTE TO DEALERS: *If your ice cream manufacturer does not supply you with Eskimo Pie, write for name of one within shipping distance who will—over half the ice cream manufacturers in America make Eskimo Pie.*

ICE CREAM for health

ESKIMO PIE MANUFACTURERS: *Our Retail Selling and Point-of-purchase Advertising Plans are ready for your exclusive use. Write us for free booklet, "The Future of Eskimo Pie." Eskimo Pie Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky.*

[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-FOUR]

Old Six Feet Four was very much alone in Mexico. Santa Anna's new army threatened to close in on him. He could stand a siege better in Puebla than strung out on the march.

Late in July he had the reenforcement of a brigade four months out from Newport, Rhode Island, where it had embarked. It was in command of Franklin Pierce, who was to be the next President after Taylor. There were almost as many Presidential candidates campaigning in Mexico as future generals of the Civil War.

Pickett, later the hero of Gettysburg.

SCOTT now had his Ten Thousand again. He reviewed them in the public square in his grand manner, left a small garrison behind to protect the sick, and started on the last lap. Once they were over the final mountain hurdle, they were looking down the valley of the City of Mexico studded with gleaming lakes. They were looking up at the mighty, splendid peak of Popocatepetl whose correct spelling was now to be inflicted upon our school children.

That fair prospect for the eye was not fair for the bleeding feet of doughboys. Nature had not stopped in its defense of the city with mountain walls. The marshes around the lakes were flooded in the rainy season. There was no way to maneuver in flank of the fortified causeways which ran through the marshes into the city.

Scott would not have questioned that the Iron Duke was right in that he could not return to his base if he failed in front. That was the best reason why an advancing army should not fail. It was "Chapultepec or bust."

Santa Anna, the Mexican leader.

Santa Anna had 20,000 men and plenty of ammunition with factories to make more, while we had not enough for prolonged fighting. One way to replenish our supply was to capture some of the Mexican supply.

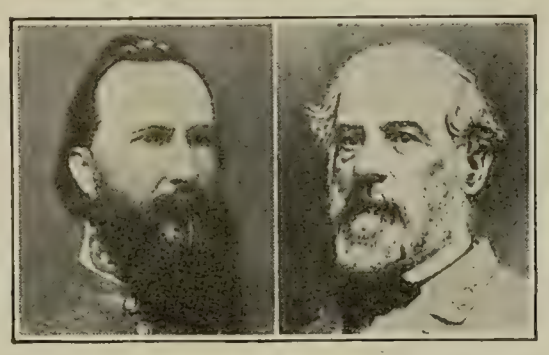
Scott had not taken the accessible approach northward of the city where Santa Anna's trap was set, but had chosen to go south of the lakes, which were overflowing into the marshes. If the men had not had confidence in Old Six Feet Four they would have lost heart at Contreras, where they met the enemy in force.

How he was marching them about! No place to rest except the spongy mud underfoot. Every man was drenched to the skin by the refrigerating rains of that high altitude.

Men mired as they tried to drag the guns out of the mire. Units were drawn back from the positions they had taken and sent in another direction. It was a game of blind man's buff in the mud. But not so blind, they found. Just when it seemed that the Mexicans were getting around them, a charge was sounded and the Mexicans were on the run.

When Scott was ready to move fast he moved fast. He would keep the jump. "Butt end fust," against the bridge-head of the Churubusco River. Commanding the approach to the bridge-head were the buildings of the San Pablo Convent. Guns were mounted in its towers, its stone walls loopholed for rifles. Aside from the garrison of 1,000 Mexicans was a company of American deserters, men of bad character whom the señoritas had vamped into expatriation. No quarter for them. They knew it, and they fought like rats in a corner.

At the bridge-head the Mexi-



Longstreet and Lee, who fought together again at Gettysburg.

cans had improved their Spanish engineering inheritance with powerful works. Our first charge broke under a withering fire with the water between us and our goal. But Mexico City was in sight.

SOME companies lost half of their number. In the Churubusco battle, Shields' brigade lost a third of its total. The colonel of the New Yorkers and the colonel and lieutenant-colonel of the South Carolina "Tigers" fell.

Scott was in touch all the while and calmly directing the action. The Ten Thousand were as his regiment, his family. At sight of him, looking so lofty, so calmly impregnable, they always took heart. The climax came when Phil Kearny had the order to charge in flank. He made it straight up to the guns, one of the last whiffs of grapeshot taking off his arm.

We had enough ammunition now, taken from the Mexicans, and we had trebled the number of our guns.

Their casualties were 4,000, and the 2,600 prisoners included eight generals. Our casualties were just short of 1,000, which, for the size of the army, would have been equal to the loss of 100,000 out of 1,000,000 in a battle in the World War.

That night of August 20 our advance was at the gate of the city. It had only to enter. But Santa Anna asked for a truce. Scott could not refuse, thinking back to Washington, which would avoid the appearance of a giant bullying weak foe.

Our wounded were scattered in the dark under the heavy, chill rain. The army was to remain in the marshes instead of having shelter in the city. One company found refuge in a barn. The next morning, when the men emerged, they were met with the laughter of the army, which saw them pinfeathered with the straw that had stuck to their mud-plastered uniforms.

Stonewall Jackson, then a lieutenant.

That marvelous liar and propagandist, and fiery, resourceful soldier, Santa Anna, would now say it was the Americans who wanted to quit because they were mired in the swamps and at his mercy. He reformed his army, gathered more recruits, brought up guns, and on September 8 the war was on again.

He thought our next try would be Chapultepec; but Scott had word that a group of stone buildings west of Chapultepec was an ammunition factory. This made the savage battle of Molino del Rey. Captured Mexican guns joined in the bombardment to cover the attack of the infantry. It was two hours' vicious jabbing, lunging penetration from building to building and through the buildings for Worth's division. Out of 3,100 men, he lost 800. More wounded to care for, when all hospital supplies were short.

One incident of that battle has the glamour of the "boots and saddles." Two thousand Mexican cavalry appeared on our flank. We had some cavalry, too—250. Our artillery loosed on the Mexican cavalry; our 250 saw their chance. Hell for leather they rode at the 2,000. They had to go right past a line of Mexican infantry fire, but they did not stop to think of that. A hundred of their horses fell. Forty horses with empty saddles kept right on in the wake of the Mexicans as they galloped away.

Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant.

Scott now had 7,500 men fit for battle. Would he leave Chapultepec in his rear, advancing on the city by causeways to the south? Captain Robert E. Lee and most of the generals favored this plan.

THE human mobile Gibraltar of Six Feet Four looked up at the Mexican Gibraltar, that enormous rock with its sheer sides above the plain. There Montezuma had sat on the throne making human sacrifices to his Aztec gods. In the stone citadel on the crest, which the Spanish conquerors built, the captains-general had surveyed their domain and sent gold and silver home to Spain.

It was the intoxicating goal of dictatorial power in later days to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

One of a series of thrilling illustrations by Benton Clark for a LIBERTY *story.*

Thrills Whenever You Want Them!

STORIES that make your eyes turn steely—your fists clenched. Stories with a humorous touch—or those that make you sigh. They're all in LIBERTY. Articles—timely, absorbing—the talk of the country. Right now, *for the first time,* the amazing exploits of the foremost German Ace, the cool Baron Von Richthofen, are appearing every week—in LIBERTY.

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Coming — National Radio Improv'ment Week

Oct. 1st — Oct. 8th

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FROM Oct. 1st to Oct. 8th thousands of radio dealers will cooperate to put better radio within the reach of the radio loving public.

This will be radio owners' opportunity to bring their receivers up-to-date at a lower cost than will be possible later in the season.

The great programs planned by broadcasting stations near and far are big reasons why your set should have the better receptivity, longer distance, greater volume, and selectivity gained by the use of Archatrons, the long life, guaranteed radio tubes.

It's the arch in ARCHATRONS that achieves complete Degasification

A radio tube for every receiver purpose

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Archatrons are of guaranteed uniformity. No longer is there need for "matching" to get best radio results.

You must be satisfied that Archatrons are all that they are claimed. Any Archatron dealer will refund your money if you are not amazed at the improvement made in your radio reception.

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During the National Radio Improvement Week Archatrons dealers are authorized to give to every purchaser of 4 or more Archatron Radio Tubes, one UX-201-A or UX-199 tube free of charge. This gives the owner of a five tube receiver a full new set of tubes at the price of four or to the owner of a six tube receiver a full new set at the price of five. Save $1.75 and double your radio enjoyment.

MEMBER RMA

The Ken-Rad Corporation, Inc.
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

[THE STORMING OF CHAPULTEPEC]
Continued from Page Eighty-seven

revolutionary leaders. Calles now occupies it. No president or king ever had such an overawing site for a royal palace. Scott decided for Chapultepec. That taken, the Mexicans would know all was over.

He made a feint to the south which drew off some of the garrison. All day, September 12, his guns pounded the citadel on top of the precipitous heights, but no white flag appeared, only answering artillery fire. For three hours from dawn on the following day his guns kept up their softening. Then a break of a minute in their thunders. This silence was the signal for the infantry of the three divisions to start the last climb, which was not climbing. It was scaling.

Franklin Pierce, who later became President.

EACH division had a storming party of 250 with ladders, pickaxes, and crowbars. Around the stone citadel was a fosse. Below that the Mexicans had spent months digging and timbering defenses. From behind these works their fire commanded the ancient cypress grove to the west and every avenue of approach.

"The Colonel's shot!" and Colonel Ransom's men had the bit in their teeth. Twiggs of the marines and Casey of the Second Infantry went down in advance of their men.

When Lieutenant Longstreet, who was to be Lee's right hand at Gettysburg, was wounded, Lieutenant Pickett, of the great Gettysburg charge, picked up the colors that fell from Longstreet's hand. Lieutenant T. J. Jackson, then only twenty-four, and not yet known as "Stonewall," was busy pushing his guns up close and winning a brevet. Lieutenant Mayne Reid, who was to be the famous writer of adventure stories, also was busy with his battery.

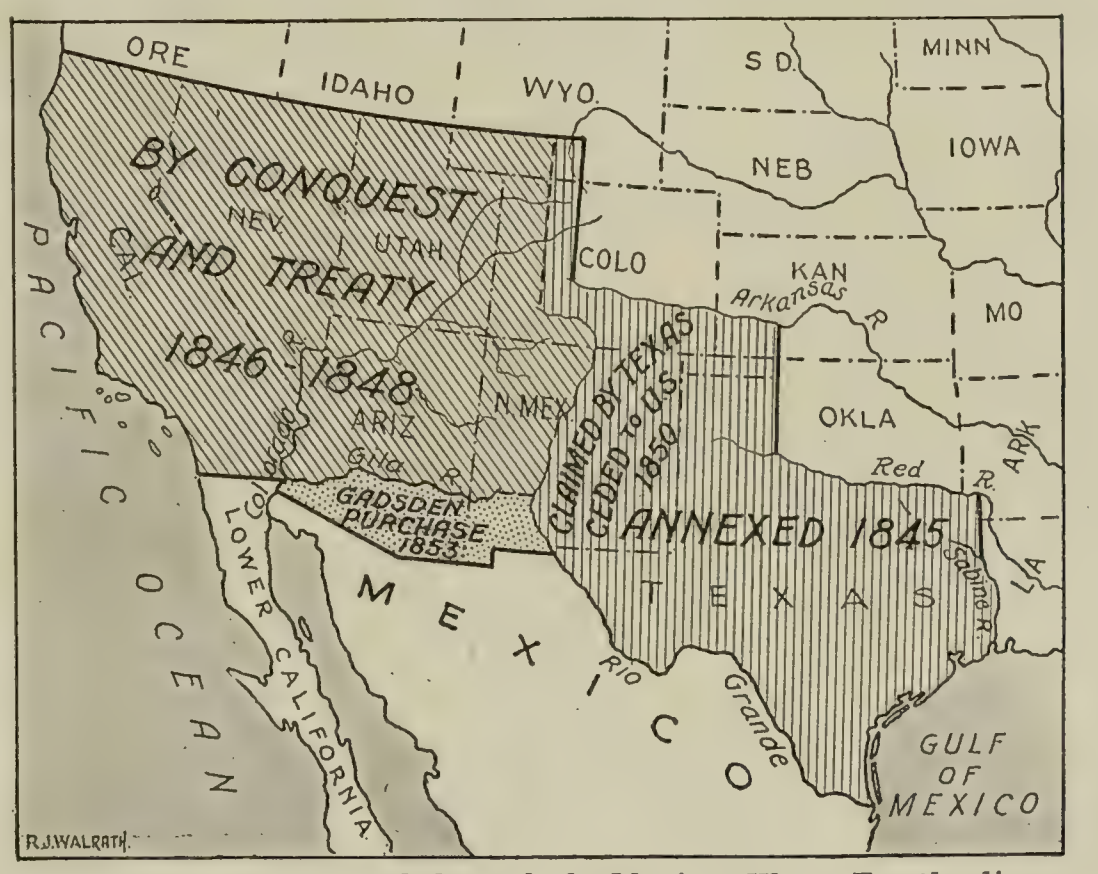
Our infantrymen lying on fresh mounds—while they waited under fire dreadful minutes for a ladder-bearing storming party, whose turn it now was, to come up—had a new kind of sensation down their backbones upon learning that the mounds were mines, which would have blown them heavenward if the Mexicans had not failed to set them off.

How any man can climb up a ladder laid against a stone wall and get away with it when a man on top waits for him with a rifle, a bayonet, a club, or even a fist, remains a mystery.

The fellows who put up the first ladders drew the short straw like those who met machine-gun fire on going over the top in France. They were knocked down.

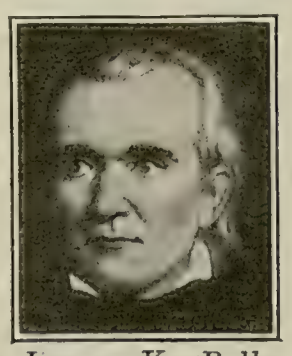
In the citadel was the national military college. The students fought with the zeal of youth and the pride of corps. Their position was that which our West Point cadets would occupy if they were defending the gray walls on the Hudson as a last hope against an invader. They gave the day all the glory it had for Mexico.

One ladder down, another appeared. Two Americans at the head of two ladders were against one Mexican in places. Quick work, then; quick as in the traverses in mopping up the trenches in France. An American with one hand gripping the wall used his free hand to thrust or strike, with the next man pushing from behind.



TERRITORY acquired through the Mexican War. For the diagonally shaded area we paid $15,000,000 in the peace treaty. The $10,000,000 Gadsden Purchase ended the boundary disputes.

More and more ladder tops were appearing. Cascades of Americans were breaking over sections of the wall into the rear of the defenders of other sections. Their bayonets were following their bullets. Soon Americans were dashing through the buildings, crying, "Surrender! We've got you!"



James K. Polk, the war President.

Scott, looking up at the final tableau, saw the blue figures, now beyond the rein's control in the fever of assault, as they climbed. Up the ladders went the regimental flags, sometimes thrown back with their bearers, only to rise again and break out on the top.

Pillow, later a Confederate general, has his name associated with the storming. But I see no more credit to him than to Worth or Quitman, the other commanders; not as much. The story of Chapultepec, in which our losses were about 450, is the story of the individual soldiers, as the crowning spectacle of all the fighting and marching before the assault. Chapultepec is a name, a small part of what the Ten Thousand did.

At half-past nine, a little more than an hour after the assault began, all was over. The men, getting their breath, were surrounding Scott, his white head above theirs, as they cheered him. From Montezuma's halls they were looking out on the city's roofs and all that wondrous valley as they saluted Popocatepetl.

A little more fighting, in which Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant and Lieutenant Raphael Semmes, later of the Confederate navy, had snappy parts, and Santa Anna surrendered.

IN the prints of the Mexican War, all the soldiers appear on dress parade. The artists were in the rear. The Ten Thousand were in ragged and mud-stained uniforms, and were often shoeless, sockless, and shirtless. General Quitman had only one shoe when he led the advance column into the city.

But it was an occasion for Scott of the grand manner to put on some style. When he entered he was in full uniform, with bands playing Yankee Doodle. He looked their idea of a general to the Mexicans crowding the balconies and the streets.

The Mexicans were very curious about this huge gringo after all they had heard about how brusk — according to their polite ideas —but how just he had been in his rule of Puebla.

He was the same in Mexico City. Our justice and our strange, curt refusal of graft made Americans more popular than they had ever been before, or have been since, in the Mexican capital.

But Scott was to face a board of inquiry at Puebla—his friends were booming him for President—under charges both of too much caution and of wasting life in needless bloody battles. Later the grade of lieutenant-general was created for him.

Meanwhile Fremont and the pioneers had taken California, and Phil Kearny, early in the war, had marched to Santa Fé.

We paid Mexico $15,000,000, which Europe saw as a confession that the war was one of brutal conquest.

But does any citizen who has crossed the Mexican frontier from the Gulf to the Pacific suggest that we return the land we took to Mexico, now that the pioneers' visions of gardens and cities have come true?

THE END

Never a Hygienic Worry

No matter how strict the demands of the day —how filmy and sheer the frock you wear!

Enjoy peace-of-mind under the most trying of hygienic handicaps—utter and absolute protection, plus an end forever to the embarrassing problem of disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

FEW women today still employ the hazardous hygienic methods of yesterday. There is now protection that is absolute—protection that enables one to meet every day unhandicapped; never a precious moment marred by slightest doubt or fear.

Wear gayest gowns and sheerest frocks under circumstances once adjudged impossible. Dance, motor, go about for hours in confidence and security. The dangers of the old-time "sanitary pad" have definitely been ended.

KOTEX—What it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends *all* fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue No laundry.

(2) True protection—5 times as absorbent as cotton.

(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at drug or dry goods stores,* simply by saying "Kotex."

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

IF ATMOSPHERE has anything to do with the way you think and write—this gay Corona portable will simply breathe life into the words you type.

Corona can now be in perfect harmony with your library, your boudoir, or the little nook of a study where you write. You may choose from a variety of exquisite color combinations—devised to suit people, like yourself, who love beauty in everything.

Mechanically these new colored Coronas are as nearly perfect as typewriters can be, embodying as they do, all of our twenty years of experience in this field.

Seeing is believing. Step into the nearest Corona store and feast your eyes on these beautiful new models.

These are the six colors in which Duco finished Coronas are obtainable:

1 **Lavender.** Panelled in crystalline rose gold.

2 **Light Maroon.** Crystalline panels in same color.

3 **Channel Blue.** Crystalline panels in same color.

4 **Mountain Ash Scarlet.** Contrasting panels in crackle-finish black. This is the finish shown in the large picture above.

5 **Cream Color.** Panelled in crystalline rose gold.

6 **Bruce Green.** Crystalline panels in the same color.

WRITE for our illustrated folder showing all six of these new Duco finished models in full, rich colors. Better still, look for Corona in your phone book and ask to have a colored Corona brought to you for examination. Used machines will be accepted in trade and easy terms arranged to suit you.

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Sales offices in principal cities of the world Established 1903 908 E. Washington Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

A RIDE in the Country

A Mile-a-Minute Romance

A Serial by

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

(Reading time: 23 minutes.)

YOUNG Speed Thatcher and Pats Schuyler were crazy about each other. Amazingly, their love threw them into the midst of a gang of auto thieves.

This is the way it happened: Speed stole a car to take Pats to a dance. He had every intention of returning the old bus, but when the dance was in full swing he heard the rumor that the police were after the thief. In the stolen car he made a dash for Bridgeton, alone, he thought. But as dawn was breaking, Pats threw off the rug which had covered her as she lay hidden on the floor in the back. His "child wife," as she called herself, had come along to share his fate.

His heart sank. The only plan in his head had been to reach Beaut Thibaut in Bridgeton. Beaut, he knew, was one of the heads of a car-stealing syndicate, and young Thatcher was going to ask him to take him on as a driver. Now this head thief or "Lounger" must also be asked to help him get Pats home—against her will.

When the Lounger was found, he agreed to everything. No wonder! The Carnelli brothers were after him, and meant murder. He had got one of them jailed and stolen his girl, Neyda. Beaut needed a driver for his flight.

Directing young Thatcher first to lose his "hot" car, he sent him to a crooked garage for a more powerful stolen automobile.

Before they started, the Lounger and Neyda staged a hold-up which yielded handfuls of bills. Then they were off, the Lounger and Neyda in the back, Thatcher and Pats in front.

The Carnellis' pursuing car came within pistol-shot. The Lounger fired; the driver slumped in his seat and the car struck a telegraph pole.

On to New York rushed the Lounger's party. There they made a discovery. On the back of their car was a skull and cross-bones, drawn in phosphorus. And, upon returning to the automobile after a brief absence, they found that these words, written in fire, had been added: *The Deth Wagon. On there Way.*

PART SEVEN

THE Lounger had caught the additions.

"Go on. Drive along!" His voice was harsh.

"Where to?" asked Speed Thatcher from the front seat.

Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

THEY hurried on the change—to lose as little time as possible, the girl Neyda urging them to their work.

"To the Forty-second Street Ferry."

Thatcher started down the street. "Get down as low as you can," he directed the girl beside him. "If anybody should start shooting!"

Nobody did. They passed along and out of the Street of the Dancing Shadows—turned to the right, undisturbed.

Thatcher was speculating on the exact significance of the additional footnotes beneath the crazy skull by the new unknown jokers.

The girl on the back seat was thinking along similar lines.

"Was all that stuff on the back scratched on at the same time?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY
Continued from Page Ninety-one]

Her companion had to admit, finally, that it had not been.

She laughed with sudden harshness.

"So now you know the program, probably—why that one-eyed flivver gave us no action; why they let us loose out of this last murderers' roost!"

"Why is it—if you know so much?"

"Why would it be—unless they are saving us up?

"For a ride in the country!" she added.

The expression was beginning now to register in young Thatcher's mind. The mock-boy gave a clue to its meaning in her next words:

"For whoever it is that is hunting us."

"Who is?" came the man's voice.

"Who is?" the woman said, and stopped abruptly—as if getting something new. "Look back. Maybe you'll get your answer before long—when that red-and-black taxi comes alongside."

They were cutting through the section of the bright lights—pretty thinly populated by now. This taxi, she said, had been making the same turns they had, just a half block behind, ever since they had turned right from the Street of Dancing Shadows.

THEY left the bright lights and passed down the gradually darkening street toward the ferry. The taxi followed faithfully.

"The Carnellis, probably. Shipped on by rail!" the Lounger was suggesting sarcastically. "On ice."

"You might think so, at that," she replied. "Who else would they be saving us up for all this time—writing their funny epitaphs on you—instead of shooting you?"

"Sure—it's them," said the Lounger, and laughed a little louder than was necessary.

"You'll see, probably, when that boat behind comes alongside," said his companion.

Young Thatcher looked to one side, remembering sharply his last purpose, which must be accomplished before they crossed that ferry or not at all—his so-called kidnaping of the girl beside him back home—by force, if necessary.

She sat by him, in her white wrap and her slave bracelets, listening to the conversation develop its thrills with unmoved face.

Young Thatcher leaned toward her.

"Get ready. I'm going to take you away from this—before we cross that ferry."

She started to answer—and stopped.

"They're coming!"

It was the voice of the girl looking out the back window.

"Let them come," the Lounger answered. "There's nothing there. You're just crazy!"

Yet he had his weapon out again, Speed Thatcher noticed in his mirror.

But the black-and-red taxi dashed by, apparently only to beat them to the line at the ferry.

"It's a wonder you don't think the trolley cars are chasing you!" the Lounger was saying on the back seat.

"You wait. This isn't over yet. I still say that taxi's wrong."

In the meanwhile they had taken their place in the line at the ferry—in luck, it seemed, with only eight or ten minutes to wait before the starting of a boat.

The man in the back seat was cheering himself now, altogether too frequently, with stimulants.

"Have one—on our trip to Florida!" he said, offering his silver flask directly and familiarly to Pats Schuyler.

Young Thatcher's mind turned back at once to the picture in the dance hall.

Pats was now making another coquettish play. Taking the flask, she opened it and began emptying it into the street.

"Hey! What are you doing?" inquired the Lounger.

"I'm losing it. You've had too much already."

That was true enough. He had been at it now ever since the shooting. He reached forward and, after a strenuous but apparently amusing struggle, retrieved his flask.

"Playful! Playful!" remarked the companion of the Lounger from the depths of the rear seat.

The impression made upon young Thatcher was even less pleasurable. Pats was as playful as the baby girl that picked up the pretty checkered rattlesnake. There was but one answer to the situation; Thatcher saw. He must kidnap her home, right now, before the departure of the ferry.

He turned around abruptly to the leader of the expedition on the back seat.

"Look—I want some money!" he said. For the hoarded thirty-three cents was still his only capital.

The Lounger seemed genuinely surprised. "For what?"

"I'm going to take this kid of mine back home."

The voice of the Lounger changed entirely. The warm, playful note in the recent passage with the girl was gone.

"Welshing, huh? Quitting!"

Something hard and round suddenly made itself felt in the back of the young driver's neck. The short hairs in which it rested stiffened perceptibly when young Thatcher realized just what it was.

"What is it—back to the police? Or just yellow?"

The boy in front could not speak yet.

"You'll stay where you are—and drive. And watch your step—if you've got good sense! Understand?"

He prodded the base of the brain again.

"Yes—yes, sir," young Thatcher stammered, scared and shamed.

The ferry had come in. They heard the clack of the windlasses, and the sound of the automobile motors.

Pats Schuyler, who had out her new vanity case again, repairing the damages of the recent amiable struggle—and also no doubt to demonstrate calm during the unpleasantness that had followed—spoke to the Lounger.

"Be good," she said. "Put that big gun down. He didn't mean anything—except his crazy idea that he wants to get me home."

"Didn't you tell me, back there in Gladland, that you wouldn't go back now for a dairy farm?" he asked her back.

"I sure did."

THE man on the back seat laughed a sudden merry laugh.

"All right, kid," he said, and lowered his gun. "Just as you say. We'll let him off this time. And later, when we don't need him quite so much for driving, we might accommodate him and let him go entirely, huh?"

"Don't be foolish. He'll come along all right now."

"Look out!" Neyda yelled suddenly. "Glass!" There

The edge in the tone of her light words showed young Thatcher she had caught, at last, the suggestion of the recent conversation.

"All right. Give us a dab on the nose from the little rinky dinkus," her new friend conceded, holding his face forward, "and we'll call all bets off."

She shook out a new supply of powder, and dabbed him on the nose, as requested.

"Playful! Playful!" called the sarcastic voice of the other woman from the back seat once more.

Young Thatcher felt the body of the girl beside him wince slightly.

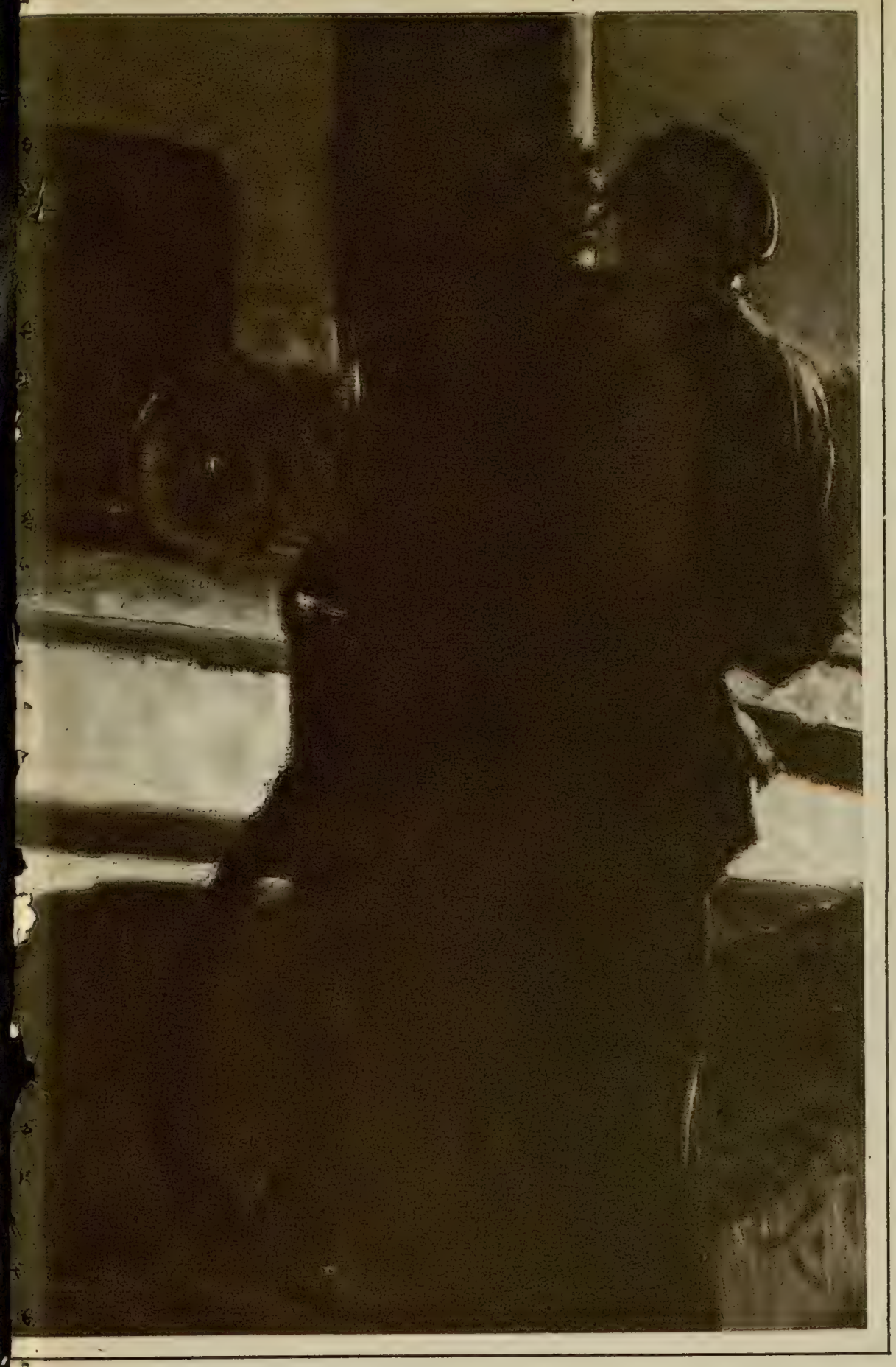
The rush of cars came out from the ferry now, and finally the line outside moved in. They stopped in the hot and narrow center of the boat.

The voice of the mock-boy, Neyda, arose again from the back seat.

"Off, off for the ride in the country—with love at the wheel!" it remarked. "Oh, what a joy-ride this is going to be, especially passing down the line of all those gyp garages—those roosts of the funny wop murderers—with the C. O. D. tag of the Carnellis all attached behind.

"And those boys, those gentlemanly ushers in that taxi ahead there, to see we get there safely!" she added for good measure.

Cra-a-ank! the ratchet of the windlass rang



was a bad lot of it, just in front of one of her gyp garages.

out from behind to interrupt her. The ferry churned and rumbled toward the other shore.

II

THE southern route of the automobile thieves starts west through the so-called Murderers' Lane, the long, lonely passage across the Jersey marshes. From there it shoots south to Philadelphia and beyond—the great main trunk line of the really big night riders of the country. Incidentally, it was lined, it appeared, all the way by their watchful enemies, the business friends and associates of the Carnellis; all notified by telephone and waiting for them, according to the former girl friend of the head Carnelli.

They passed across the great black inkpot of the Hudson without mishap, climbed in the procession of cars up along the diagonal string of lonely street lights to the top of the dim Palisades, and straightened out—on their way.

As they did so, they saw ahead the red-and-black taxi. It had climbed the hill three or four cars ahead. They made no effort to pass it yet.

The girl in back meanwhile was focusing her attention on the various gyp garages on their way—parts of the underground railway system for the booze and stolen cars of the Carnellis—remarking that they were all lit up after hours.

"Aw, turn over. You're full of dreams," the Lounger told her.

"What about that one?" she asked suddenly.

Outside of it, she declared, in its shadow, there were two or three figures watching them as they passed by.

"You'll get some idea of the system these wops have got before you're through," she said; and sat silent—dividing her time now between the suspiciously lighted garages and the red-and-black taxi, which plugged ahead at a lively clip.

"Holding off, probably—to nail us out in Murderers' Lane," she surmised.

They were coming now to that celebrated robbers' hunting-ground—that lonely passage across the God-forsaken Jersey marshes, where the hi-jackers and stick-ups hunt the trucks of booze and silk.

"Hit it up. We'll pass them before we get there, just to satisfy her!" the Lounger was directing Thatcher.

They dashed down the ugly eastern slope into the section with the bad name. The long, empty causeway with the white side stretched straight ahead, across the dim, level desert of mud and weeds. The only moving object now in sight was the black-and-red taxi, staggering on to keep ahead.

"And block us off—here—in a minute or two!" stated the sharp voice of the girl behind.

"Hit her up! Pass them," the commander of the expedition said again.

Young Thatcher's mind shot back to the scene earlier in the evening, and what had happened to that other driver at that underpass—the spurt of red upon the yellow coat, the slump forward on the wheel, the crash!

"Get down," he told the girl beside him.

A red haze rose before his eyes. He shot the big car forward. In the rear the Lounger evidently had his gun out, ready!

Their headlight through the back window of the taxi showed its interior, bristling with black heads of men.

They crawled up, up, up. The taxicab slowed down—drew aside. And suddenly from the window in its rear door—just before they passed—a hand waved to them to go by.

They shot by. A head appeared—a black and curly head. The hand waved once more, in greeting; went to the face—it was throwing them a kiss!

"On your way! To the country!" yelled a shrill voice with a foreign accent—followed by a loud outburst of men's laughter.

The voice of the mock-boy broke the silence shrilly in the hurrying car:

"You saw who that was?"

"No. Who was it?" The Lounger's voice was hoarse.

"Joe the Snake."

"If it was him, why didn't he shoot?"

"Yeah—why didn't he?" she asked back. "I don't suppose you get it yet."

"No. What is it?—if you know!"

"It's the Carnellis—that's what it is—coming on behind. To give us a personally conducted ride in the country—themselves!"

The Lounger denied it: "Yeah. They're all following after us—carrying their heads in their hands, probably." He laughed harshly.

The voice of the girl was as harsh as his:

"Well, why didn't they shoot you, then—just now? If they weren't saving you up—for what's coming."

"You're crazy. They didn't dare—that's why."

"When are you going to get off this road—and get away from these crazy apes?" the girl asked him abruptly.

"Never," he told her, flat. "No damned wops can drive me off my road. Not even their ghosts! Get that, once and forever."

III

STRICTLY speaking, they were not bound on a ride in the country now, anyway. That term, in the vocabulary of the riders of the modern night, means the kidnaping of your victims in your own car, to be murdered in the leisure and solitude of the country roads. But they were headed for the long, dark highway between cities, and would be found just as dead there if shot from outside as inside the car—provided Neyda's predictions were fulfilled.

For the present they drove on undisturbed, except by their own reflections. The taxi still came behind, but had no chance of overtaking them. And no one appeared to head them off along the murderers' causeway. If they were to be finished up, it was not to be here.

They slowed up through empty black-and-white-striped main streets, and their occasional lonely cop, who turned and looked after them, interested in that humorous design—that mock-boy's so-called C. O. D. tag on the car's back.

"That's right. Go straight through the center of the town, and leave your visiting-card, so every human eye will see it," she remarked sarcastically to the Lounger.

She was urging him continually, now, in an always shriller voice, to leave the main highway. And he was refusing, having taken another drink or two.

"Go on," he said to Thatcher.

They passed another of the crooked garages of the Carnellis' friends—all lighted up.

"All out for the big parade—the best murder spectacle the Carnellis have put on yet. Look out!" she yelled suddenly. "Look out! Glass!"

There was a bad lot of it just in front of one of her gyp garages. Young Thatcher swung sharply to one side and missed it.

"What do you think of that?" the girl's sharp voice inquired of her friend behind.

"Nothing."

"I suppose it just happened out in front there!"

No answer.

"Well, all right. Just keep your eye out for the next one," she called to Thatcher.

"Go on. Lift her up to sixty—now we're in the country," the man beside her said to Thatcher, disregarding her entirely.

It was two-thirty now. The road was practically free and clear—and dry now as well. With any kind of luck they would be passing Philadelphia by four—if no disaster showed up to prevent.

The Lounger's self-confidence grew with every revolution of the motor. His silver flask was empty now, but there was plenty more in one of his bags. He got it out.

"To the Carnellis," he said, waving it at his seat mate. "Safe in hell!"

"Take another drink," said the voice beside him briefly, "and you'll be sure of it."

He eyed her angrily, and then looked away.

"Aw, forget her. She's crazy," he said,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Dainty as a Rose

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JAP ROSE SOAP

The Clear Soap for a Clear Skin

[A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY Continued from Page Ninety-three]

handing the flask now to Pats Schuyler directly, with offers nowhere else.

"To Florida—the land of golden opportunity—and us!" he said, looking steadily at her. "A long, long, happy joy-ride. Drink hearty, kid."

Young Thatcher's hand went cold upon the steering-gear as he heard the Lounger's tone of voice and saw the girl beside him take the flask, in spite of his frantic nudging.

He made one more low-voiced appeal to bring his child wife to her senses:

"What's the idea—of the unbroken revelry?"

She looked straight ahead as she answered him:

"I'm not drinking. I've stopped it with my tongue—since the very first."

"Don't be a fool. He's drinking — if you're not!"

"That's it!" she answered.

"Can't you see that all you're doing—" he began.

She kicked him sharply on the ankle.

"Shut up! Do you want to get him started again?"

She was jingling her slave bracelets to cover up the conversation.

YOUNG Thatcher drove on, wondering about just what new turn her active mind had taken—about whatever or whoever it was coming on behind, or lying in wait to ambush them at some favorable spot on ahead.

"Look out. Here's another one!"

The girl behind was warning him to slow down for the coming of another suspected garage—which might have glass before it, like the last one.

"You saw it!" she said, when they had passed by.

He wasn't sure. He had gone by well on the other side. But there might have been glass there, at that.

They were deep in the country now—flat open fields, with writhing black trees sliding backward on the edges of the sky-line.

Nothing suspicious occurred. But the girl in back was still at work on her companion to get him to slide off into the still blacker side roads before the unknown enemies behind or before should get them.

The more she talked, the less inclined he was to take her advice.

"You're funny. Don't make me laugh!"

"That's what they all are saying, just before he gets them," said the woman—and opened up on the various experiences of that head Carnelli, Angelo.

The skin of the driver of the car stiffened perceptibly on his back as he caught some of the gory details.

But the leader of their party refused to be alarmed. The more he drank, the more obstinate and courageous he became.

"I notice nobody's got us yet," he told her.

"No; and they won't—not anybody but the Carnellis. You're dedicated to them—that's settled now."

The man beside her answered her with a threat—a new one:

"Oh, what do you say we drop off these two welshers before they spoil our lovely joy-ride?" he called out to Pats Schuyler on the front seat.

Young Thatcher noted keenly the unpleasing direction his thoughts still were taking—and the inclusion of himself in his last pretty thought. And also the fact that he was again offering Pats Schuyler a drink, as a matter of course—which she drank, or pretended to drink, whichever it was she was doing. She certainly was not improving the situation, in his opinion.

There was silence then—silence and darkness. They spun forward on the empty road, bucking the gusts of the still rising wind. Another city's lights rose, painted on the sky; then lowered and were run down. More city streets—a lonely staring policeman or two—the hissing by of the girders of a bridge.

The girl in back was at her argument again—giving now an example of a ride in the country right there on the road they were traveling.

"More funny talk!"

"Sure. That's what that McLean said when they took him out for his last ride just right along here!" she told him; and went on to give all the particulars about the Federal officer the Carnellis had driven out here for interfering with them in their rum-running line.

"He wasn't feeling so funny when they got him out here!" she said; and continued with more details of his last thirty or forty minutes, arguing and begging for his life with those murderers, inside their closed car.

The Lounger merely grunted. She went right on without regard to him.

"That's Angelo," she continued—"that dragging it out. Angelo the Cat, they call him sometimes. He likes to play with them before finishing them up. He gets a kick out of prolonging the agony—by making them think they've got a chance and listening to them beg!"

SHE stopped, stared out into the dark.

"There!" she exclaimed. "It was right over there they threw McLean over the fence, where they found him three days later," she said—and pointed out a black bunch of bushes as they flashed by.

"God, I wish I had your imagination!" the man beside her announced.

Imagination or no imagination, it was getting on their nerves by now—the Lounger's included.

"Why don't you drop off—if you feel that way?" he suggested now.

The girl's voice shot back, high and angry.

"You'd like it all too well, huh? You and your little high-school vamp," she said with sudden viciousness—bringing abruptly to the front a hitherto suppressed note in the conversation.

Young Thatcher caught it like a blow in the face. The other man responded to it promptly.

"You'd do well if you had half that kid's sand," he told her. "And we'd have a little rest."

His remark was not itself very successful in that direction.

The mock-boy beside him gave a sudden harsh laugh, as if remembering something, and struck young Thatcher heartily upon the back.

"What'd I tell you—about kidnaping? There's no competition when the head kidnaper gets started on his wicked work."

She went on with still more enthusiasm:

"Always the same. You couldn't keep from luring a new all-night flapper to save your life, huh?"

The man said something to her in a lower voice. She laughed on:

"Nothing in rompers can escape you, huh? You have to stop and drag them along—if it kills you—and all the rest of us! It's a wonder you haven't grabbed her and thrown us out already!"

"I might yet. You can't tell."

The speaker's voice was hard and brief.

The car swerved slightly under the unsteady hand of the driver at the development of this talk. Up to this time he had still hoped that murder might be the worst thing hanging over them.

The girl at his side pressed slightly closer against him—getting more and more the sense of the possibilities that were pursuing her.

The conversation in the back seat grew louder. "Aw. Shut up!"

The sound of quick movements behind—of scuffling and pronounced physical exertion; a sharp cry, and a woman's voice, broken and uncontrolled, bursting out at the end of a struggle.

"I wish to God I'd never seen you, in the first place! I wish I'd let Angelo and his gang mess you up all they wanted to!"

"Why didn't you?"

"I would have—if I hadn't been a fool! Helen of Troy, New York—that's me. Nothing would do me but I must run off with a bright, bright necktie and a patent-leather head of hair that could dance."

"And then what?" asked the man beside her—always urging her on.

"And he'll be doing it—he'll be getting you, all right—before this night's out!" she called, responding fiercely. "He's a better man than you ever were. You wait till—"

Whang!

She burst into a sudden shriek. The man beside her cursed. It did sound, at first, exactly like the firing of a shotgun.

Young Thatcher, straining at his wheel, had no time for any thought besides it. There had been a blowout on the right rear tire, as a matter of fact. He kept her on the road, slowed her down, bumped her to a stop. If the tire had been a front one, there would have been a different story, at that speed.

"Get out," said the Lounger harshly.

HE had been drinking, but he certainly didn't show it, now he was in action. The two men were out in the darkness, putting on the spare—their only one.

They were at the edge of a wood, with a swamp beyond; out in the deep country, which seemed deeper and darker after that recent shock. They hurried on the change—to lose as little time as possible, in case their supposed pursuers should be close after them.

The girl Neyda urged them to their work.

"What'd I tell you about that glass at that last garage?" she asked—sure beyond a doubt now that the blowout was no accident.

Young Thatcher, working, sweating, watching back in the dark, was not so sure. Yet a cut had something to do with the blowout, apparently. And it might have been that glass, at that. He toiled on, his front hair waving over his dripping forehead in the crazy wind.

"Come on. Let's go."

They were done, and off again—with no pursuers in sight as yet. But the nerves of the girl Neyda were gone altogether by now.

"You can let me out when we get to Philly—if we get there alive!"

"I'll let you out here, if you say so," said the party's leader.

The girl beside young Thatcher, though no doubt shaken by the recent explosion, was still able to preserve her self-control. She sat, with no outward evidences of concern, looking forward, adjusting a bracelet, in demonstration of her calm, when Thatcher looked at her. He whispered harshly, his own nerves none too good now:

"Listen. When we stop, if we do, in Philadelphia—you're going to jump and run!"

"What about you?"

"I will—if I can."

"He'll be likely to let you!"

"But you can go. I'll grab him—if necessary."

"I see myself letting you!"

"Oh, have some sense."

"Shut up. He's listening in."

He drove on in silence.

MORE lights appeared ahead—Philadelphia was coming finally. The gasoline was getting down. Thibaut decided to stop at the first all-night garage.

"Not that one. Have you lost your mind entirely?" the shrill voice beside him warned.

The leader disregarded her now as a matter of principle.

"Go on in," he directed Thatcher. "Pay no attention to this crazy woman."

A black-jowled, foreign-looking thug, badly needing the services of a barber, came out to the gas-pump.

"Keep back. That's one of them. I tell you—I know him!"

He paid no attention to her.

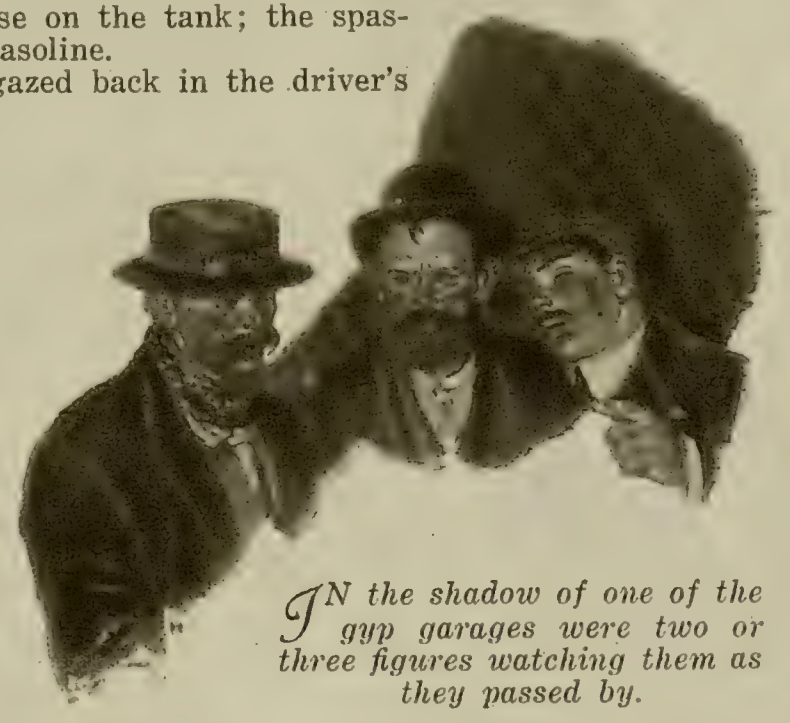
"Fill her up," he said, leaning out of the window.

The mock-boy made a sound of final disgust and despair in her throat, and went suddenly still. They all sat in a general silence, which contrasted sharply with the recent rush of the hurrying motor.

From the back of the car came the metal clack of the gas-hose on the tank; the spasmodic gush of the gasoline.

Speed Thatcher gazed back in the driver's mirror overhead. The Lounger was slouched down in his seat, staring forward with marked indifference. The girl beside him was again gazing steadily out the back window.

Young Thatcher, looking back with her in his mirror, saw the black-haired thug come back to close the gas-tank. When it was done, he straightened up and, with a look of recognition in his dimly lighted face stopped at the back car window.



IN the shadow of one of the gyp garages were two or three figures watching them as they passed by.

She made guarded signs of inquiry—pointing back.

The black-browed gas man hesitated—looked around—and then bowed his head.

Now that he had gone that far, he passed on quickly to other gestures—motioned violently to her to get out.

She stared motionless.

His excitement increased. Pointing frantically back down the dark highway, he now raised both hands; opened them, very deliberately, with widely separated fingers—once, twice!

Twenty! thought young Thatcher dully. Twenty what? Men—miles—minutes behind, on the dark road? The last, probably, he guessed—and stopped his speculation, to stare still more rigidly in his mirror out the dim back window.

The black-jowled thug, with a new descriptive gesture, was now cutting his throat, slowly and painstakingly, with his oil-soaked forefinger. Again he motioned violently for Neyda to leave, turned away, and came to the side for his pay.

The Lounger paid him, and motioned to Speed Thatcher to drive on.

He did so. The voice of the woman rose again from the back seat, gone off key with fear.

"For the last time, are you going to turn off from this murderers' runway—and save us?"

The man put down his flask, after another little drink.

"For the last time—I am not," he mocked her. "If there were ten thousand of your comic-opera murderers after me, they wouldn't chase me off this road!"

The courage he had been seeking from his bottle had been secured in full. No retreat for him now—even before an army with cannon and sawed-off shotguns.

"Let me off now." The girl's voice was sharper still.

"Sure. Stop the car."

The driver drove on, undecided—waiting for more definite orders, which were delayed. The two minds in back were occupied with a new line of thought.

"Here. Leave that alone!"

The sound of hard breathing—a woman's strength giving way to a man's! They were fighting over the girl's shiny black hand-bag—with some of the proceeds of the stick-up party still in it, young Thatcher gathered from dim glimpses in his overhead mirror.

Suddenly the strained breathing of the woman gave way to dry sobbing—of fear and anger and defeat.

"Let me out!"

"Sure. Stop the car."

Speed Thatcher slowed up, finally. They were in a big parkway, empty with the sincere, thorough emptiness of a big wooded city park at night. No sound save that of the wind.

She snatched the door open, and stood upon the curbing.

"Give me my suitcase."

The Lounger handed it to her. She placed it on the ground.

"HERE. Take this. Don't say I never gave you anything!"

He peeled off a collection of yellow bills from the captured bank roll of the stick-up party.

She took them calmly and crumpled them in her hand. Her whole manner had changed—now that she was out of the car. Her voice was calm and humorous again:

"Go on. Don't let me detain you!"

"Go on," the Lounger confirmed her to young Thatcher.

"And don't linger by the roadside too long with your last kidnaped flapper. Life's too short."

Speed Thatcher had put in his clutch reluctantly—looking in vain for an opening, a moment of inattention, when he and his companion could join her on the ground. It did not come.

"Life's too short—for you!" the mock-boy called again. "You got but a limited time to live. I give you twenty—thirty minutes! Good-by!"

Neyda's prophecy was based on knowledge—knowledge of the Carnellis' deadliness and their peculiar brand of humor. How far she was right is revealed in next week's crucial instalment.

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LIBERTY publishes twenty questions each week. The following week these questions are republished, together with their answers and a new list of questions. Our readers find that trying to answer the questions is a fascinating and instructive pastime.

Give yourself five points out of a hundred for each question correctly answered, then see how high a score you can make.

1—What was the fate of the assassin who is credited with starting the World War?

2—What South American countries are bounded by both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans?

3—What is concrete?

4—Who coined the term "highbrow"?

5—What two Presidents of the United States were tailors by profession?

6—Why can a bird stand on a charged trolley wire without getting a shock?

7—Which travels faster, light or electricity?

8—What world capital was built on a swamp?

9—What is the origin of the term Fourth Estate?

10—How did foolscap paper get its name?

11—Which was the first American city to use gas for illuminating purposes?

12—What makes a bee buzz?

13—Which State has the lowest average elevation?

14—What three American statesmen have won the Nobel Peace Prize?

15—What horse holds the record for the fastest time over the present distance of the Kentucky Derby?

16—What is the approximate number of automobiles now in use throughout the world?

17—Who was the first woman governor in the United States?

18—Up to what age does a human's skull continue to grow?

19—Which is wider and deeper, the Suez or the Panama Canal?

20—Which is the largest women's college in the United States?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—How did the expression "not worth a rap" arise?
A.—The rap was a counterfeit coin passed current in Ireland for a halfpenny early in the eighteenth century.

2—What is the largest active volcano in the world?
A.—Kilauea volcano, in the Hawaiian Islands.

3—Who was the only Vice-President that ever resigned from office?
A.—John C. Calhoun, Vice-President under Andrew Jackson, resigned December 28, 1832, to enter the Senate, to which he had been elected while in office.

4—Why are London policemen called "bobbies"?
A.—Sir Robert Peel, who reorganized the police force in the latter part of the nineteenth century, was popularly known as "Bobby."

5—What is the salary of President Coolidge?
A.—Seventy-five thousand dollars a year.

6—What man held the heavyweight boxing title the longest?
A.—John L. Sullivan, 1882 to 1892.

7—Which runs the faster trains—English or American railways?
A.—English. In 1924 ten English trains were running on schedules faster than the fastest American schedule.

8—Which is the largest university, in number of students, in this country?
A.—Columbia University, New York, which, with its affiliated colleges, has an enrollment of 33,750.

9—Which is the largest baseball park in the United States?
A.—The Yankee Stadium, in New York City.

10—What is the longest river in the world, and how long is it?
A.—The Amazon, 4,000 miles long.

11—What is the size of the championship prize ring?
A.—Twenty-four feet square.

12—What counties constitute North Ireland and are outside the Free State Government?
A.—Down, Antrim, Armagh, Tyrone, Londonderry, and Fermanagh.

13—What is the Lucy Stone League?
A.—It is a social institution organized by Lucy Stone in the interest of women's rights. Members of the league retain their maiden names after marriage.

14—Can you name the dependencies of the United States?
A.—The Philippine Islands, Porto Rico, Virgin Islands of the United States, Canal Zone, American Samoa, Guam, and Wake and the Midway islands.

15—How many government employees are provided to serve the President of the United States in the White House?
A.—Forty-four.

16—How many carats fine is absolutely pure gold?
A.—Twenty-four carats.

17—What former State capital is now a deserted city?
A.—Cahaba, Alabama.

18—How long, on the average, does it take a drop of blood to complete its trip through the body from the time it leaves the heart to the time it gets back?
A.—About half a minute.

19—When and where was the first restaurant in an airplane established?
A.—On July 30, 1927, regular restaurant service was inaugurated in one of the giant passenger airplanes flying from Paris to London.

20—How many States must ratify a Constitutional amendment if it becomes a law?
A.—Thirty-six States. The Constitution provides that three-fourths of the States must ratify the amendment before it becomes law.

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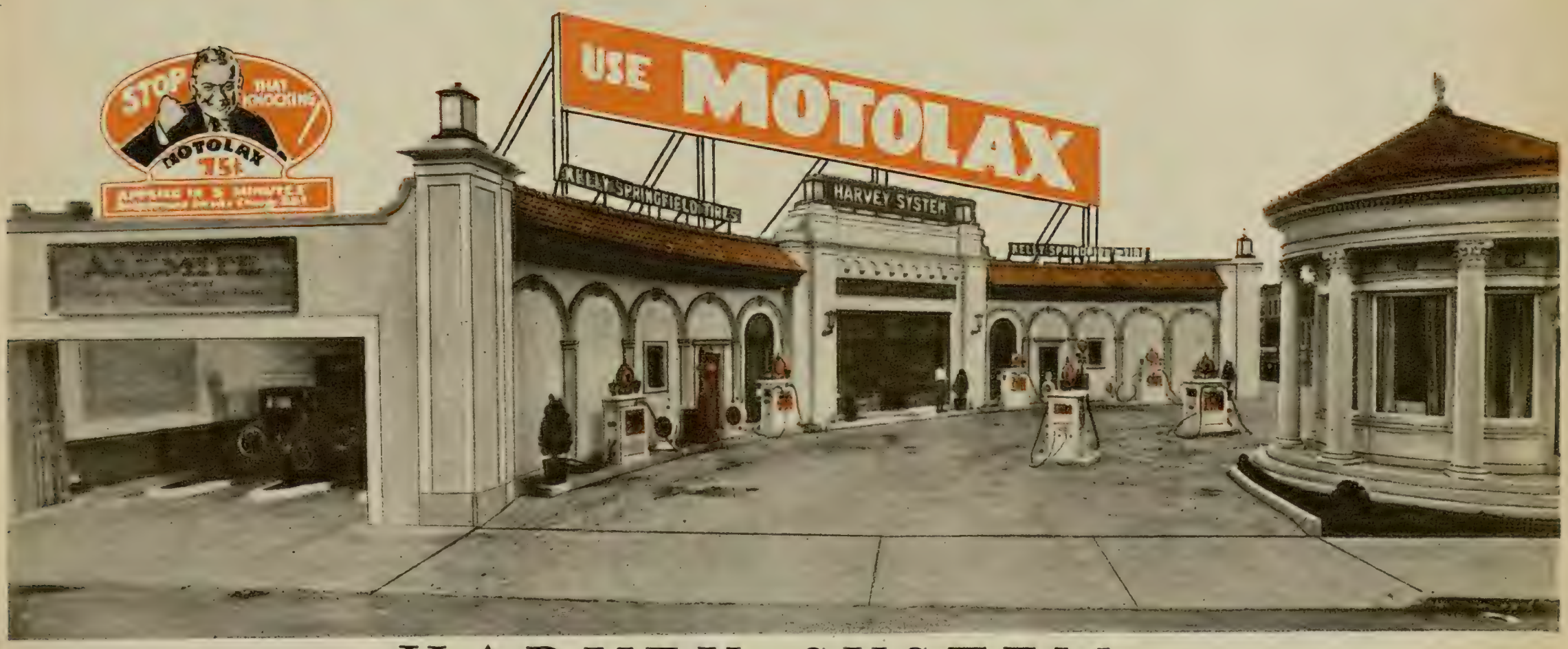

HARVEY SYSTEM

Where Service Reigns Supreme

The above pictured filling station, one of the show places of the South, located at Richmond, Virginia, is owned by the Standard Gas & Oil Supply Company, with Home Offices at Clifton Forge, Virginia. It is known throughout the South as the "HARVEY SYSTEM."

The STANDARD GAS & OIL SUPPLY COMPANY, of which Mr. O. B. Harvey is President, owns and operates 12 wholesale Supply Stations, where Gasoline and Oil is unloaded daily in Tank Car Lots. From these points their many supply trucks serve more than 300 filling stations. MOTOLAX IS FOR SALE THROUGHOUT THE "HARVEY SYSTEM."

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Women Get Immediate Results with this Marvelous *Beauty Bath*

your skin immediately feels like velvet

EVERY woman wants a skin with that glorious soft "feel" of rare velvet—

And now she can get it INSTANTLY.

No waiting—no discomfort—

Immediately after a pleasant LINIT Beauty Bath you "feel" the results—your skin is unusually soft and delightful to touch.

Merely take two or more handfuls of LINIT (the scientific starch discovery—sold by all grocers) and swish into a half tubful of warm water. LINIT dissolves immediately—then step into the tub and enjoy the soothing sensation of a rich, cream-like bath. Bathe and wash with your favorite soap as usual, then step out and dry off.

Presto! Feel your skin. It is like rare velvet—and therein lies the secret of the LINIT Beauty Bath.

After your LINIT Bath, powdering is unnecessary as LINIT leaves just the *right* amount of powder on the skin, evenly spread, without excess. You will find that LINIT adheres well, absorbs perspiration without caking, eliminates oil shine on body, hands and face, prevents chafing and affords protection to hands and face against wind and sun.

Whether your skin is the dry or oily type, a LINIT Bath is equally effective.

LINIT is so easy to use—when put in water it dissolves immediately—that's all there is to it—bathing as usual, does the rest.

LINIT is a pure vegetable product—its natural color is white and it is not disguised by added color or odor.

VERY IMPORTANT TO YOU!

THE fact that LINIT is sold by all grocers as the finest laundry starch and is also recommended for use as a remarkable beauty bath, may seem rather far-fetched to some women—however, the statements made above are endorsed by leading chemists and dermatologists.

LINIT is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let the results speak for themselves.

Merely ask your grocer for a package of* LINIT *and follow the above suggestions

IMPORTANT: Should you experience any difficulty procuring LINIT, please write Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. L, 17 Battery Place, New York City. Being a comparatively new product, LINIT is not as yet widely distributed.

THE SQUAWK!

Lil and Sandy's Financial Tiff

Another Chapter in LIBERTY'S Popular Cover Continuity

For the Love o' Lil

By LESLIE THRASHER

"THIS is what I call fun," Pop Morse was saying as he poured out a glass of so-called beer.

He and Mrs. Morse were having supper at the Sumners', across the street. It was to have been a picnic out at a lake, but 3 o'clock brought rain and a cold wind. So Ma's bologna sandwiches and Mrs. Sumner's cold chicken were being consumed indoors!

"More ginger ale, please," Ma smiled, then she winced, having bitten down too hard on an olive pit.

At 8 o'clock a taxi swished up to the Morses' gate. Two heavy valises were plunked on the porch. A jingle of keys.

And Sandy was back from the road for the week-end!

"Did you bring many socks for me to darn?" Lil asked, wondering if he'd run his toes through any of his new green silk ones.

"Kiss me first," he grinned.

A few minutes later he was unpacking his bag. Lil hovered about, intent upon missing buttons, and glowed over the *table d'hôte* menu cards he'd brought home as souvenirs of swell restaurants.

"I'll make this some night," she said, pointing to cherry tart de luxe. And then she gasped as a flask rolled out of a shoe.

"I won it at bridge," Sandy told her. (She was tempted to shake it, but refrained and put it in the medicine chest.)

"And look what I bought!" He was unrolling a silver-handled carving set from his soft-collar fold.

"Oh!" Lil cried, looking at the price tag. "Fourteen dollars!"

"I bought an Oriental rug, too," he boasted. "We want everything nice and new in our apartment when we get in next month."

"How much was the rug—about fifty dollars? We'll be broke. I paid out twelve today on our washing machine. The man was here three other weeks, but I was out."

"Well, don't forget to keep up payments on the breakfast-nook set," Sandy said, kissing her.

"The gas company will want a deposit by the fifteenth. And I have some samples of velvet curtains to show you."

Sandy was feeling very splurgy at heart all of a sudden—due to his generous tipping of porters and having met several rich Mid-Western buyers on the road!

Lil was now fumbling in her desk. She laughed as he tossed one of his straw mules into the air, catching it on two toes!

"Dear," she said, "I've had these bills since the first of the month. I'll make out the checks now if you'll sign them."

Sandy looked up. Were those bills really for him to pay? Or had his wet shoes affected his mind?

"What?" he squawked, making a face as though he'd swallowed a warm oyster. "Not on your life!"

"Sandy Jenkins!" Lil exclaimed. "How dare you yell at me like that? Everything I bought was a bargain. You should be darned thankful to have a nicely dressed wife."

"But sixty-five dollars for only one dress?" he squawked again. "You'll have me broke!" And a close-up of their profiles would have assured their screen fame.

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

More Room Wanted

Billy had attended school just four months. He did unusually well in that time and was commended by his teacher and the principal for his good work. As his report card showed all A's, his parents were highly pleased.

One day, a short time later, he slowly walked up to his teacher's desk and, edging up closely to her, said, "Miss Barker, don't you think this room is getting awfully small for me?"—Mrs. Nell C. Hyde, 241 West 18th Street, Erie, Pa.

Hospitality at Its Highest

We bought chickens alive and kept them in a coop until we saw proper to make use of them. On one occasion we had company. For dinner we had chicken. At the table in the party was a comparative stranger to the family. He was asked to a second helping of chicken and hesitated to accept, when my daughter of five years spoke up:

"Help yourself, mister; there's plenty in the coop."—Mrs. George W. Beck, 1521 Edmondson Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

MOVING DAY in DRESS CIRCLES

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

THE matter of the fashions has shaken itself down to a practically invariable line that is almost classic in its clean-cut austerity. Of course, the plaited skirt is a part of it, and we can say unofficially that this has come to stay as permanently as the low-cut neck. For one reason, the business of keeping oneself looking slim is invariably tied up with it, as it solves the problem of how to move while still retaining a slender silhouette.

Do you remember when we long ago had the sheath skirt with a slash up one side by which to get the slim outline and hold on to it while walking? Not so great a while since, the French designers tried to revive that sheath skirt, and they were laughed at by their own customers. Some of these were ourselves, and we said it was very appropriately called the "hobble." We added plainly that we in our emancipated period of history did not propose to hobble when we walked. We had already experienced a sample of the plaited skirt, and we proposed to hold on to it, as we have done, letting variations come in the way the plaits are distributed.

Sometimes, as we know, they go all the way around, and again only across the front. The one other source of variety comes in the depth of the yoke, which sometimes is formed by stitching the plaits down at the top, making a heavy ribbed or corded band around the hips. At other times the yoke is a smoothly fitted piece of the material into which the plaits are bound. The blouse or the sweater, or, more accurately, the blouse fashioned on the outline of the sweater, is the other feature of this style which is now almost classic and threatens to be permanent.

OF black crepe satin, this dinner dress has a scalloped skirt and pannier.

Just about the only other way of varying the costume lies in the color scheme. This brings us to an important fashion item of the day. Not so long since, a frock was made up of different shades of the same color. Now, if it is made on the above outline, it must be of two colors definitely contrasting. A skirt may be of black and a blouse of geranium red. But a skirt should not be of navy and a blouse of light blue, nor the two parts of a light and a dark green.

For a thing so like a uniform as this model has become, needless to say, the material is an important item. A woman in Paris bought a plaited skirt the other day and paid seventy dollars for it without the flicker of an eyelash. It was of the heaviest grosgrain silk ever woven and almost a vanilla color—and oh, how pretty it was! Besides the material, the important feature about it was that the plaits were stitched to a line that circled not very far above the knees.

I guess that ought to answer the conjecture that maybe yokes were going out of style! An important house has just presented the deepest, most significant one ever offered, and they say a dozen copies have been ordered of it already. The skirt of grosgrain was an adaptation of this design.

But this is a silhouette with which we are familiar.

The accompanying illustrations show some of the designs being offered at this minute in the smart houses of Paris. The American girl who sent them describes the evening dress as more slenderizing than two weeks at Vichy. It is of crepe georgette in a lovely color of geranium, and sometimes in white. It is made in overlapping sections, with a short jabot on one side of the front and a long jabot on the other side of the back.

The same American girl says that our second model was worn at the Ritz last week and that it would make a very smart frock for over here this winter. The original model was in the blue of the French officers' uniforms, in crepe; but it would be lovely in black with broadtail for a coat, or in beige under mink.

A DRESS in horizon-blue crepe satin, the blouse showing a double jabot.

IN mixed wool of beige tints, this dress is suitable both for town and country.

THE first model, with its scalloped bottom and long scalloped pannier, is excellent in white crepe satin or in black, and is equally good, while a little more elaborate, in black, white, or pale green chiffon velvet.

The third illustration shows a model made very much on the lines of the almost universal silhouette we described in the beginning. It has the skirt with the plaits in front only, while the back is perfectly smooth fitting.

THE silhouette of this evening dress of geranium georgette is decorated with two jabots.

The blouse is made on the general outline of a sweater, and indeed, in this case, is a part of a one-piece dress which is fashioned to look as if it were purposely imitating the popular two-piece effect of the day.

As the American girl says, it is often seen around Paris, and it has splendid lines. In soft mixed wool with beige as the prevailing color, it is fine, and it also lends itself well to kasha. It is one of those dresses which adapts itself equally well to town or country, and this, as we mentioned a week or so ago, is the ideal to aim at in costuming today.

Supplied with such a wardrobe as described on this page, a woman is well equipped to meet any sartorial emergency.

Clothes PAVE the WAY for PERSONALITY

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, August 21.

"CLOTHES are the materials with which woman makes of herself a masterpiece or a daub. They gain immediate sympathy and admiration for you in the many rôles you must play in private life, as on a stage, giving your personality the time, which any real personality needs, to do the rest. Or the reverse. Your clothes may be a handicap that your individual charm will have the greatest difficulty to overcome.

"The artist in clothes is never a complete failure in the drama of life," said Cécile Sorel, in her dressing-room at the Comédie-Française.

CECILE SOREL in rose georgette gown and silver lamé coat designed specially for meeting Captain Lindbergh, when she recited verses in his honor.

SOREL wears a Bernard coat of dull orange kasha duvetyn and fox over a black satin frock from Vionnet; for sports, a Callot apricot-beige Angora kasha frock.

FOR evening Madame Sorel chooses black chiffon from Chanel. The cape is detachable.

SOREL chose a plain and dotted blue crepe de Chine frock from Suzanne Talbot, for morning.

Comtesse de Segur (Cécile Sorel) knows whereof she speaks. She is that rarity, a real Parisienne, born and reared in Paris. She is not beautiful in the strict sense. She is no longer young. Yet she invests you with the impression that she is both. From humble beginnings, Cécile Sorel has achieved for herself most of the things that women dream about and long for in life: She is an idol of Paris. She is a woman of the greatest social importance.

Sorel made her début at a small theater at eighteen. She tells me that since the beginning, in that small, dingy theater, she has used clothes as a weapon to vanquish the enemies of failure and disdain.

"I can not," she says, "give a general formula for dress. But there are some fundamental laws which will help. I am speaking, now, of clothes for the woman of refinement in any walk, and not of clothes for the *artiste*.

"I choose my costumes primarily to attract the eye, and not to dazzle. I never wear clothes which will keep the center of attention and act as a barrier between myself and the people I meet. My costumes are an accompaniment to me and not the whole thing in themselves.

In the evening I wear a coat which is usually brilliant and luxurious. It is for my entrance, and can be dazzling and rich because I remove it almost at once. It lets those present know that 'some one' has arrived. My gown is, on the other hand, simple, with the art concentrated in lines and draperies.

"If I am going out in the afternoon, in the city, to some social function, I observe something of the same rule. My coat is not, of course, brilliant, but it is rich and elegant. The wrap may be of quiet color. It usually is. The fabric I choose is luxurious, and usually my coat is trimmed with some soft and opulent-looking fur, even in summer.

"I wear a gown the lines of which are always long, slender, and at the same time ample enough to be gracious. It is trimmed with great simplicity, if at all, and the material may be satin or velvet, or some such elegant fabric. If the day is bright I wear a large hat, shading as well as framing my face. If it is dark and dull, I wear a small, close-fitting hat that flatters the contours of the head.

"FOR morning, for sports, I choose frocks that are made of materials and colors quite unpretentious. I do not wear very strict and narrow lines. They are too trying for most women. A plaited skirt is more becoming and quite as smart, and a blouse that does not fit the body is more charming and more flattering. For myself, with my auburn hair and brown eyes, I choose warm shades for sports. A soft scarf or collar complements the face and neck, and long sleeves when no coat is worn are more *distingué* than short ones."

"I study just as carefully my gowns for my own personal life as I do my clothes for the rôles I play in the theater," she said. "One is as important as the other. To be an artist of the costume a woman must apply the same intelligent concentration that an artist in any other line does. This means knowledge of yourself; more and better mirrors than most women use. It includes an accurate acquaintance with colors, fabrics, and lines which suit yourself. Mastery of the art of dressing yourself gets your individuality a favorable hearing anywhere."

The World's Biggest LAUNDRY Bill

Every day is washday on the railroads.

What it Costs to Maintain Cleanliness as a Virtue on Wheels

An Article by

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

(Reading time: 8 minutes.)

DID you ever wonder, as you reached up to the towel-rack in a Pullman-car wash-room, dried the tips of your fingers, and tossed the scarcely crumpled towel into the receptacle below, how many towels were in use on the nation's sleeping-cars, or how, when, and where they were laundered and returned to service?

Or, as you leaned back against the head-rest covers, and watched the white-coated porter massaging pillows into comfortable plumpness against the window-sill, or noticed him putting the hats into paper bags and hanging them up near the roof above your seat—did all this seem so commonplace that the deft, polite colored man's immaculate activities failed to excite your curiosity as to what becomes of the pillow-slips and white coats and head-rest pieces and sheets and blankets and napkins and table-cloths?

Statistics are usually to be avoided in popular narrative; but when they are as staggering and unsuspected and interesting as the ones now at hand, they can be quoted with the assurance that they will not bore the reader.

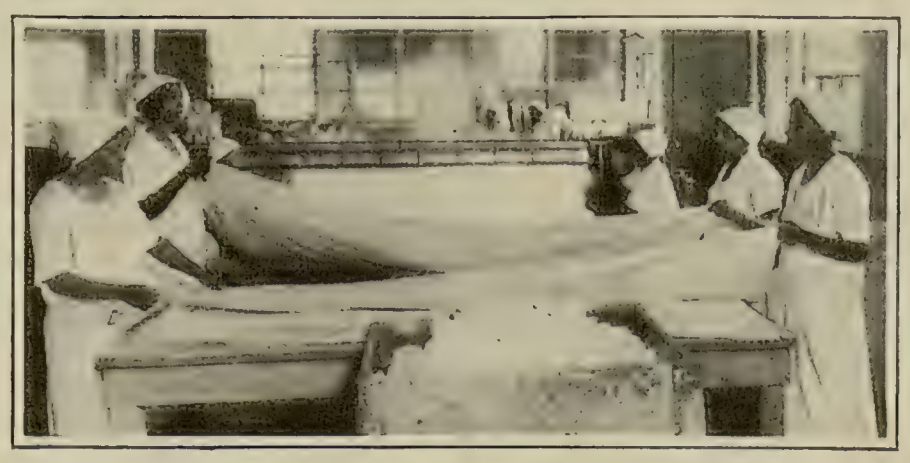
By the way, glance at your watch at this point and look at it again when you finish the article. Something interesting is happening during the time it will take you to read this story. What it is will be revealed at the end of the story.

The Pullman Company owns 9,711,155 pieces of linen! Half of them are constantly on the organization's 8,600 cars; the other half are in reserve storerooms scattered throughout the country, and in the company's laundries and the laundries that do its washing on a yearly contract basis. These establishments are situated at strategic points in North America, including Canada and Mexico.

The principal items in the above figures are; 4,154,450 hand towels; 2,607,646 sheets; 2,163,198 pillow-slips.

Last year the Pullman Company purchased the following washable housekeeping supplies:

Sheets	875,248
Pillow-slips	976,834
Towels	1,876,681
Porters' white coats	74,782
Tidies	62,692
Head-rest covers	174,081
Buffet table-cloths	12,912
Napkins	28,816
Blankets	31,500



Getting sheets ready for the ironers.

The need for these huge annual purchases is explained when you are told that more than 712,000 pieces of linen are worn out and condemned yearly—and that a considerable additional number "disappear from service" annually! Let your conscience be your mentor!

All this linen, of course, goes frequently to the laundries, and the average daily wash contains a *million pieces* every working day of the week, or six million weekly, or approximately 300,000,000 pieces a year. The two largest laundries wash an average of *thirty tons* of linen a day, or 100,000 separate pieces.

There are eighteen linen repair shops in the country, and in one month they have handled 311,506 pieces.

Other tremendous housekeeping purchases, annually, involve these things issued for service:

Cakes of toilet soap	4,216,946
Toilet soap, gallons	126,868
Boxes of matches	4,527,733
Drinking-cups	103,493,474
First-aid packages	61,128
Hat-bags	5,696,089

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE WORLD'S BIGGEST LAUNDRY BILL
Continued from Page 101]

The first-aid packages contain mercurachrome ampules, aromatic spirits of ammonia, large and small bandages, and compresses. The ammonia has literally saved the lives of persons whose hearts were gravely affected by the rarefied atmosphere to the elevated passes of various mountain ranges.

Ironers press tons of sheets daily.

The housekeeping involves notable statistics, and means the keeping of cars clean and in condition. There are 4,615 men and women at work during the year in 241 cleaning-yards, and the cleaning materials and supplies they use cost about $258,744.

Constantly employed are 413 electricians, and they required last year 703,282 lamps, 709,459 feet of belting, 160,430 fuse-plugs, and 140,674 link fuses. There are 762 mechanics on the job making spot repairs.

A reserve of 300,000 pieces of linen is kept at six strategic points as a protection against fires in laundries or storerooms and to meet extraordinary demands, such as may be caused by cyclones, earthquakes, or other catastrophes.

LARGE quantities of linen must be moved considerably in advance to cities where great conventions are scheduled, in order to take care of peak-travel movements, as well as for the occupancy of cars when local hotel accommodations fall short of requirements. For example, during the Shriners' Convention in Washington in 1923, the local stock of Pullman linen was increased by more than 300,000 pieces, and during the convention more than 800,000 additional pieces were laundered.

The company asserts that the Florida travel boom created a problem. Two laundries had to be equipped, one on the east and one on the west coast, and it was necessary to ship part of the machinery and operating stock of linen by water so it would be on the ground at the proper time. These two Florida plants handled over 50,000 pieces of linen every day during the season.

Nothing is left to chance. A force of 400 linen carriers and checkers is required to handle the linen to and from the cars, and 100 seamstresses keep it in repair. Following are the average linen supplies for a Pullman car:

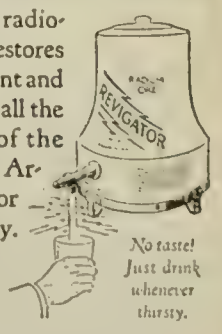
On a twelve-section drawing-room car, typical one night's run: hand towels, 200; sheets, 160; pillow-slips, 120; porters' coats, 4.

On a transcontinental run (first stocking, to be replenished if necessary en route), Chicago to Pacific coast, a car will contain: hand

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Drink your way to Health

Water that stands in reservoirs or jars loses its radio-activity, or Natural Niton. The REVIGATOR is a radio-active water jar that restores this valuable lost element and produces a water with all the beneficial qualities of the waters of Hot Springs, Arkansas, Vichy, France or Baden-Baden, Germany.



Not a medicine...not a filter ...it is a health spring in your own home.

No taste! Just drink whenever thirsty.

Attested Proofs of Highly Beneficial Results in Following Ailments:

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Indigestion	Weakness After	Neuritis
Stomach Disorders	Influenza	Hay Fever
Skin Diseases	Diabetes	Sciatica
Anemia	Gout	High Blood Pressure
Arthritis	Rheumatism	Kidney Complaints

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Iodine Products Co.
Laurel, Miss.

TEST ZI-O-DINE THIS WAY

Puts New Life Into Your Feet

If you can't indulge in long walks, stand on your feet for hours, or enjoy an afternoon of golf or an evening of dancing without being punished by your feet, you are suffering a needless handicap.

To quickly rid yourself of all distress, massage your feet with Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm. It will put new life, strength and endurance in them and give you real foot comfort.

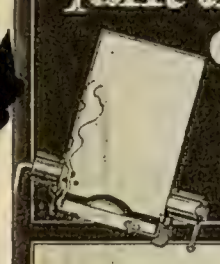
Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm is delightfully soothing, cooling, healing. It stimulates the skin, opens the pores, removes impurities, tones up the muscles. Stops burning sensations, quickly relieves all aches and pains, quiets corns, callouses and bunions, dispels foot odors.

At all drug, shoe and dept. stores—35c per jar.

Dr Scholl's Foot Balm

Write for free sample to The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago, World's Largest Manufacturers of Arch Supports, Foot Comfort Appliances and Foot Remedies

Turn the handle out comes a lighted cigarette



The Matchless Cigarette Container-Lighter eliminates the hazards of "Lighting up" while driving. You can attach one to your car in 10 minutes. No holes to drill. No chemicals. Order by writing name and address in margin of this page, attaching a five-dollar bill.

The Koolfast Radiator Co.
3118 Monroe St. - Toledo, O.

Clark's Famous Cruises

By CUNARD-ANCHOR new oil burners; rates include hotels, guides, drives, fees

125 days, $1250 to $3000
ROUND THE WORLD
s s "Caledonia" sailing Jan. 16

8th cruise, includes Havana, the Canal, Los Angeles, Hilo, Honolulu, 19 days Japan and China, Manila, Java, Burma, option 17 days India, Ceylon, Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Italy, Riviera, Havre, Glasgow. Europe stop-over.

24th Mediterranean Cruise
Jan. 25; 65 days, $600 to $1700
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.

DENT'S TOOTHACHE GUM
Stops Toothache
All Druggists

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

towels, 400; sheets, 250; pillow-slips, 200; porters' coats, 8.

The porter, on reaching the car to prepare for the run, counts the linen and stacks it on the locker shelves. At the terminal, he again counts the linen and places the used pieces in bags, keeping the towels separate, because they usually are damp. The bags are removed by trucks to the storeroom and from there are sent to the laundry.

At the numerous laundries everything is done on a strictly scientific scale, according to instructions and formulas issued by the Pullman Company. For instance, this is what happens to a sheet:

Five-minute lukewarm breakdown rinse, six inches of water.

Ten-minute hot rinse, five inches of water. Add one gallon Javel water to 250-pound load. Then add sufficient soap for suds and continue to run for ten minutes after soap is added.

Five-minute hot rinse, eight inches of water.

Five-minute lukewarm rinse, eight inches of water.

Five-minute cold rinse, eight inches of water.

Total, forty minutes washing-time.

EXCEPT that forty-five minutes are used to cleanse pillow-slips and towels, the process is approximately the same. For porters' coats, head-rest covers, and tidies, fifty-three minutes are consumed, with starch being added to the final rinse.

The above formulas are based on a certain type of metal washers, size forty-two by eighty-four inches, having from four to five inches of water inside the cylinder for suds and eight inches for rinse. The quantity of Javel water permitted is based on a 250-pound load of dry linen. The last suds water must run from 180 to 200 degrees Fahrenheit!

Javel water is made by mixing equal parts of chlorid of lime and neutral soda and pouring it into the water. The soda content

Folding sheets by wholesale.

varies in proportion to the hardness of the water. The water used by each laundry is analyzed to determine this point.

Once washed, the linen is placed in the extractor, revolved at tremendous speed, and the excess water removed by centrifugal force. The linen is then placed in the mangle, or, as they call it these days, the "flat-work ironer." As it leaves the machine it is inspected.

Pieces showing rust spots or other stains are thrown aside for special treatment with a solution of oxalic acid and for rewashing.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

21 JEWEL~Extra Thin

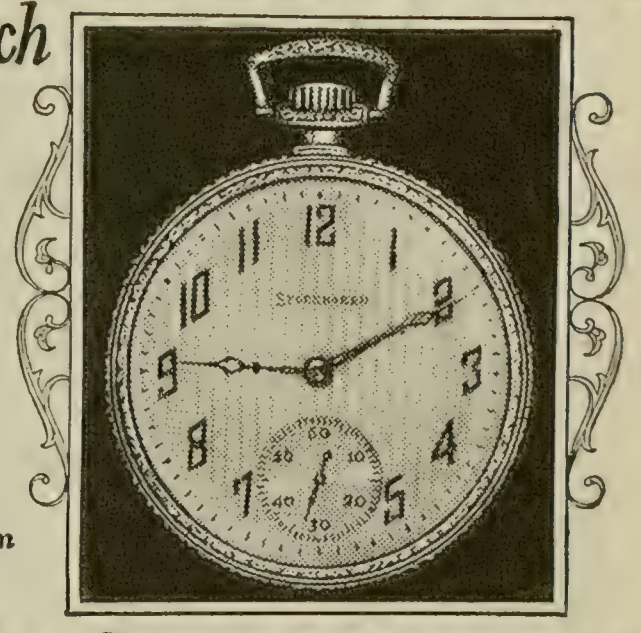
STUDEBAKER

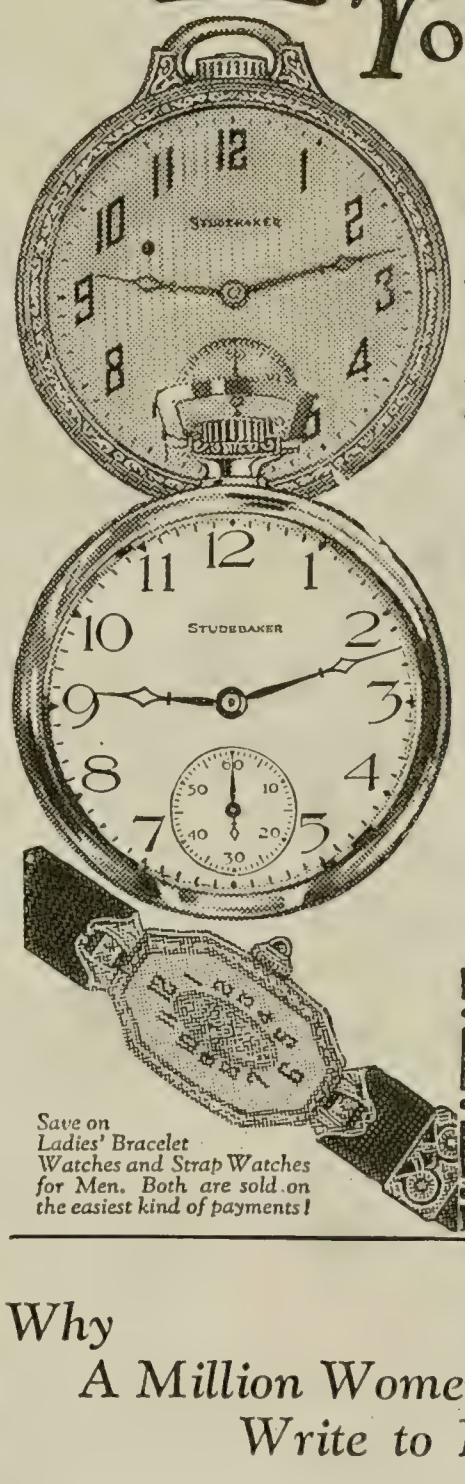
The Insured Watch

Sent for Only

$1 DOWN

Direct from Factory





Save on Ladies' Bracelet Watches and Strap Watches for Men. Both are sold on the easiest kind of payments!

You Save 30% to 50%

An amazing offer! Just $1.00 down brings you the famous 21 Jewel Studebaker Watch direct from factory. Balance in easy monthly payments. You save fully 30% to 50%. Lowest prices ever named for equal quality. Send coupon below for catalog of Advance Watch Styles and full particulars.

This amazing offer enables you to pay for your watch while wearing it. Studebaker Watches have 21 Jewels, genuine rubies and sapphires. 8 adjustments—for heat, cold, isochronism and five positions. Insured for your lifetime! Insurance Policy given FREE! Ladies' Bracelet Watches, Men's Strap Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry also sold direct to you at lowest prices and on easy monthly payments. Open a charge account with us. Send the coupon.

WRITE *for* FREE CATALOG

The coupon below will bring you a copy of our beautiful, new six-color catalog showing 80 magnificent, new Art Beauty cases and dials. Latest designs in yellow gold, green gold and white gold effects. Exquisite thin models. 12 size and 16 size. Buy a 21 Jewel Studebaker Insured Watch direct from the maker—save big money and pay for it in easy monthly payments.

Special Limited Offer: Watch Chain Free

For a limited time we are offering a Magnificent Watch Chain Free. To all who write immediately we will include particulars of this astounding special offer. This offer is limited. Send the coupon at once—before it expires.

STUDEBAKER WATCH COMPANY
Directed by the Studebaker Family—three-quarters of a century of fair dealing
WATCHES DIAMONDS JEWELRY
Dept. V-726 South Bend, Indiana
Canadian Address: Windsor, Ontario

Mail Coupon at Once While This Offer Lasts

Studebaker Watch Co. Dept. V-726 South Bend, Indiana
☐ Please send me your free catalog of Advance Watch Styles and details of your $1.00 down offer. ☐ Please send me free catalog of Jewelry and Diamonds.
Name .....
Street or R. F. D. .....
City ..... *State* .....

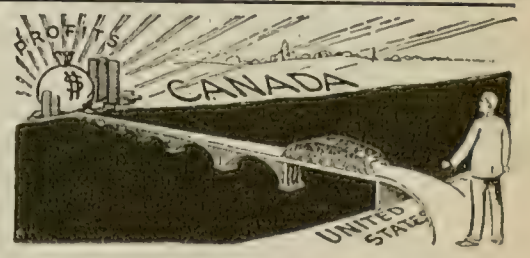
Why
A Million Women Write to Me

Who are the biggest kickers the department stores have to deal with? Their women customers, of course. And what do they kick about?

You'll Be Surprised

when you read this article by Will West, correspondent and chief "trouble shooter" for one of New York's great department stores.

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY



Peace Bridge Opportunity

A condition exists here today that, in my opinion, may never exist again anywhere.

The Peace Bridge, dedicated by the Prince of Wales, and the first big traffic bridge connecting Canada with the United States, has just been opened from Buffalo, New York, to the small village of Fort Erie, Ontario.

If history repeats itself this bridge will add untold millions to nearby real estate in Fort Erie.

In the past twenty-five years, somewhat similar conditions have prevailed, possibly only half a dozen times, and in every single instance investors have reaped profits of 500 to 5000 per cent.

Don't take my word for this; all I ask is permission to present the facts, all taken from authentic records, and if you do your own thinking, your common sense will tell you this is a genuine lifetime opportunity.

These records show how thousands of people invested $500 or less and only a few years later sold out for $20,000 or more.

A post card will bring you the facts without obligating you. Walter F. Mullen, *Realtor*, 108 Delaware Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

At last!

a new pipe with the bite *smoked out*

From the first, cool puff—Thorobred has a sweet, mild, gentle disposition! A *sanitary machine smokes a smooth, even layer of real tobacco cake inside the bowl!* It comes to you with no kick, no bite, no chafing at the bit!

Made of Italian briar, centuries old. Identified by the red triangle of WDC. All popular shapes—plain or rustic finish—$1.00 each. . . . *Why ride a mustang pipe when Thorobred is "broken-in" to tobacco for you?*

WM. DEMUTH & CO., 230 Fifth Ave., New York City
Makers of Milano, the "Insured" Pipe

$1.00

No. 1011

Thorobred

WE CAKE IT WDC WHEN WE MAKE IT

AVOID "cheap" brake lining. Remember that you are buying safety. Safety is not obtainable on a "price" basis. Your brakes are too important and life too valuable to be entrusted to untried brake lining. Patronize the *reliable* serviceman who sells Silver Edge Raybestos—a brake specialist, who will furnish the most dependable brake lining money can buy.

THE RAYBESTOS CO.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

The Canadian Raybestos Co., Ltd.
Peterborough, Ont.

Raybestos-Belaco, Ltd., London, Eng.

THERE IS A RAYBESTOS BRAKE SERVICE STATION IN YOUR VICINITY

FIGURES OF THE FAMOUS

An interesting word picture of the eminent American as he appears on the scales

by

CHARLES J. McGUIRK

in

NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

[THE WORLD'S BIGGEST LAUNDRY BILL Continued from Page 103]

Those needing repairs are put in another pile and sent to the sewing-rooms. If adjudged beyond repair, they are condemned by the inspectors, who hover watchfully about throughout the entire process.

The good portions of damaged sheets are made into pillow-slips. The good backs of porters' coats become dish-towels. Good sleeves of these coats are used on other coats or made into bags. Head-rest covers and tidies become dish-towels.

Table-cloths are cut into napkins; and portions of the damaged sheets and slips are made into cooks' caps. The unused remnants become rags for the car-cleaners and porters and shop-workers.

In the sewing-rooms nothing is left to the whims of the seam-

They're ready for your berth.

stresses—the size of needles and the size of thread are minutely specified for each sort of repairing. Even the number and length of the stitches are specifically indicated in the company's rules and regulations!

After the linen is ready for service again, it is graded by lynx-eyed inspectors according to color. A sheet slightly gray or otherwise off color is not bundled up with pure white sheets, but is kept in a heap of sheets exactly that tinge. After the washed linen has been sorted, it is tied in bundles, wrapped, and sent to the store-rooms.

THE Pullman Company has about 500,000 blankets, graded "Standard" and "Tourist." There are about 450,000 of the former, and 50,000 of the latter. The difference is in texture and weight.

The transactions involving these blankets are interesting. They are changed periodically in all cars, by direction of the General Storekeeper's office.

Each blanket-washing machine handles fifty-four blankets an hour. To prepare them for washing they are sewed together in endless chains of nine blankets each, using a chain-stitching machine. Six of these chains are put in the washer at once.

From the washer they go to the extractor, which is operated until the water stops coming away. The threads holding the chain are then removed and they are stretched on the drying-frames, particular attention being given to restoring their original dimensions. A bristle brush is then used on the blankets before they are folded and packed in bags.

In the actual washing of the blankets precise formulas and methods are observed. If badly soiled, four rinsings are pre-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

No Muss-No Bother

Just Spread MOLLÉ over the beard with the finger tips and use the razor.

Incomparable for quick easy shaving, with perfect face comfort.

Lotions never needed

At All Druggist's

I Want to Try MOLLÉ

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Mail to Pryde-Wynn Co., New Brighton, Pa., U.S.A.

WANTED
Representatives

Men and women of vision and initiative, any banker can assist you to an exceptional, lifetime opportunity that will mean a quick income at very dignified work. This income may be perpetuated by part ownership in a national enterprise of universal appeal, which operates in conjunction with banks.

Your own banker has been requested to name my representative in your territory. Tell him you are a candidate for one of these positions. Comprehensive information is obtainable through an introduction from him, or upon his recommendation.

REFERENCE: Page 115 August issue, American Bankers Journal.

R. E. FITZ-GIBBON,
1104 Vermont Avenue, Washington, D.C.

Hay Fever Catarrh—Asthma

The healing fumes of **Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Compound** restore normal health to Nasal and Bronchial passages afflicted with Hay Fever, Catarrh or Asthma. Standard remedy for 58 years. For convenience, or when traveling, use **Green Mountain Cigarettes** (same healing ingredients as Compound). Two sizes, $1 and 25c. Cigarettes, box of 24, 50c. At your druggists or sent direct postpaid for cash or money order. **FREE TRIAL box** (6 cigarettes) sent on request.

J. H. GUILD CO., Dept. 4, Rupert, Vt.

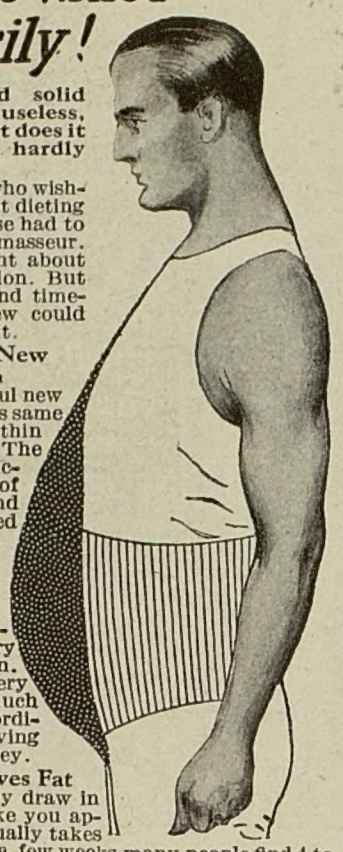
Dr. J. H. Guild's Green Mountain Kidney Pills (a diuretic stimulant) 60c. for package of 72 pills.

Aeneas Americanus

Another thrilling war bird story by Elliott White Springs will be found in

NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

New Self-Massaging Belt REDUCES WAIST -Easily!



Substitutes good solid tissue for bulky, useless, disfiguring fat, yet does it so gently you hardly know it is there.

Formerly those who wished to reduce without dieting or strenuous exercise had to go to a professional masseur. His method brought about the desired reduction. But it was expensive and time-consuming, and few could take advantage of it.

Remarkable New Invention

At last a wonderful new invention brings this same effective method within the reach of all. The Weil Scientific Reducing Belt, by means of specially prepared and scientifically fitted rubber, is so constructed that as you wear it every breath you take and every movement you make imparts a constant massage to every inch of the abdomen. Working for you every second, it reduces much more rapidly than ordinary massage, saving both time and money.

Actually Removes Fat

It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear thinner. It actually takes off the fat. Within a few weeks many people find 4 to 6 inches gone from the waistline and look and feel 10 to 15 years younger.

The Weil Method of reduction is used by athletes and jockeys because it reduces quickly and preserves their strength. Highly endorsed by physicians. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Write today for full description and Special 10-Day Trial Offer. The Weil Company, 889 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

THE WEIL COMPANY
889 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.
Gentlemen:—Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and your Special 10-Day Trial Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Make Big Money Selling Christmas Cards Now

$10.00 Sample Book Free

Exquisite Cards—more beautiful than ever before—the very finest 1927 collection, value $10—sent free to introduce Hertel's exclusive line of Greeting Cards.

Men and women are now selling to friends and neighbors during spare time, many earning $50 to $100 weekly and more. No experience necessary. They sell on sight.

Just write Mr. John A. Hertel, Room 712, 318 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill., for a $10.00 Sample Book today. No obligation.

OPPORTUNITIES IN

Salesmanship

Become a Salesman

FREE

Every phase of business revolves around selling. The trained salesman is in demand—he can fix his own hours, choose his own field, control his own pay. His income depends only upon his results—there is no limit to what he can earn. We train you to sell successfully thru the LaSalle problem method, under supervision of expert salesmen. Train in your spare time. Low cost; easy terms. 64-page booklet, "The Modern Salesman, Ambassador of Progress," free. Send for it today.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 931-S CHICAGO

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $10 to $15 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

Cuticura Talcum

Is Soothing

For Baby's Skin

Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104]

scribed; otherwise three. They are first washed ten minutes in clear water at 85 to 100 degrees. This is done because soap has a tendency to set the dirt if it is placed in the first water.

There is considerable interest in certain other figures reached by the Pullman Company's statisticians.

Would you believe that last year 36,231,488 passengers traveled an aggregate of 14,479,249,784 miles? That is an average distance of 400 miles per passenger, or a Pullman-car ride of 124 miles for every person in the United States!

The car mileage of 1,096,774,684 means a daily average mileage of 3,004,862 for all the company's coaches, an hourly average of 125,-203 miles, and a minute average of 2,087 miles.

Each car operated last year traveled 154,104 miles, or six times around the world!

If you will look at your watch, you will perceive that it took you about eight minutes to read this article, during which time the Pullman cars have traveled a total of 16,696 miles, or more than half-way around the globe at the equator!

And goodness knows how many sheets and towels and pillow-slips were washed while you were perusing this article!

THE END

Big news for lovers of wit and daring adventure! Another smashing war-and-women story by Elliott White Springs, in next week's issue. Watch for Æneas Americanus.

POEMS *YOU OUGHT TO KNOW*

THE SHEPHERDESS

By ALICE MEYNELL

[Alice Christiana Meynell (1850-1922), English poet and essayist, won the praise of Ruskin, Rossetti, and Browning in 1875 with her first published poems. Her verse and prose are characterized by a graceful and delicate style.]

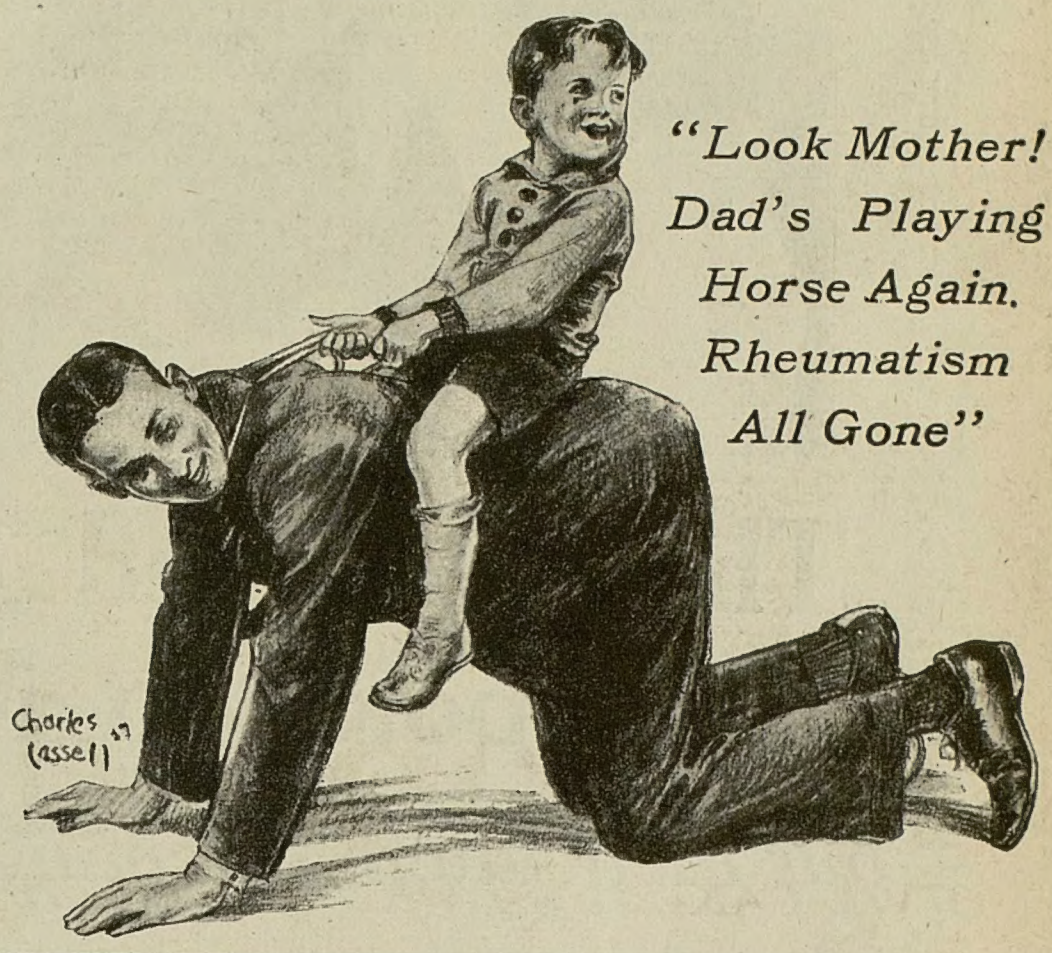
SHE walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;
She guards them from the steep.
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into that tender breast at night
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right;
She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

WELDONA
TABLETS FOR
RHEUMATISM

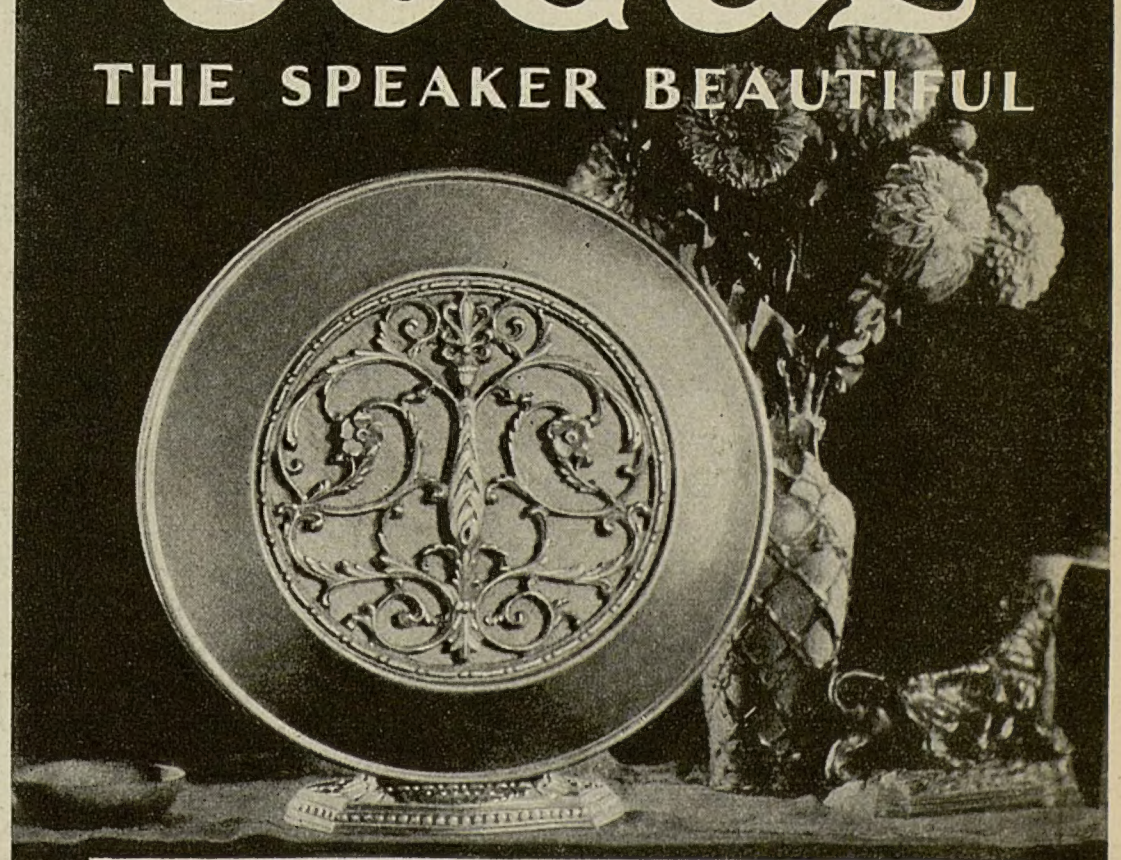
Especially effective for Sciatica—Neuritis—Joint—Muscular—and other forms of rheumatism which ordinary treatments fail to reach. Millions sold annually by druggists. Literature describing rheumatism from the Egyptian days to the present mailed free. Weldona Corp'n, 232 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.



"Look Mother! Dad's Playing Horse Again. Rheumatism All Gone"

VOGUE

THE SPEAKER BEAUTIFUL

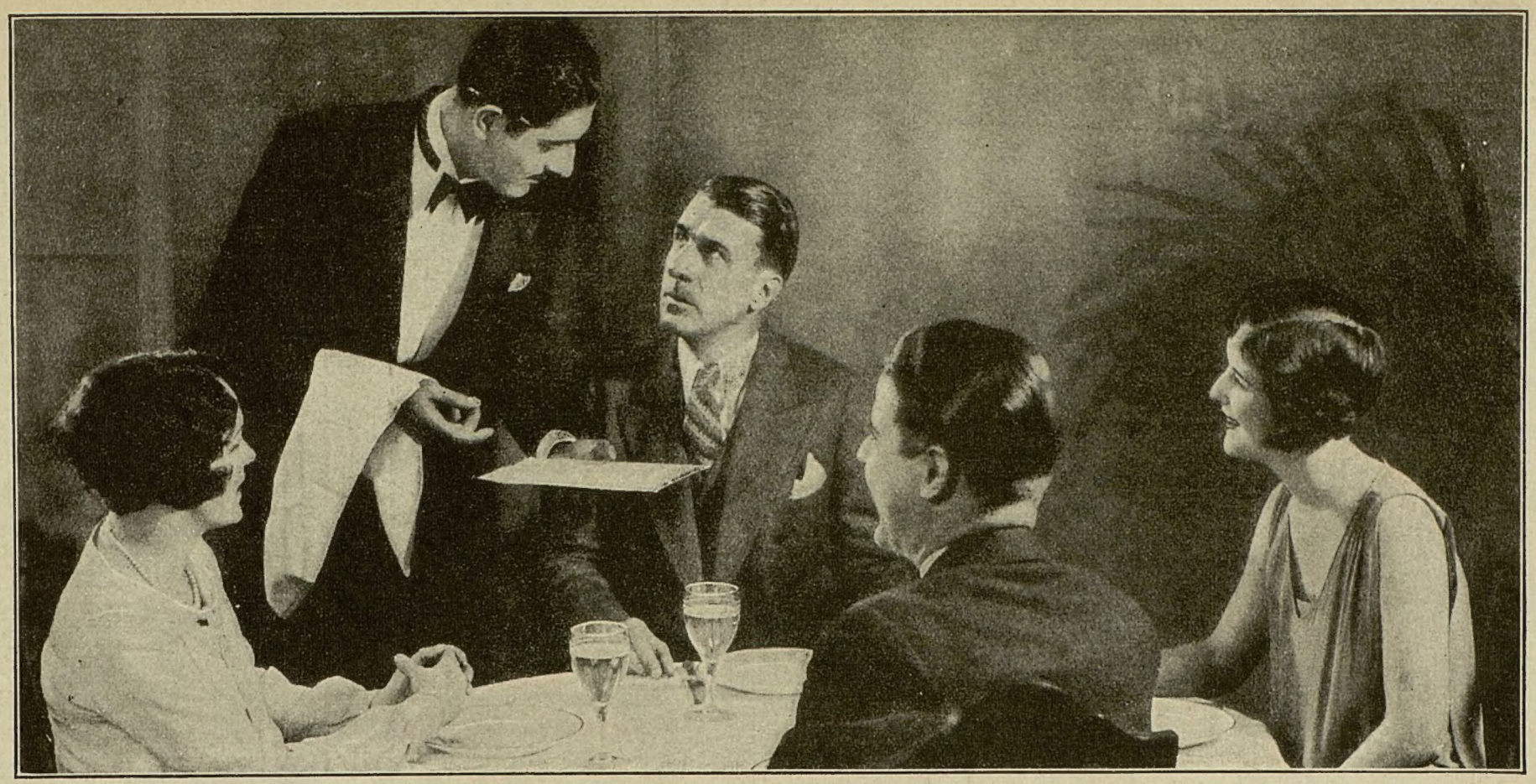


Vogue model illustrated, No. 10, $26

The Only Radio Speaker that Beautifies the Home

Vogue Speakers please the most exacting taste . . . add life, beauty and distinction to any home. The tone quality satisfies the most critical desire for natural reproduction. No wonder the woman who makes the home and her husband, who pays for it, are enthusiastic about the Vogue, the only genuinely beautiful radio speaker. By all means, see Vogue first—let your eye and ear decide. Finished in brown walnut crackle, embossed with gold; grilles and base carvings of unusual design—$19.50 to $55; slightly higher west of Rockies.

RICHARD T. DAVIS, Inc. 5252 Broadway CHICAGO



They Grinned When the Waiter Spoke to Me in French

—but their laughter changed to amazement at my reply

WE HAD dropped into Pierrot's for dinner—Pierrot's, that quaint French restaurant where the waiters speak nothing but French. Jack Lejeune, who boasted a smattering of French, volunteered to act as interpreter.

"Now tell me what you want to eat," announced Jack grandly, after we were seated, "and I'll 'parley' with the waiter."

With halting French phrases and much motioning of hands, Jack translated our orders to the waiter. Finally Jack turned to me.

"What's yours, Fred?" he asked.

"Virginia ham and scrambled eggs," I replied.

Jack's face fell. He knew that my order would be difficult to translate into French. However, he made a brave effort.

"Jambon et des——et des——" but Jack couldn't think how to say "scrambled eggs." He made motions as if he were scrambling eggs in a frying pan, but the waiter couldn't get what he was driving at.

"I'm afraid you'll have to order something else, Fred," he said finally. "I can't think of the word for 'scrambled eggs.'"

Everybody smiled—everybody except me. With great ceremony I beckoned to the waiter. "I'll explain my order to the waiter," I said. A chuckle ran around the table.

"Fred can't speak French, can he?" I heard a girl whisper to Jack.

"No—he never spoke a word of French in his life," came the answer. "But watch him. This will be funny. He'll probably give an imitation of a hen laying an egg."

A Tense Moment

The waiter addressed me. "Monsieur a fait son choix?" he asked.

There was a pause. All eyes were on me. I hesitated—prolonged the suspense as long as possible. Then in perfect French I said to the waiter: "Oui, donnez-moi du jambon aux oeufs brouillés—jambon de Virginie."

The effect on my friends was tremendous. The laughter stopped. There were gasps of amazement. In order to heighten the effect, I continued for several minutes to converse in French with the waiter. I asked him all sorts of questions—what part of France he was from—how long he had been in America, and many other queries. When I finally let the waiter go, everybody started firing excited questions at me.

"Fred! Where did you learn to speak French like that?" "Why didn't you tell us you could talk French?" "Who was your teacher?"

"Well, folks," I replied, "it may sound strange, but the truth is I never had a teacher. And just a few months ago I couldn't speak a word of French."

"Quit your kidding!" laughed Jack. "You didn't develop that knowledge of French in a few months. I thought it took years to learn to talk like that."

"I have been studying French only a short while," I insisted. And then I told them the whole story.

How I Learned French Without a Teacher

"Did you ever hear of the House of Hugo?" I asked.

Jack nodded. "That's that famous Language Institute over in London, isn't it?"

"Yes," I replied. "They've been teaching languages for over a century. Thousands of Europeans have learned foreign languages in a surprisingly short time by their 'at-sight' method."

"But what's that got to do with your learning French?" asked Jack. "You haven't been over there taking lessons from the House of Hugo, have you?"

"No, I couldn't go to the House of Hugo, so the House of Hugo came to me," I replied quizzically.

My Friends Look Startled

"Here's what I mean," I said. "The authorities of the House of Hugo got together recently and decided to condense their knowledge of language instruction—their experience in teaching French—the secrets of their wonderful method into a *course of printed lessons*—a course which anyone could study at home.

"This course turned out to be the most ingenious method of learning French ever devised. It was simply marvelous. It enabled people to learn French in their own homes, in an incredibly short time.

"I can scarcely believe it myself, but just a few months ago I didn't know a word of French. Now I can speak and understand French when it is spoken to me. And I didn't study much—just a few minutes a day. There were no laborious exercises to do—no tiresome rules—no dull class-room drills. It was actually fun learning. Everything was so clear, so simple, so easy. Honestly, the Hugo 'At-Sight' French Course is the most remarkable thing of its kind I have ever seen!"

Try It 5 Days FREE

This story is typical. You, too, can now learn French at home—quickly, easily, pleasantly—just as thousands of others are doing by the celebrated Hugo "At-Sight" Method. Twenty-four fascinating lessons, carefully planned. The most ingenious method of learning French ever discovered. Whole generations of language-teaching experience in all the leading European cities are behind this French course.

The wonderful thing about this simplified Hugo method is that it makes you *your own teacher*. At home—in minutes that might otherwise be wasted—you learn, phrase by phrase, sentence by sentence, to speak the language correctly and well. To be able to speak French is decidely a cultural attainment, and is recognized as such. Use those spare minutes to master French this fascinating Hugo way!

No money is necessary now. We shall be glad to send you the complete course FREE FOR 5 DAYS so that you may see it and judge it for yourself. Within the free examination period you have the privilege of returning the course without cost or obligation, or keeping it as your own and sending only $2 as a first payment, and thereafter $2 a month until the full price of $12 has been paid.

You are the judge. Simply return the course within 5 days if you are not fascinated and delighted with it. If you act promptly, a valuable French-English Dictionary, containing 45,000 words, will be included without additional cost.

We urge you to clip and mail this coupon today. Doubleday, Page & Co., Dept. F-489, Garden City, New York.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Dept. F-489,
American Representatives of Hugo's Language Institute of London,
Garden City, New York.

Please send me the Hugo "French-at-Sight" Course, in 24 lessons, for free examination, and include the French-English Dictionary. Within 5 days I will either return the course and dictionary or send you $2 at that time and $2 each month thereafter until $12 has been paid.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Occupation.....

5% discount for cash with order

For Your Children's Sake

Serve these pure Crispy Sugar Shells

POPPED into the rosebud mouths of children, Diana "Stuft" Confections serve the highest purpose for which they were originated by Bunte Brothers. A hundred thousand mothers acclaim the purity of these *thin . . . crispy . . . sugar shells . . . "Stuft" . . . with luscious . . . fruit jams . . . nuts and marmalades.*

The shells are pure sugar—made thin—to hold more of the pure fillings we make ourselves from the true fruit. Their crispy, luscious, refreshing taste and carefully guarded purity make them the ideal summer candy for the children.

Diana "Stuft" Confections go four times as far as any other good candy. Every pound contains 160 pieces—21 varieties. Sealed in airtight jars and ornamental tins, they last indefinitely. Keep some on hand at home for every social occasion.

If your dealer cannot supply the genuine—don't accept a substitute. We will supply you. Send your dealer's name and the price of the package you choose. We will gladly mail it postage prepaid to you.

In airtight jars: 2½ oz. 20c—4 oz. 30c—9 oz. 50c—16 oz. 75c. Pacific Coast prices slightly higher. Also packed in 2, 3 and 5 lb. tidy tins.

Bunte
WORLD FAMOUS
CANDIES

DIANA "Stuft" CONFECTIONS

BUNTE BROTHERS
Est. 1876 · CHICAGO

THE ORIGINAL "STUFT" CANDIES ~ OFTEN IMITATED BUT NEVER EQUALED

ATWATER KENT RADIO SPEAKER

MODEL E RADIO SPEAKER. With 9 feet of flexible cord. $30.

You are cordially invited to prove for yourself the superiority of this new Radio Speaker

HERE is the new Radio Speaker which represents nearly three years' research in the same laboratory which developed the famous Atwater Kent ONE Dial Receivers. Here is real distinction in tone and appearance.

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EVERY SUNDAY EVENING—The Atwater Kent Radio Artists bring you their summer program at 9:15 Eastern Daylight Time, 8:15 Central Daylight Time, through:

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WEEI	*Boston*	WCAE	*Pittsburgh*	WWJ	*Detroit*
WRC	*Washington*	WGR	*Buffalo*	WCCO	*Mpls.-St. Paul*
WSAI	*Cincinnati*	WOC	*Davenport*	WGY	*Schenectady*

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